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New Times

OCTOBER 17, 1975/75 CENTS
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

The singles bar murder: finding the real Mr. Goodbar

Changing identity: how to disappear in America

A strange encounter with Sara Jane Moore

The gun lobby is armed and dangerous

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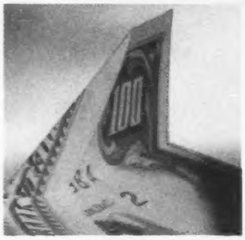
New Times

OCTOBER 17, 1975
VOLUME 5, NUMBER 8



TOP OF THE NEWS

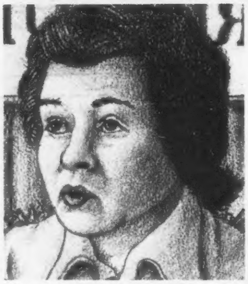
It's a bird. . . it's a plane. . . no! it's superblunder!
The Air Force's new Bomber will cost half the price of the Vietnam War. The Pentagon is trying to think up some use for it
By Oliver S. Moore III
Page 20

TOP OF THE NEWS

The gun lobby is armed and dangerous
Waving copies of the Second Amendment, a scrappy group boasting 90 congressmen on its board of directors is leading the battle against any federal gun-control legislation
By James M. Perry
Page 28

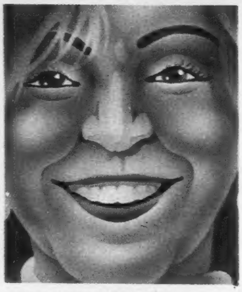
TOP OF THE NEWS

A strange encounter with Sara Jane Moore
Long before she fired off her shot, Ford's would-be assassin was trying to get attention from anyone who would listen to her
By Henry Weinstein
Page 35



THESE ARE NEW TIMES

Shedding skin
The saga of Patty Hearst's underground days dominates the headlines. Just how difficult is it to establish a new identity? *New Times* sent a free-lance writer to New Hampshire to find out
By David Black
Page 38



THESE ARE NEW TIMES

Peddling the pedestal
In the Year of the Woman, a conservative evangelist named Helen Andelin is winning fame and fortune by reassuring thousands of women that the man is always right
By Louise Farr
Page 48

THESE ARE NEW TIMES

Finding Mr. Goodbar
Behind the fiction of the national best seller are the facts of the singles bar murder of the Seventies: a drifter and a schoolteacher whose lives intersected
By Lacey Fosburgh
Page 54

Behind the scenes at New Times page 4
Letters page 6
Fulminations page 9
The Ruling Class page 10
The Insider page 17

Reviews:
Movies: *Dog Day Afternoon* and *Three Days of the Condor*
page 74
Music: Bruce Springsteen
page 78
Books: The Fall Season
page 79

Final Tribute
Our glorious, wasted comrades
By Mark Goodman
page 84

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Page 4 - Left, Ann C. Dowie, from "America After Nixon", published by McGraw-Hill; Middle, Patricia Leplus; Right, Jill Krementz. Page 9 - Wide World. Page 10 - Wide World. Page 25 - Wide World. Page 59 - N.Y. Daily News Photo. Page 68 - Top and bottom, N.Y. Daily News Photos. Page 78 - Eric Meola.

COVER
STEVE PHILLIPS

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It not only goes faster
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When we had an independent testing company test the new Fiat 131 against the Audi, the Volvo, and the BMW, we hoped the Fiat would manage to keep up.

After all, for a $4,000 car to just keep up with $6,000 cars would be quite a feat.

As it turned out, the three $6,000 cars didn't quite manage to keep up with us.

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The results of these acceleration tests were no fluke. In separate tests of cornering, steering, road-holding ability, and overall responsiveness, the Fiat proved itself to be every bit the equal of the Audi, the Volvo, and the BMW.

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Behind The Scenes

Robert Scheer

Jon Larsen

Lacey Fosburgh

Two years ago this week we launched *New Times,* and with it the concept of a feature news magazine. Looking back, it was a hell of a time to start a publishing venture of any sort—not just one of the country's worst general recessions, but the worst recession ever for the publishing industry, and one that just seems to be bottoming out. Given the circumstances, we are particularly proud to say that we have come through the worst with all vital organs intact. Circulation is now at 230,000, ahead of our own projections, and without the benefit of some scheduled promotional and direct mail campaigns. Current figures in the *Media Industry Newsletter* show our advertising gains this year the highest of any magazine in America at 38 percent (*Smithsonian* is second with 37 percent).

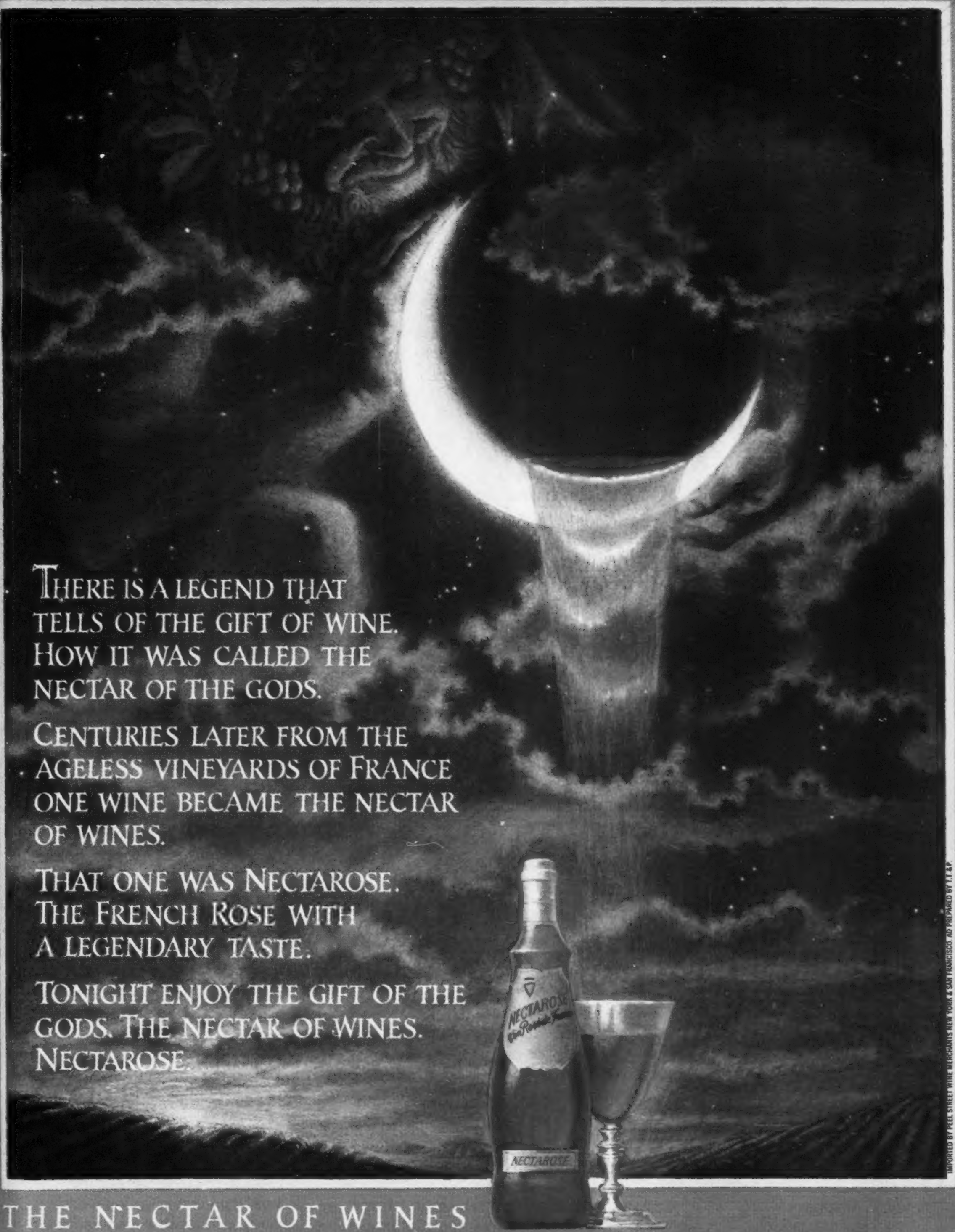
And there has been quite a bit to crow about editorially. In our first anniversary issue, for instance, we ran Marcia Seligson's story about a little-known West Coast phenomenon called *est* (Erhard Seminars Training). We had so many requests for copies of the article that we eventually ran out of back issues and had to send photocopies. *Cosmopolitan* reprinted it and now, a year later, the *est* story, in one form or another, has landed on the covers of three magazines this month alone: *Harper's*, *New York* and *Boston*. Robert Sam Anson's continuing investigation of the JFK assassination, we like to think, has been partly responsible for the new movement in Congress to reopen the case; Michael Drosnin's story on aerosol cans—the first in a national magazine—probably was *not* the deciding factor when Oregon decided recently to ban their use, but maybe was the *psssst* in someone's ear (consumption of aerosol cans has dropped dramatically); the man whom Nina Totenberg crowned the "dumbest congressman" is still in office, but we hope a little wiser for the honor. Over the last year, we've given you the drop on a lot of big stories: the ties between the CIA and the Mafia, the Joan Little case, the dangers of the pill, the Kopechnes' theory of Chappaquiddick, the life and times of Abbie Hoffman underground (the FBI would still like to know how Ron Rosenbaum found him), the sociology of a tennis camp and the latest sound (jazz-rock).

The credit for this array of stories goes to Editor Jon Larsen, who has made *New Times* an important outlet for some of the most promising young journalists in the country. In fact, with every issue, *New Times* is more and more the magazine I set out to publish: one that would combine the timeliness of a traditional news magazine with the in-depth coverage and the personalized writing of the feature monthlies, a magazine that could speak to today's audience—the people who came of age in the Sixties—with the liveliness of the best of the old underground papers and the professionalism of the established media. A tall order, but one we like to think we've begun to fill.

On page 10, you will find a new feature: a political column by Robert Scheer. The managing editor of *Ramparts* from 1964 through 1968, and its editor-in-chief in 1969, Scheer is the author of three books (*How the U.S. Got Involved in Vietnam, Cuba: Tragedy in our Hemisphere* and *America After Nixon*), as well as countless magazine articles (I recommend to you his current piece in the October *Playboy* on Nelson Rockefeller). A resident of Berkeley, Scheer has also signed on as our West Coast Editor, though he hardly intends to be limited by that title. More accurately, Scheer will function as an editor at large, looking for stories and writers wherever his travels take him.

Another San Franciscan also appearing in the magazine for the first time in this issue is Lacey Fosburgh. A regular contributor to the *New York Times,* Fosburgh is currently part of the *Times* team covering the arrest of Patty Hearst. Her 12,000-word feature in *New Times,* the real story behind the fiction of *Looking For Mr. Goodbar,* a novel about a singles bar murder, seems to speak particularly eloquently to a magazine audience that is 60 percent single.

George A. Hirsch



THERE IS A LEGEND THAT TELLS OF THE GIFT OF WINE. HOW IT WAS CALLED THE NECTAR OF THE GODS.

CENTURIES LATER FROM THE AGELESS VINEYARDS OF FRANCE ONE WINE BECAME THE NECTAR OF WINES.

THAT ONE WAS NECTAROSE. THE FRENCH ROSE WITH A LEGENDARY TASTE.

TONIGHT ENJOY THE GIFT OF THE GODS. THE NECTAR OF WINES. NECTAROSE.

IMPORTED BY PEEL STREET WINE MERCHANTS NEW YORK & SAN FRANCISCO. AD PREPARED BY T.T.&P.

THE NECTAR OF WINES

NECTAROSE

Letters

Seventies' sounds

I was happy to read your article about the new music ("Jazz-Rock," September 5). However, I was disappointed that you did not include the Mahavishnu Orchestra in "The high society of pop jazz." I believe it was this electronic, jazz-oriented group that made the kind of music labeled as "jazz-rock" accessible to the white, hard-rock-weaned audience of the early Seventies.

M.McAlister
Vienna, Virginia

Blood, Sweat and Tears is (was?) a fine band, but to even suggest that "despite the Beatles' influence earlier in the Sixties, BS&T just might be the most important pop group of the decade" is absurd. Likewise is Barbara Rowes' thoughtless contention that Chicago is a BS&T "carbon copy band." Quite to the contrary, Chicago has been far more influential than BS&T in introducing "wailing jazz horns backed by electric guitar and bass" to a significant number of what may have otherwise been strictly rock listeners.

Steve Manuel
Bladensburg, Maryland

Lady Ford

In voting for Betty Ford (Fulminations, Sept. 19), Larry L. King also elicits a vote from me. He's right. Perhaps we now have a real woman for First Lady, instead of a Barbie Doll.

People are nuttier about sex than most anything else, with death running a close second. However, death, which is ultimate, is therefore universally socially acceptable behavior, while sex is an option and, therefore, subject to injunctions of the most preposterous natures.

Erik Harris
Phoenix, Arizona

Larry L. King should know that while going to the toilet is also a perfectly normal, healthy and most satisfying function of the human body, it is still something most of us wish the individual would do in private.

Perhaps Larry, in his great outspoken hurrah for Betty's outspoken candor, has lost sight of the fact that there are folks who feel that while sex is a normal, perfectly healthy and satisfying function of humans, bedrooms as well as bathrooms should be as private as possible.

Couldn't help but notice that Mr. King refrained from using the four-letter word. Why not, Larry? Deference to the First Lady, perhaps? However, we won't criticize this little effort at restraint, and it proves you, too, can be discreet!

Margaret K. Keller
Sioux City, Iowa

Anything's possible

When we had our END GRAND JURY ABUSE buttons made up, we never imagined that one would end up on an intoxicated Justice Department prosecutor ("Patty & Walter & Jack & Micki," September 19). But, then again, anything is possible in an age when an institution designed to protect people—the grand jury—has become an instrument of persecution.

Congress is about to consider legislation that would make a "Harrisburg III" impossible. Folks interested in finding out more about this can write the Coalition to End Grand Jury Abuse, 300 Atlantic Building, 930 F St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004.

Sam Pizzigati
Coalition Staff
Washington, D.C.

Indignation

The critique of *Coonskin* and *Hennessy* is a good example of how carefully ethnocentrism (sometimes called racism) needs to be watched (Movies, September 19). When blacks are depicted in *Coonskin* as "slaves, hustlers and whores," Nik Cohn calls this "ghetto realities." He considers the filmmaker blameless in portraying pain, waste and mass exploitation through weak, corrupt and miserably pathetic Harlemites (who resemble no one I have ever known, though most of my life has been spent in ghettos). But he reacts violently to taking the "Irish situation" lightly in *Hennessy*. What differentiates the righteous indignation Cohn allows himself concerning *Hennessy* and CORE's protests against *Coonskin*?

Could be that Cohn needs to realize that oppression and exploitation hurt black Americans as much as his Irish relatives. It's too bad he doesn't know who his allies might be.

Joseph Moten
Riverside, California

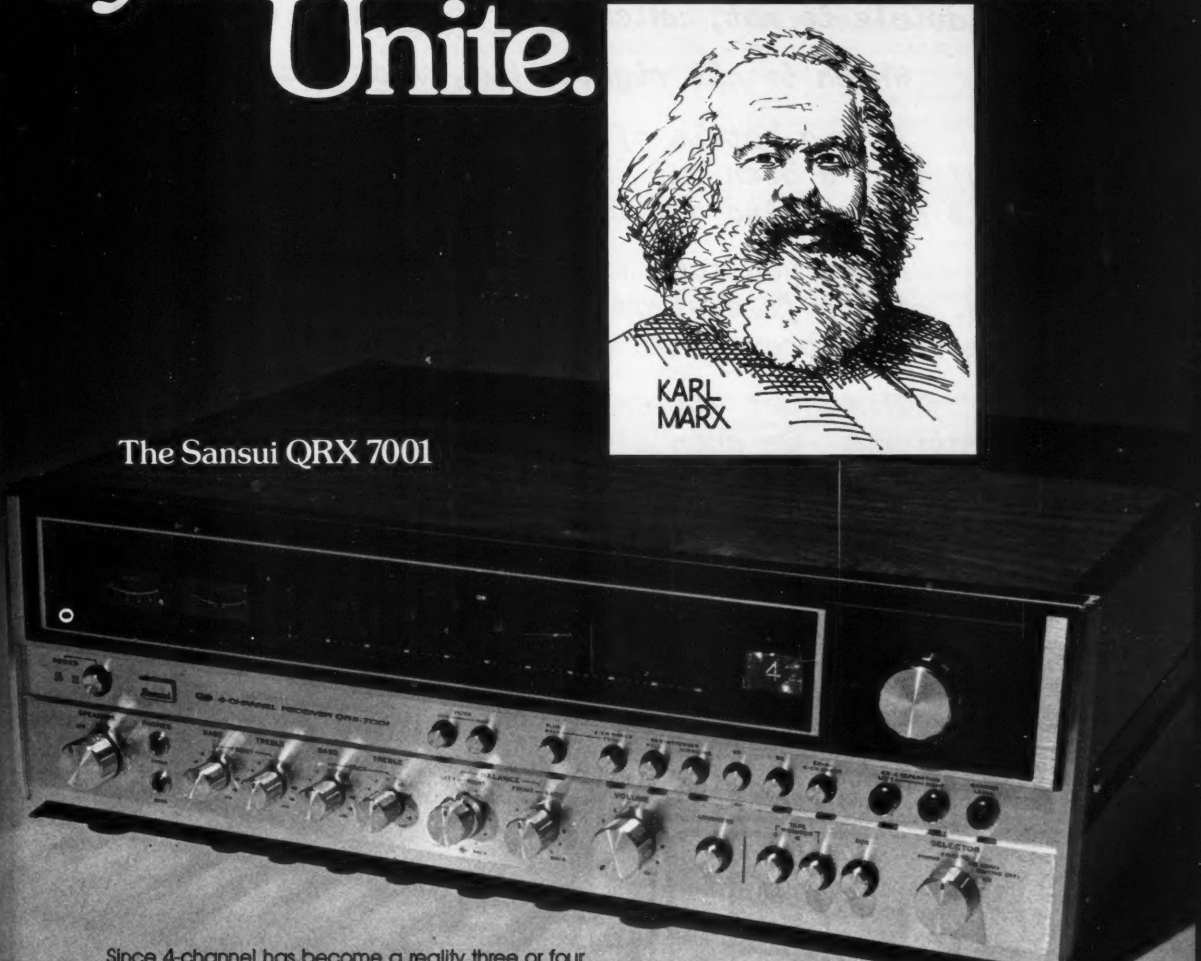
Converters

Ernest Lendler's "Special Report" ("Catalytic converters may be dangerous to your health," September 5) is generally balanced, but General Motors believes it overstates the device's production of sulfates as a possible public health hazard. Both converter and non-converter cars emit the sulfur present in the gasoline. In the converter, the sulfur dioxide waste is changed to sulfur trioxide that mixes with water vapor in the exhaust gas to form sulfuric acid that emerges in minute quantities from the tailpipe. In non-converter cars, the sulfur dioxide is emitted from the tailpipe, where it subsequently changes to sulfur trioxide that combines with water vapor in the air and eventually forms sulfuric acid, but at a greater elevation. The critical question is whether sulfuric acid emitted at curb level by the converter concentrates sufficiently to constitute a public health danger.

GM does not feel these concentrations are a present peril nor are they likely to become one for years, if ever. However, to determine conclusively what the situation is and is likely to become, GM and the federal Environmental Protection Agency will launch a cooperative research program next month.

Paul E. Svoboda
Director, Public Relations-N.Y.
General Motors Corporation
New York City

Four Channel
systems of the world
Unite.



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†† QS TM Sansui *SQ TM CBS Inc. **CD-4 TM JVC Inc.

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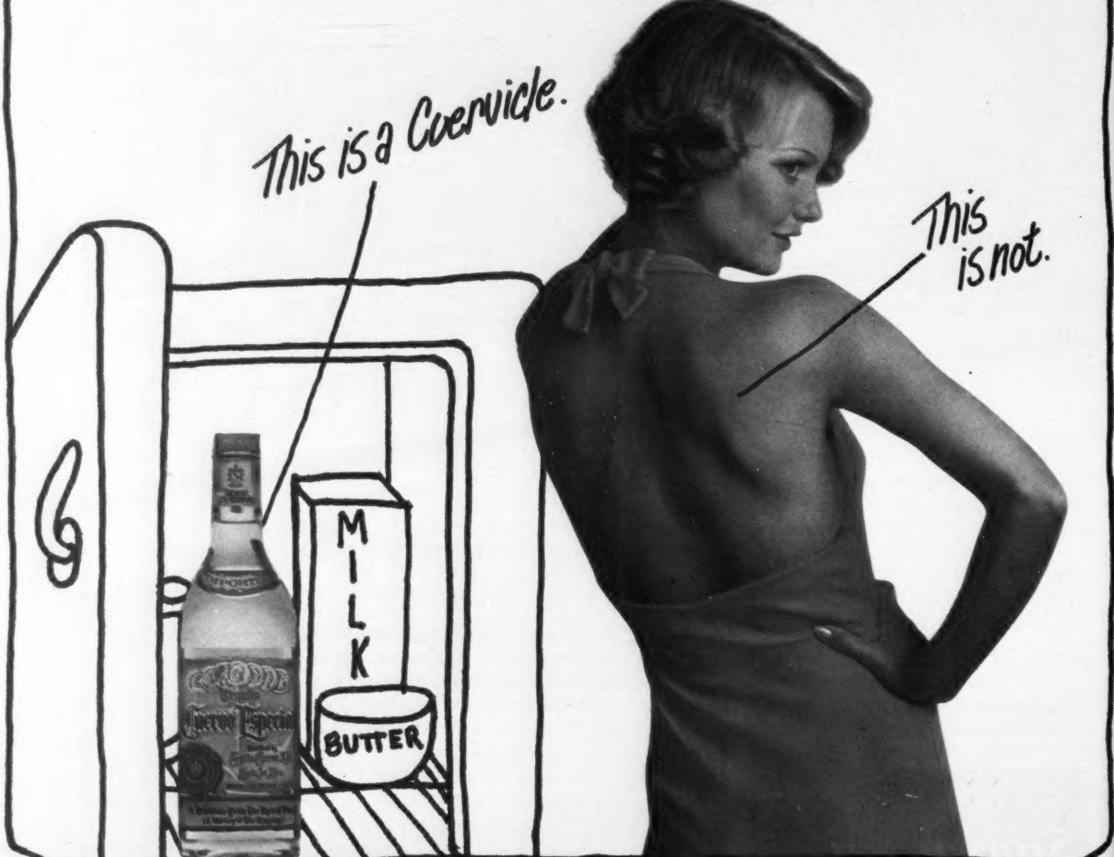
Then just sit and sip and talk about bird migrations. Or even other subjects.


This is a Cuervicle.
This is not.
MILK
BUTTER

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You can't go home again

Fulminations

By Larry L. King

"Patty wants to go home," Mrs. Randolph Hearst said. There was a petulant whine in it, as if someone had denied her little girl a piece of candy. Big Daddy Hearst said he'd pay any sum in the world to get his baby out of jail, and then a battery of high-priced lawyers sat about trying to convince a judge that little Patty was a misunderstood child who promised, hereafter, to be in bed by 9:00 o'clock and to eat all her vegetables. One hardly knew whether to laugh or cry.

It is easy enough to appreciate the Hearsts' natural agony as parents and their desire to do everything possible for their daughter. It is somewhat more difficult, however, to ignore certain arrogant assumptions in their attitudes as I read them. One of these is that money will buy anything, that citizens of the elite are not accountable to the degree that the rest of us are. I have in mind Mrs. Hearst's blast in which she decried the cruel attentions of the news media. While Patty Hearst is entitled to her presumption of innocence, and to her day in court, it's not as if she had merely skipped school. When one manages to get one's picture made holding a machine gun during a bank robbery, to elude the FBI just about two weeks short of forever and to be captured in the presence of other fugitives among a collection of bombs and guns, then one might reasonably expect to discover one's name in the papers.

From the moment the young heiress was snatched up by a motley crew posing as an army of liberation, up through the FBI's post-capture gift of roses to the Randolph Hearsts, one has wondered to what extent the family's prominence would ultimately influence events. The roses themselves seemed to signal special treatment. Not that one objects to the FBI showing a little human heart, but skeptics are bound to wonder whether the Feds might have dipped into the petty change drawer had Patty Hearst been the daughter of an Ohio mechanic. I've heard an astonishing number of people predict that Patty Hearst will get away with it, that her wrists will be lightly slapped—if at all. Perhaps this is because Joe Average understands more than he is given credit for: He knows that the rich or the well-connected often prosper in court whereas the poor do not, that the third-rate burglar does hard time whereas his titled superiors receive six-figure sums for their memoirs.

There is, generally, in America some warped notion that we no longer are responsible for our acts. I don't know when it began, though I suspect the Vietnam War and the cynicism it bred hurried the idea along. It was inevitable that such an atmosphere would bring forth a Patty Hearst, a pampered and mindless creature symbolic of the confusions of the age. For that, and for the strange circumstances of her conversion to outlaw causes, we may pity Miss Hearst *and* her parents. That is quite another thing, however, from seeing her as a chaste maiden who misses her teddy bear at home and prefers to be back with Mummy and Daddy. If it is true—and it is—that Patty Hearst's civil rights must be respected no less than those of the broke or the friendless, it still behooves the authorities to avoid even the appearance of favoritism or special treatment.

It's sad, but true, that we continue to treat different people different ways in matters of justice or mercy—and that distinction remains as true outside of jail cells as in them. Had that Vietnam veteran who knocked down the gun aimed at Jerry Ford proved to have been what society considers normal, rather than the pal of homosexuals, then probably he would have received ribbons and testimonial dinners and maybe a parade. Under the circumstances, however, the ex-Marine had to be content with a tardy thank-you note from the White House and the opportunity to see his personal lifestyle spread out for all the world to read and summarily judge. Somehow I find it a hell of a lot easier to think that Oliver Sipple has been crucified in the press—and elsewhere—than has Patty Hearst.

If anyone has been guilty of rational conduct during this entire Patty Hearst episode, I've failed to note it. It's been one of the most bizarre of our national carnivals: the Hearsts saying what a happy day it was while their daughter was led off to face a plethora of serious charges, the FBI sending roses on the one hand and on the other Director Clarence Kelly having the audacity to brag on television of how efficient his G-men had been in Patty's capture, Patty alternately flashing defiant clenched-fists signs and cuddling up to Daddy, describing herself as an "urban guerrilla" in one moment and then as a brainwashed innocent in the next. Somehow it is all a bit much and leaves a bad taste in the mouth. ●

Rocky's energy caper

The Ruling Class

By Robert Scheer

Washington, D.C.—The attemped assassination of the President in San Francisco obscured coverage of an important speech Gerald Ford made that same day calling for the creation of a new independent energy authority. Ironically, his advocacy of this very controversial plan, which had been pushed through the Administration by Nelson Rockefeller and his high-powered phalanx of advisers, indicates that Ford's occupancy of the number one spot is rather less important than a potential assassin might think. For all his talk of fiscal responsibility, Ford's commitment to place large amounts of public funds in the hands of the big energy corporations is the same as Rocky's.

It is a measure of Nelson Rockefeller's power within the Administration that President Ford ignored the sharp criticism of his own top economic advisers, as well as that of leading conservationists, and adopted Rocky's energy program. The proposal, a boondoggle of major proportions, involves the commitment of $100 billion of U.S. government funds through an independent agency that would be free of annual congressional review. This conduit, to be called the Energy Independence Agency, is modeled on Rocky's Urban Development Corporation, which he set up in New York and which subsequently went broke.

But the new "dramatic crash program," which Ford likened to the Manhattan Project, is nevertheless supposed to make the U.S. independent of foreign energy by 1985. The project basically aims at a vast rape of existing energy sources, rather than the creation of new, less wasteful and safer ones. It's the old formula of strip mining coal in the West, offshore drilling for oil, underground "in situ" blasting for shale and total reliance for electric power on nuclear reactors. For this reason it ran into almost immediate opposition from the western governors conference "for its apparent failure to include energy conservation measures as part of the program."

The new government agency is to use its $100 billion as *seed* money to generate a total of $850 billion, an amount roughly equal to what would normally be the total of all private industrial investment. Such a massive commitment of funds would be wildly inflationary and impossible to control. The program has already aroused the strenuous opposition of Arthur Burns, Chairman of the Fed, Alan Greenspan, Chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, and William Simon, Secretary of the Treasury.

COMMISSION
ON CRITICAL CHOICES
FOR AMERICANS

The inflationary implications are so alarming that even Greenspan was prompted to write and leak a three-page memo attacking the Rocky plan while it was still being considered by the Ford Administration. Greenspan charged that the plan "creates a large potential for real and perceived corrupt practices." He went on to say that the proposed new agency "would be virtually unconstrained in its operations . . . there are realistically no limits to the types of projects it can assist, and virtually no limits as to the kind and amount of assistance it can offer."

In addition to guaranteeing loans to the big energy companies, the new agency would serve to undermine the existing regulatory agencies charged with maintaining minimal environmental standards. The new energy agency would be empowered to issue exemptions on specific projects to individual companies, which would assure them of quick hearings before public opposition could be mobilized.

Despite occasional and always superficial bumbling, Rockefeller is a consummate politician and this latest energy caper is a good illustration of his mode of operation. The energy plan was originally formulated by Edward Teller while working on a project for Rockefeller's Commission on Critical Choices, the temporary think tank Rocky set up after leaving the New York governorship and before taking over the Vice-Presidency. Teller, best known as the father of the H bomb, was the one who introduced the Manhattan Project language into the Ford vocabulary. Teller's energy ideas first surfaced at a meeting chaired by Rockefeller as a response to Russell W. Peterson, Director of the President's Council on Environmental Quality. Peterson had urged a conservationist approach to the energy crisis which stressed less wasteful uses of energy and the development of less disruptive new sources, such as solar and geothermal power. In the minutes of the meeting, which have not been made public, Peterson explicitly challenged Rockefeller's call for a massive increase in energy supplies and argued instead for more prudent consumption of energy:

> In my view, most of the current energy debate is missing the critical choice. The debate is focused on energy supplies, primarily: where will our energy come from? . . . this is the American "can do" attitude at work. But a focus on supply ignores the really critical choice which is, in my opinion, how much energy shall we plan to consume?

Rockefeller had no patience with this argument and he called on Teller to provide the rebuttal. Teller's response was direct.

> Dr. Teller: I will give you the gist of what I want to say in the first

minute. In fact, in two words: can do.

Chairman Rockefeller: Hear! Hear!

There is nothing terribly imaginative about Teller's plan. It's simply a program of more of the same: intensive exploitation of irreplaceable resources coupled with reliance on nuclear power plants. The kicker in all this is that Teller himself admits that the final figure will no doubt be much higher than the minimum $850 billion. Moreover, although this program will give us energy independence by 1985, Teller concedes that it will leave us without much oil and natural gas by the year 2000. This last problem is handled in the report by some vague references to new technological breakthroughs by that year.

Rockefeller's own Critical Choices Commission, made up of people selected by him, refused to endorse the Teller proposal. But Rocky and his buddy Bill Ronan, the acting Chairman of Critical Choices (and the man who received that $650,000 Rockefeller loan), issued the report anyway. By that time, Rockefeller had become Vice-President and one of his first moves was to take over the all-important Domestic Council within the Administration. He got Ford to appoint Jim Cannon, who had been the Chairman of Critical Choices, to serve as Chairman of the Domestic Council and another old Rocky aide, Richard Dunham, to be Vice-Chairman. (It was recently announced that Ford had nominated Dunham to be Chairman of the Federal Power Administration, which is in charge of the regulation of the energy companies.)

There is yet another objection to Rocky's plan. With its massive capital investment to produce very expensive oil, the program is not even economically viable. Teller assumes this investment will yield new oil at a cost of $10 a barrel. It is in the nature of such projects that the actual cost figure will be much higher. But even if one takes Teller's figure, this will produce only the most spurious kind of independence. Mideast oil producers, whose actual costs are a few dollars a barrel, could at any time drop their price below $10 and the new oil would no longer find a market. Indeed, if one is concerned about blackmail, it is obvious that Mideast producers would have more power after this big capital investment than before.

This fear of foreign blackmail, of course, is the false underpinning of the current hysterical push for energy "independence." The reality is that the governments of Iran, Saudi Arabia and Indonesia were all installed and maintained in power by the CIA, acting in cahoots with the multinational oil companies. For decades the price of oil stagnated while the price of industrial goods supplied by the West rose dramatically. It is therefore difficult to argue that the recent increase in oil prices does more than balance out this past inequality. This is conceded in the minutes of the Critical Choices committee by the very individuals who later drafted the Ford energy proposal. In one discussion, Rockefeller stated that their report should hold the oil producers responsible for U.S. inflation. George Woods, the former World Bank chief, stated:

> . . . it's totally unfair to describe it that way, because that carries the inference it started in Iran. And the reason they had to increase the price by three or four hundred per cent is because the bits and pieces they needed to build their shipyards and their pipelines and machinery from the western industrialized countries have been going up, not recently but over the years so that they had to catch up . . . .They had to reach back for twenty years . . . .If we started educating the public on the basis that somebody else caused this [the inflation], well, it's just plain not a hundred per cent true.

Yet Woods was in on the drafting of the Ford program which is aimed at miseducating the public on just that point. If foreign oil prices are not way out of line, then this commitment to a fortress American energy independence makes no sense at all.

The basic flaw in the Rocky plan is that it proceeds from that "can do" ethic of more—more production, more consumption and more power and profits for the large energy companies. Rocky's program enhances their power by making large amounts of public funds available to the corporations while at the same time undermining the minimal government regulation of their activity that now exists—an idea that seems to suit Ford just fine. ●

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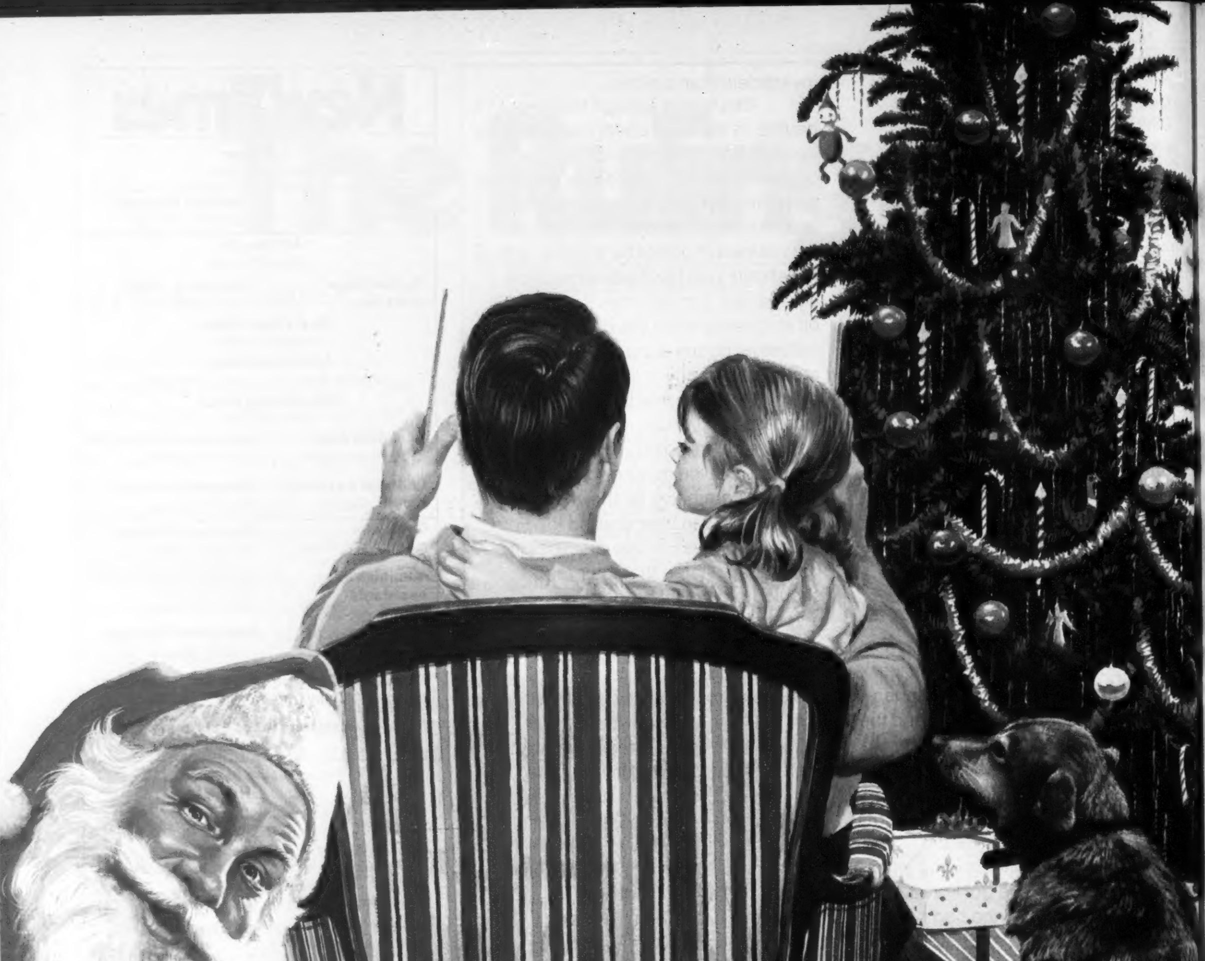

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NewTimes

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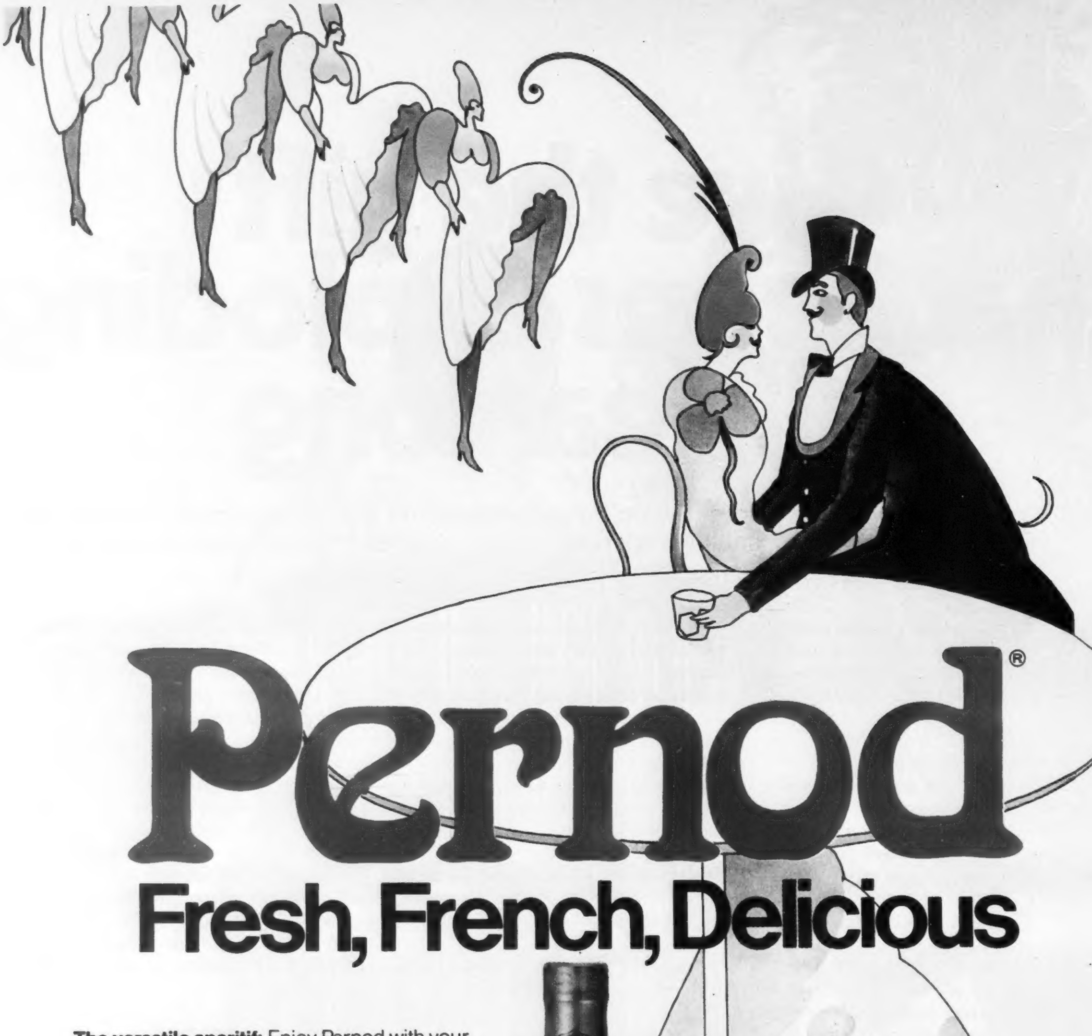
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Suing the CIA;
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The Insider

EDITED BY
TONY SCHWARTZ

Power Politics

The letter of the law

As disclosures about the CIA's massive letter-opening campaign continue to unfold, at least some of the estimated 200,000 victims have found a route to retribution. The American Civil Liberties Union, acting on numerous citizen complaints, decided that a lawsuit demanding damages would be one way for victims to get recompense. ACLU Legal Director Melvin Wulf recently filed a class action suit in Providence's U.S. District Court against approximately 30 government officials involved with the letter-opening program between 1953 and 1973. Most of the defendants had or have high level positions in the CIA or the Postal Department.

On behalf of five plaintiffs, Wulf is asking for $20,000 per letter and $100,000 per person punitive damages. The case grew out of an original complaint by a Rhode Island math professor who got access to his CIA file after requesting it under the Freedom of Information Act. He discovered that the CIA had copies of letters he had written to fellow professors in the Soviet Union.

"It is a crime to open first class mail and also a violation of constitutional rights," explains Wulf. "I have no doubt we're going to win because the conduct was clearly illegal."

Wulf admits, however, that a full settlement—which would run into billions of dollars—is not a likely result. Instead, he suspects there will be a compromise. As he puts it bluntly: "If they make a reasonable offer to plea bargain—as all convicted felons should—then we'll take it."

Trigger-happy

Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme's attempt to assassinate President Ford failed, at least in part because she never got a bullet into the chamber of her gun. More recently, Sara Moore announced that her attempt to assassinate Ford might have been successful if she'd been carrying a more accurate gun. With the gun-control issue alive again, the Associated Press recently sought out Hubert Humphrey, among others, for a comment on the Moore incident. Intoned Humphrey solemnly: "There are too many guns in the hands of people who don't know how to use them."

WIDE WORLD

Humphrey: slipping

O-high-o

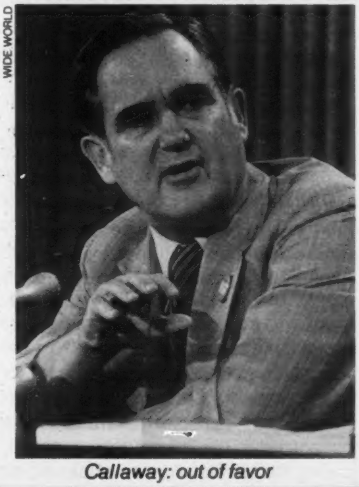
The event has gone mysteriously unnoticed nationally. In Ohio, notorious for its generally regressive politics, the most lenient marijuana law in the continental United States has been quietly approved and will go into effect in November. Included in a bill with harsh penalties for hard drug use and sale is a remarkably permissive pot provision. Ohioans will soon be allowed to possess up to four ounces of grass, five grams of hash or a gram of hash oil without running the risk of incarceration or a criminal record. Maximum penalties to violators will be a $100 "civil fine" similar to the one levied for such offenses as letting a dog run loose.

Only Alaska, which has legalized the private possession of pot, now has a state law broadly less restrictive.

Demanaging Callaway

Howard "Bo" Callaway, the southern import who is running President Ford's reelection campaign, is swiftly falling out of favor at the White House. His most publicized effort—the crude statements about replacing Nelson Rockefeller on the 1976 Republican ticket—backfired badly. Meanwhile, one of Callaway's main assignments was to attract enough conservatives to Ford's side so that Ronald Reagan would abandon his once-murky intentions to seek the Republican presidential nomination. Now White House aides—like most political observers—are more than ever convinced that Reagan will challenge Ford.

Callaway isn't exactly building a juggernaut of a campaign staff either. One White House aide complained that the campaign manager is spending so much time on the hustings that he hasn't gotten around to hiring. The White House is now looking around for a Republican professional to serve as deputy campaign director—and as the real mastermind of the campaign. "We


WIDE WORLD

Callaway: out of favor

need a real pro, someone with national political experience," one senior White House official said recently. "Callaway just doesn't fit the bill."

The return of bad John

John Connally, still fingering the scar tissue from his recent trial, seems to be edging his way back to the circles of power.

When President Ford visited Dallas recently, Connally immediately went to his side and turned on the courtly charm. The meeting took place at a Republican fund-raiser ($1,000 a head) at the estate of Texas construction magnate Trammell Crowe. Connally, though not the host of the affair, lost no time in assuming the role of Ford's escort. He introduced the President to every money man in sight and even discreetly lifted a branch that was about to brush across the President's face. White House aides who attended the Dallas affair acknowledged that Connally, who narrowly missed getting the Vice-Presidency under Nixon, might be angling to replace Rockefeller. "Connally is a very brash and confident fellow and it could be just that," explained one aide.

WIDE WORLD

Connally: cajoling Ford

How they United Nations

Quid pro quo considerations produced some rather strange bedfellows at the recent U.N. sessions. Egypt, for instance, is reliably reported by one U.N. ambassador to have lobbied the Third World nations intensively to bring Chile back into the fold. Since its right-wing junta took power, Chile has been generally ostracized by the Third World. Later, during the special session of the rich-poor countries, our source reports that both Egypt and Yugoslavia were instrumental in steering the Third World nations toward a softened position on the United States. Egypt took the pro-American position not only because of the recent Mideast settlement but also, according to our source, in return for a counter agreement that U.S. private industry would invest heavily in Egypt—a crucial factor in that country's economic future. Yugoslavia's position was motivated by its desire to obtain nuclear power plants—which the U.S. is best equipped to supply.

The Word

Billy club

What do you do when you already have $4 million of your own money sunk into your new movie and the studio (Warner Brothers)—which made $20 million off your first two projects—thinks number three is so wretched they refuse to distribute it? If you are actor-director Tom Laughlin (*Billy Jack, The Trial of Billy Jack*), you spend even more of your own money booking the film into the largest multiple opening ever. Beginning the first week in October, *The Master Gunfighter* will open in 1,000 theaters. Laughlin's investment now stands at about $6 million. And what will happen if the film is as big a bomb as the studio expects it to be? Well, that will only add injury to insult. Jane Fonda recently backed out of her commitment to star in and coproduce with Laughlin the story of Karen Silkwood (*NT*: Feb. 21, May 30).

UPI

Laughin: the big gamble

Give 'em Heller

Henry Kissinger will be a minor character, the novel will be completed in less than a year and its subject will be American politics. Allen Drury perhaps? Try Joseph Heller. It would have been fair to assume that Heller's third novel was at least a couple of decades away—*Something Happened*, after all, which just became a number one paperback seller this month, was 13 years in the making. Although the new book doesn't yet have a title ("I wish it did"), most of the first draft is written and Heller straight-facedly maintains it will be completed by the end of next summer. Explains the writer who made Catch-22 a household word, "It will be short, fast, funny and mildly obscene. It has to be obscene because it's about college professors and Washington politics."

WIDE WORLD

Heller: write on

Media

Press leaks

Sometimes it's a little confusing to tell where—and why—various publications draw the line on taste. The Patty Hearst story is a perfect example. Over the last year, the American public has played voyeur to the most remarkable details of Patty's life and loves. Most recently, we learned from her lawyer's own affidavit that she had been locked in a closet for ten days "unable to dispose of her body waste." But when reporters further learned—independently—that Patty wet her pants during her arrest, the news created a minor crisis in editorial rooms. The national affairs editor of *Newsweek*, who did not get confirmation of the report until 2:00 a.m. of closing night, asked for guidance from editor Ed Kosner, who decided to go with it. "We played around with a variety of wordings," said David Alpern, who wrote the cover story, "and finally decided to say it outright." The same information also caught *Time* on deadline but was greeted far more circumspectly. Said Marshall Loeb, "We have run many explicit things in this magazine, but our decision at that moment was not to run it. The story was all written, and frankly we were concerned with the taste of the matter."

So, apparently, was the *New York Times*, which ultimately decided, after a debate, that it was not fit to print. Asked why at a cocktail party a few days later, a *Times*man who was not involved in the story quipped, "Well, just think about it. How *would* the *Times* word something like that?" Well, let's see . . . *Patty Hearst, temporarily losing control of her urinary tract muscles. . . . Patty Hearst, taken totally by surprise, urinated without the benefit of a toilet. . . .*

Mind & Body

Feeling the pressure

Noise can be as hard on the heart as it is on the ears. In a study of 440 shipbuilders in Maryland, researchers recently found that those who labored in the noisiest parts of the shipyard were six times more likely to develop high blood pressure than those whose jobs were in relatively quiet areas. It was the first time that noise has been directly implicated in the development of hypertension, which leads to heart attacks and strokes.

A second finding relating to high blood pressure is that it has begun to appear in young people. In a new University of Kentucky study, for example, doctors found hypertension in 15 percent of the young males they examined aged 16 to 19. Surprisingly, most of the affected teenagers knew they had the condition, but because it causes no obvious side effects, few were concerned enough to adhere to any therapeutic regimen. The ominous fact is that left untreated, hypertension is believed to shorten a young person's life span by an average of about 15 years.

The real thing

When it comes to feeding the baby, let Mother Nature have her way. Not only is mother's milk easier for infants to digest than cow's milk or man-made formulas, but new evidence indicates it plays a key role in shielding babies from disease. There's also a plus for the mother: Nursing is a harmless contraceptive.

Over the past few months, three teams of investigators wound up years of research on human milk, and all three came to the same conclusion: Mother's milk is rich in white blood cells, which, when ingested by the infant, fight off invading infectious diseases.

There's also new evidence confirming the contraceptive powers of lactation. In a comparison of nursing and nonnursing mothers, when neither group used contraceptives, it was found that after six months only 1 percent of the nursing mothers as opposed to 44 percent of the nonnursing mothers were pregnant. Even after a year, only 12 percent of the lactating women became pregnant; the proportion among the other group was 88 percent. Lactation prevents conception, the researchers said, because it suppresses the release of hormones that trigger ovulation.

FRED WARD/BLACK STAR

Seventies

A workable solution

Welfare critics, whose numbers are no longer limited to conservatives, might be interested in the solution devised by one small-town Indiana official.

Gerry Scheub, township trustee in St. John, Indiana, has discovered a town statute that permits him to force physically able relief recipients to work for their money. On September 2, Scheub sent out a letter to 32 of his recipients—mostly poor, white, rural people who emigrated to northwest Indiana less than a generation ago in search of industrial labor. Scheub's letter said that when the recipients came in to collect their September checks, they should be prepared to work—cleaning streets, painting public buildings, doing general maintenance or performing clerical tasks.

Among the 32 recipients—all of whom had "been coming in for relief as long as I've been a trustee"—only eight reapplied for government help in September. When the program is in full swing, in a month or two, Scheub expects to cut in half the number of people applying for township relief.

"They're out painting the St. John town hall today," Scheub told our Indiana correspondent recently. "I think this should be done everywhere. I'm surprised nobody has thought of it before."

A cinch for Lynch

With violence and terrorism alive and well in California these days, paranoia seems to have inspired the state's newest businesses. Not too long ago we reported on an anti-terrorist driving school near San Francisco and a doomsday survival retreat north of Sacramento. Now Los Angeles is boasting its own private "Mission Impossible" team, specially available for all kinds of kidnappings. For a cool $15,000, former FBI man John T. Lynch will talk to families of kidnap victims for four hours; fork over another $50,000 and he'll try to arrange an on-the-scene negotiation with the kidnappers. Even then, though, the final fee remains negotiable.

"The people who come to us for help tend to be fabulously wealthy," Lynch told a *Sacramento Bee* reporter recently. "They're usually people who feel they can't trust the police." Among other cases, Lynch has worked on the King Faisal assassination and the Jimmy Hoffa kidnapping. During the past 23 years, Lynch says he has been called in on a dozen extortion kidnaps around the world. For those who think ahead, the firm even boasts a course in what might be called "preventive terrorism." The two-hour seminars in how-not-to-get-kidnapped go for bargain rates as high as $10,000.

It's a Bird... It's a Plane... No! It's Superblunder!

By Oliver S. Moore III

"There it is! There's the Bird!" exclaims the Air Force colonel, his outstretched forefinger raking the air excitedly as he steps out on the floor of the vast, dimly lit hangar.

One glimpse explains it all. The B-1 bomber in the far corner looks simply terrific. Even at rest, this newest candidate to replace the B-52, the aging workhorse of the Strategic Air Command, exudes a sense of speed. The nose, drawn out to a fine needle point, looks like a symbolic lance poised to topple any enemy. The tail is bulbous and tipped like the business end of a wasp. Sleek and purposeful, the B-1 reeks of the same deadly aesthetic that makes a Luger pistol beautiful.

For the moment, there is only one B-1 in existence. It is this gleaming white prototype undergoing flight tests at Edwards Air Force Base about 200 miles northeast of Los Angeles. It is fitting that the B-1, which will certainly be the last strategic bomber the U.S. will ever build, should be at Edwards. For this 301,000-acre sprawl of runways, hangars, office buildings and a manicured residential community for 15,000 base employees and their families is a memorial to the history of military flight. Edwards is the kind of gung-ho place where the streets have names like Doolittle and Rickenbacker, Spaatz and Lindbergh. Outside the headquarters building, the Bell XP59A, America's first jet-powered aircraft, is mounted like a big game trophy on a pedestal jutting skyward.

For more than a year Edwards will be home to the B-1. Then, if the Pentagon has its way, next spring Congress will give its final approval and the production lines of Rockwell International will start turning out what will eventually become a squadron of 244 B-1s.

"The B-1 is about the same size as a commercial 707 jetliner," the colonel continues. "Its length is 151 feet, with a wingspan of 137 feet when the wings are angled forward for takeoffs and landings. At supersonic speeds, the wings are swept back 65 degrees to cut drag. Top speed is classified but I am cleared to say that the B-1 can exceed 1,000 mph." It is not surprising. Compared to the ponderous-looking B-52 parked on the tarmac outside the hangar, the B-1 looks like a speedy little sports job.

A thick rope is strung between stanchions around the B-1 to protect the work area from the steady stream of congressmen, generals and Pentagon officials who make the pilgrimage to Edwards to view the newcomer. This day the B-1 is swarming with technicians preparing for the coming flight like drones attending the queen bee. Amber lights blink out the warning that the Bird's electrical and hydraulic systems, its nervous and circulatory systems as it were, are energized. Fat rubber pipes duct refrigerated air to the innards of the Bird from a plenum overhead to keep them from melting.

How the Air Force sold Congress a $70 billion bomber that will reach Moscow several hours after World War III is over

There is something about the surgically white plane, wreathed in wires and tubes and surrounded by work platforms, that conjures up the image of an operating theater—or Dr. Frankenstein's laboratory. It isn't hard to imagine the chief engineer in his white laboratory coat performing the final delicate hookup. Then, as the four powerful engines shriek to life, he stands back and lets loose an accompanying howl of triumph: "The Bird Lives!"

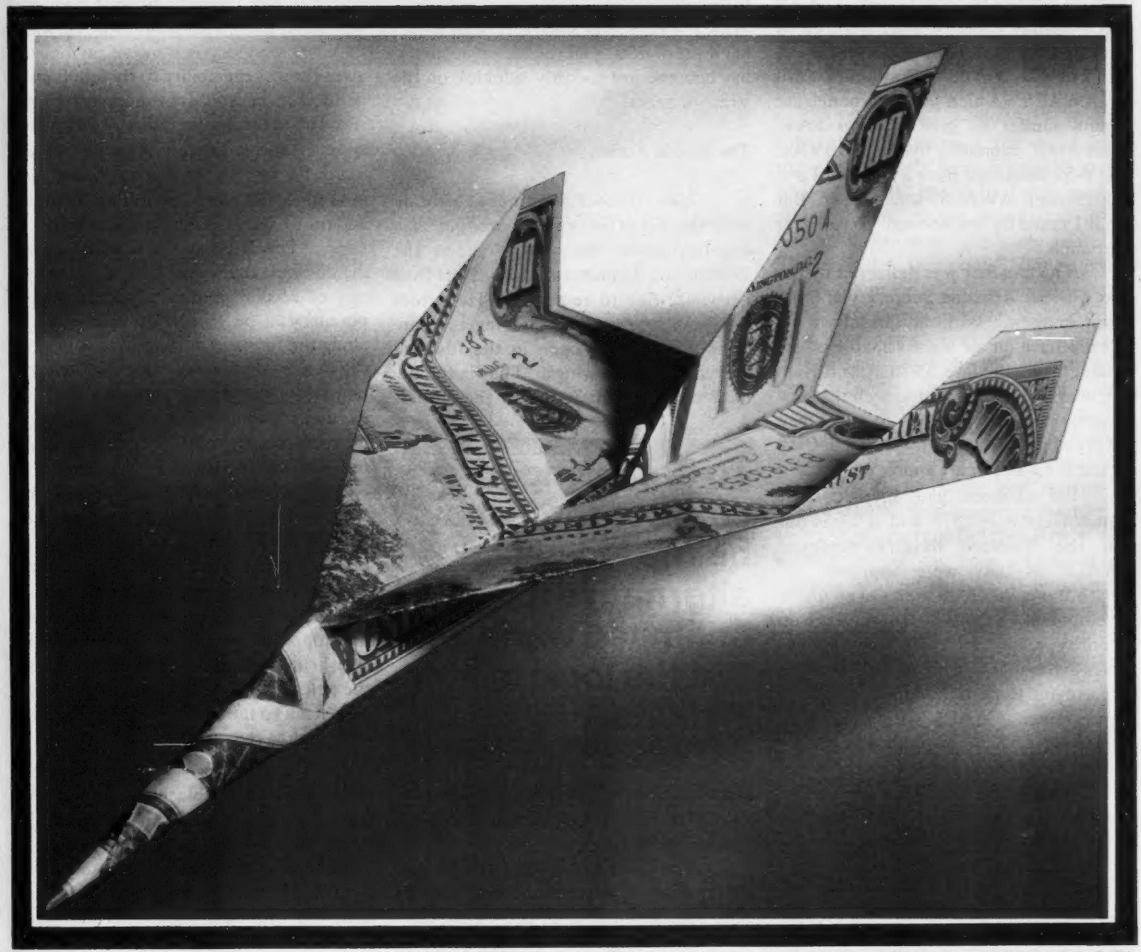
The Search for a New Bomber

The Bird does live. But whether it deserves to fly is something else. To a growing number of critics, both in and out of government, the B-1 is a dinosaur and the World War III it is designed to fight is a piece of Pentagon fiction on a par with *On the Beach.* There is nothing inherently wrong with the B-1 as an airplane. What is questionable is the purpose of any manned bomber in an era when push-button warfare is waged in half-hour increments—a missile's flying time between the U.S. and Russia—and not in the years of "blood, sweat and toil" described by Winston Churchill in his history of World War II.

The problem is that the search for a new bomber began back in 1960, when missiles were still in their infancy and the manned bomber was the bulwark of U.S. defense, as it had been ever since Hiroshima. Lyndon B. Johnson's Senate Preparedness Subcommittee was warned that metal fatigue would ground the B-52 within a scant six years, and, predictably, Congress responded to the threat of what amounted to unilateral disarmament with a vast infusion of cash.

When it took to the air in 1964, the B-70 was the most advanced bomber the world had ever seen—it could cruise above 74,000 feet; its top speed was an unheard of 2,000-plus mph. The one thing that it couldn't do was outrun a Soviet surface-to-air missile (SAM) closing in at 9,000 mph, such as the one that bagged Gary Powers and his U-2 spyplane in 1960.

The B-70 program was scrapped by former Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara in 1967 with the caustic



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

comment that if he had any money left in the defense budget, the last thing he would spend it on was a manned bomber.

One of the two B-70 prototypes crashed, but the other is a favorite today of school kids on class trips to the Air Force museum outside of Dayton, Ohio. It ought to be. It is the country's only $1.48 billion museum piece.

With the B-70 in a museum, the Pentagon was back where it started in 1960—looking for a replacement for the B-52. By then the B-52 was supposed to have been grounded by metal fatigue. But Secretary of the Air Force Dr. Harold Brown announced a stroke of luck: Updated engineering studies had given the B-52s a new lease on life through 1975—time enough to design and build another new bomber.

Feasibility studies prompted by the U-2 debacle were pulled from Pentagon files and dusted off. Since SAC couldn't outfly Soviet SAMs with a B-70, what it needed was a bomber that could fly under them. After spending $143.8 million to study the idea further, the Air Force was confident that it had found a winner. In 1970 a $1.4 billion contract was awarded to North American Rockwell to build five prototypes of what was then called AMSA—an acronym for advanced manned strategic aircraft. Cynics thought it was just a sop to make up for the loss of the B-70 contract, which had left the company financially anemic, and they joked that its initials stood for America's Most Studied Aircraft. By whatever name, it was the B-1.

By this time, Congress' rubber stamp enthusiasm for new bombers had begun to pall. As former Representative Joseph Addabbo asked in 1971: "The state of the art of air warfare by-passed the B-70 while it was still under development. What's to keep the same thing from happening to the B-1?"

" 'What if' games would never build anything," retorted Lt. Gen. Otto J. Glaser, in what has become a stock rebuttal of B-1 critics in recent years. The Air Force Deputy Chief of Staff went on to warn that the Soviets were rushing ahead with a new kind of defense system known as AWACS, which could penetrate ground clutter to give a "look-down, shoot-down" capability by the mid-1970s. The B-52 would not have a chance of getting through AWACS, said Glaser. But the B-1 could fly low enough "to roll with the punch."

The clincher was delivered by the next witness, Assistant Secretary of State Grant Hansen. "Without this effort we will not have an air force capable of defending us by the late 1970s," said Hansen, who understood all too well that few congressmen have the guts to balk when the cry of national security is raised. Cash for the B-1 was quickly approved.

But Congress had, in fact, been duped. Here it is 1975 and it turns out that the Russians haven't deployed AWACS as they were supposed to. What's more, AWACS aren't even under development, according to no less an authority than Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger, in his Annual Defense Department Report to Congress. Nevertheless, since AWACS are "technologically feasible," Schlesinger argues, there's reason enough to go ahead with the B-1.

Another bit of fiction used effectively by the Pentagon to spur the B-1 project along has been the matter of the B-52's impending demise. But the wings never did fall off as the Air Force predicted. Instead, they were reinforced without publicity and, long after they were supposed to have been scrapped, the "aging" bombers knocked out four-fifths of North Vietnam's electrical power plants and one-quarter of its oil supplies in just 11 days. By the end of the war in 1972, the B-52s had dumped more tons of high explosives on Indochina than was dropped in both World War II and the Korean War combined.

But that wasn't the end of the road for the B-52. The Air Force engineers recalculated the stress factors again in 1973 and cleared the newest B-52 models—G and H, built in 1958—for flight through the mid-1990s. Congress was dismayed, but what could it do? By then the first B-1 was already towering above the work floor at Rockwell's Plant 47, just a jet-stop down the valley from Edwards. This spring, Deputy Defense Secretary Edward Aldridge revealed that the Air Force has no immediate plans to retire the B-52. Instead, it will be equipped with a new atomic cruise missile and kept airborne through the 1980s at the very least. Which means that the B-1, which had been promoted as a crucial replacement, has become just a costly sidekick on the strategic team.

The Bird in Action

The colonel continues his talk with the air of informed boredom of a tour-bus guide who has detailed the Washington Monument more times than he would like to remember. He strides along the rope until he is facing a rectangular door gaping open in the fuselage just ahead of the wings. "That is the defensive avionics bay. When the Bird is operational, it will be filled with the best black boxes that the experts in electronic warfare can dream up."

To Schlesinger, counter-force may be the logical alternative to unlimited warfare. But the logic is Kafka's

The days are long past, he explains, when bomber crews had nothing more substantial than icy nerves and cast-iron guts to bring them through withering clouds of flak to the target. The job of eluding sophisticated modern antiaircraft radars and SAMs is so complex that it requires all those black boxes and the fulltime attention of the defensive avionics operator, one of the four-man crew.

Wedged into a windowless cramped compartment behind the copilot, this electronic Merlin scans his screens and instrument needles for the telltale flicker that means enemy radar has locked onto the bomber. Then he springs into action armed with infrared counter-measures, electronic jammers, homing devices and aluminum foil chaff. Presto! The B-1 disappears into an electronic fog. To make detection even harder, the B-1 is designed to fly at treetop heights, blending into the confused radar signals reflected from the ground, called "clutter." Finally, the B-1's profile has been carefully manicured to reduce its radar signature to a minimum. By contrast, a B-52 "shows up on radar like a barn door," says the colonel contemptuously.

A powerful array of computer-driven radars, inertial guidance platforms for navigation, sensors and forward-looking scanners—offensive avionics—gives the B-1 the ability to fly 6,000 miles and ferret out a 20-foot diameter missile silo with unerring precision. In fact, the system is so sophisticated that it could actually fly the B-1 to Russia, dodge preplotted SAM sites, obliterate Moscow and return home without human help.

"The B-1 has three bomb bays," the colonel continues, "with a total capacity of 75,000 pounds. Another 40,000 pounds can be carried in special racks along the fuselage. It doesn't matter what they are—hydrogen bombs, atomic bombs, conventional bombs—the B-1 can deliver them all in any mix. Despite its smaller size, the B-1 can carry *twice* the payload of that B-52 outside." The colonel pauses to let the statistic sink in.

Gravity bombs are considered passe in the modern Air Force. The B-1's primary attack weapon will be a complement of 32 nuclear-tipped short-range attack missiles called SRAMs, which were developed for the B-52. "SRAMs have a flying range of up to 100 miles," explains the colonel, "so the B-1 won't have to expose itself to the really tough air defenses surrounding the target."

The Bird also boasts supermodern engines which enable it to fire up and scramble quickly aloft to safety in the event of a sneak attack. To protect it from near misses, the B-1's metal skin is hardened with titanium and exotic boron fibers to withstand twice the blast pressure a B-52 can take. The gleaming white paint job is not for show. It serves as a kind of protective coloration designed to reflect away the heat from the atomic fireball. Critical controls inside have been shielded from the disruptive effects of the radiation burst.

Finished with his spiel, the colonel starts for the door, then abruptly stops and stares back at the B-1. "All in all it's quite a weapon," he mutters to himself.

The colonel is right. The B-1 is a

Oliver Moore is a free lance who lives on Long Island.

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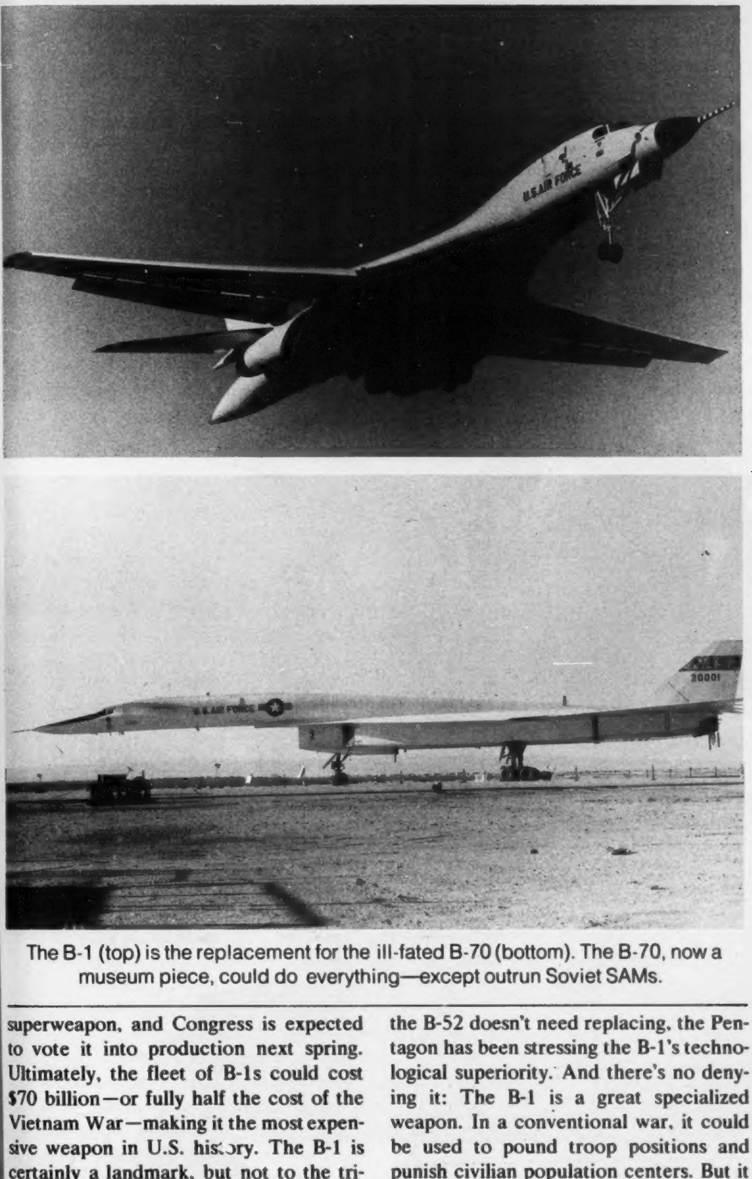


The B-1 (top) is the replacement for the ill-fated B-70 (bottom). The B-70, now a museum piece, could do everything—except outrun Soviet SAMs.

superweapon, and Congress is expected to vote it into production next spring. Ultimately, the fleet of B-1s could cost $70 billion—or fully half the cost of the Vietnam War—making it the most expensive weapon in U.S. history. The B-1 is certainly a landmark, but not to the triumph of cold rationality and careful study that 15 years of planning would suggest. Instead, it is a monument to congressional ineptitude in the complex area of defense, and a monument to the wastefulness of interservice rivalry. For the B-1 is little more than a gleaming new playtoy for the Air Force generals who are desperate to keep up with the admirals and their formidable nuclear submarines. It is a dinosaur that has evolved from a long line of expensive obsolete weapons.

Strategy for Atomic War

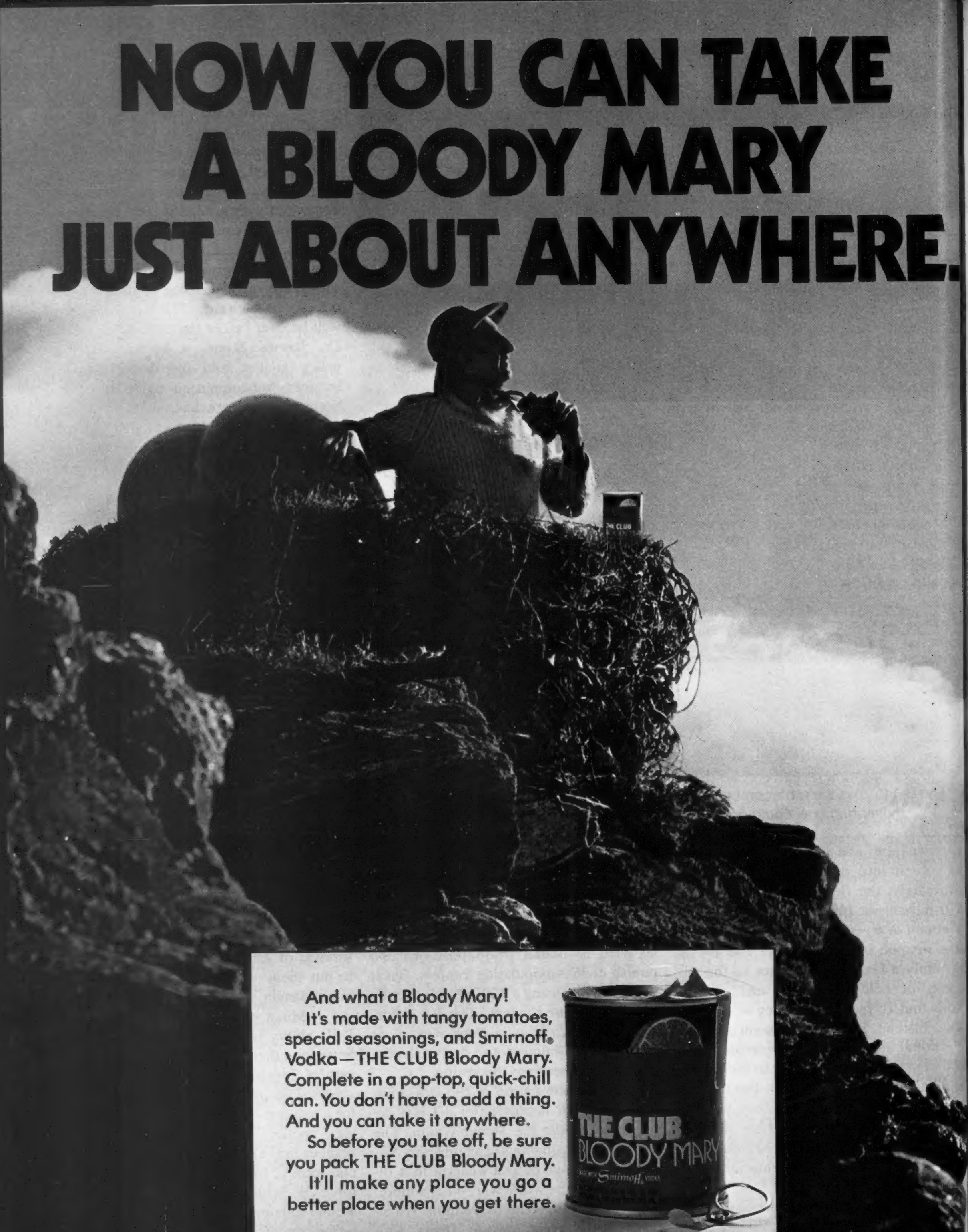
The arguments advanced to justify the B-1 have shifted with Protean rapidity in response to every criticism. Now that the B-52 doesn't need replacing, the Pentagon has been stressing the B-1's technological superiority. And there's no denying it: The B-1 is a great specialized weapon. In a conventional war, it could be used to pound troop positions and punish civilian population centers. But it would be like using a $200,000 Indy race car to commute to work. The B-1 is "designed totally for a nuclear strike," as Rep. Robert Giaimo noted during the defense budget hearings this spring.

Only one nation in the world has the kind of air defenses the B-1 was designed to evade: the Soviet Union. The B-1's only imaginable use against the Soviet Union would be as a weapon in a disastrous end-the-world war. What's more, it would be a superfluous weapon. We already have great missile fleets with thousands of atomic warheads aimed at Russia. What can the B-1 add? Only dreamy wishful thinkers want the U.S. to let down its guard by compromising national security. But does the B-1 add enough to that security to justify its incredible cost? Does it add to our security at all?

Consider the matter of its speed, for instance. The B-1 is undeniably the world's fastest strategic bomber; its ground level attack speed is more than 150 mph faster than that of a B-52. But compared with a 17,000 mph Polaris or Minuteman missile, the B-1 is a poky tortoise. Thus, in the six hours that it takes the B-1 to reach Soviet targets, 12 successive missile salvos could be fired off—six on each side. "The war may very well be over before the bombers arrive," Dr. Jeremy Stone, a leading defense policy analyst told the House Armed Services Subcommittee back in 1971. Nothing since then has occurred to tip that damning timetable to the B-1's favor.

Then there is the B-1's vaunted survivability. Assuming the worst case, that the bombers were grounded at the time of attack, the B-1's faster start-up and taxi time would be crucial if the bomb blasts were the only warning. Theoretically, this could happen if the Soviets launched from submarines "depressed trajectory" missiles that managed to wriggle past elaborate anti-submarine defenses and reach the U.S. coastline undetected. From that vantage point, missiles could be launched to fly in low, flat arcs undetected by radar. But the Soviets have not even tested a depressed trajectory missile, much less started to deploy them. Schlesinger himself concedes in the current Defense Report that a "bolt out of the blue attack" is extremely unlikely anyway. It is far more likely that an impending all-out nuclear exchange between the superpowers would be signaled by a series of escalating crises erupting in global pressure points like Berlin and the Middle East. In which case all that is needed to guarantee the survival of America's bombers would be to put them on airborne alert, aloft and out of danger.

Much has also been made of the B-1's ability to penetrate Soviet air defenses and then seek out and destroy "targets of opportunity" with surgical precision. This makes the B-1 ideally suited for a major role in Schlesinger's new strategic policy of Counter-Force, argue bomber fans like SAC Commanding General John C. Meyer. Simply put, counterforce is Schlesinger's reaction to the atomic stalemate known as the balance of terror. Accepting the premise that unrestrained nuclear war is unthinkable, Schlesinger accepts the possibility of a limited Soviet attack on U.S. military targets such as missile silos and air bases. Retaliation against Russian cities would



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be monstrous and only serve to trigger the destruction of urban America. Schlesinger concludes that the only rational response would be to pulverize Soviet military targets in a carefully controlled escalation until the war ended by negotiation.

But using the B-1 to blast air bases and missile silos in a counter-force exchange is preposterous. The B-1's sluggish speed is an insurmountable obstacle, as Senator Thomas McIntyre wrote Schlesinger last March. As the chairman of the Senate Armed Forces Subcommittee on Research and Development pointed out: "Bombers are inherently ill-suited to attack well-defended, hardened missile silos, the most difficult military targets. Obviously the long flight time of any bomber force would make it unlikely that Soviet missiles would remain in such silos." The same holds true for Russian bombers.

Schlesinger didn't reply. But Rockwell spokesman Tom Nelson dismissed the senator's objections out of hand. Said Nelson: "The Soviet commanders would simply have to leave some missiles for us to destroy or we would be forced to hit their cities." That, of course, is just what counter-force is supposed to prevent. "It's simply asinine," scoffed one leading defense policy analyst after he managed to stop laughing.

Just as ludicrous is the idea that anyone aboard the B-1, roaring above the tree tops at 500 mph, would be able to peer down a 20-foot diameter hole in the ground and see if there was anything left in it—especially since the B-1 would be up to 100 miles distant from the target when it fires off its nuclear-tipped SRAM missiles, far beyond the range of human eyesight. One indication that Schlesinger may have come to question the B-1's usefulness is his $47 million request in the FY 1976 defense budget for cash to begin development of a missile with silo-busting accuracy.

But the biggest flaw in the Pentagon plan to justify building the B-1 as part of a counter-force strategy is the innate implausibility of counter-force. The key to the theory is the limitation of casualties. In his 1974 Defense Report, Schlesinger estimated that an attack on U.S. military installations would result in "relatively few" casualties—an attractive alternative to the 100 million Americans who would die in an all-out Soviet nuclear attack.

When a Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee invited Schlesinger to explain what he meant by "relatively few," his response was hardly reassuring. By Schlesinger's estimate, between 5 and 6 million Americans would die in a Soviet attack on U.S. nuclear submarine bases, SAC airfields and ICBM silos. The obliteration of Missouri's Whitman Air Force Base, for instance, would kill 750,000 people downwind in St. Louis. The Arms Control and Disarmament Agency puts the carnage even higher. According to its calculations, the death toll could reach 50 million, depending on the prevailing winds at the time of the attack.

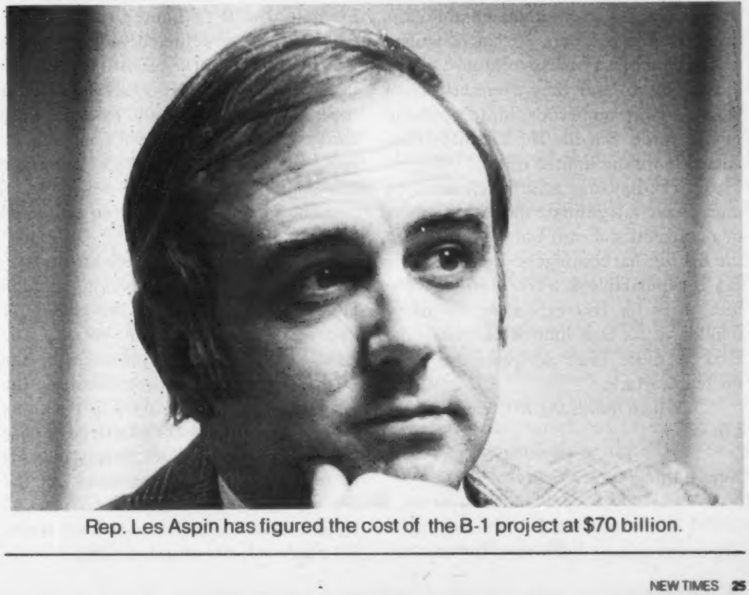
To Schlesinger, counter-force may be the logical alternative to unlimited warfare. But the logic is Kafka's. "It would be as difficult for me to think that the U.S. would take a relatively low position because only 1 million people had been killed, as it would be if there were 5, 10 or 15 million people killed," Senator Stuart Symington commented after listening to Schlesinger. Which leaves the B-1 winging off to a war that will be long over by the time it gets there. America, Russia and the notion of counter-force will all be in ashes.

U.S. strategic forces, though, are designed not so much to fight a nuclear war as to deter one with the threat of society-crushing retaliation. Since deterrence is more a matter of psychology than actual firepower, it is impossible to pinpoint precisely the size and composition of a nuclear force awesome enough to face down any aggressor. It *is* possible, however, to tally up the number of targets worth destroying. In the case of Russia, a scant 400 nuclear warheads exploding on 200 cities would kill one-third of the country's entire population and obliterate two-thirds of its industry. *Doubling* the number of warheads would destroy only *6 percent* more of the population and *10 percent* more of the industry, according to a study conducted last year by Senator George McGovern and Representative John F. Seiberling. Yet the U.S. atomic arsenal is bulging with over 14,000 warheads. If that isn't enough to deter the Soviet leaders from attacking, they argued, the B-1's ability to pulverize a few percentage points more would hardly deter them either.

The B-1 will cost half the price of the entire Vietnam War

Why should the threat of the B-1 deter the Russians? The prospect of a new Soviet bomber leaves the highest Pentagon officials unperturbed. The Air Force has kept Congress well informed on the progress of the new Soviet strategic bomber known as "BackFire" and now hints ominously of the possibility of an even more advanced version. Yet little publicity is given to the fact that the Defense Department considers the threat of a Soviet bomber attack to be so farfetched that it is busily dismantling U.S. radar defenses.

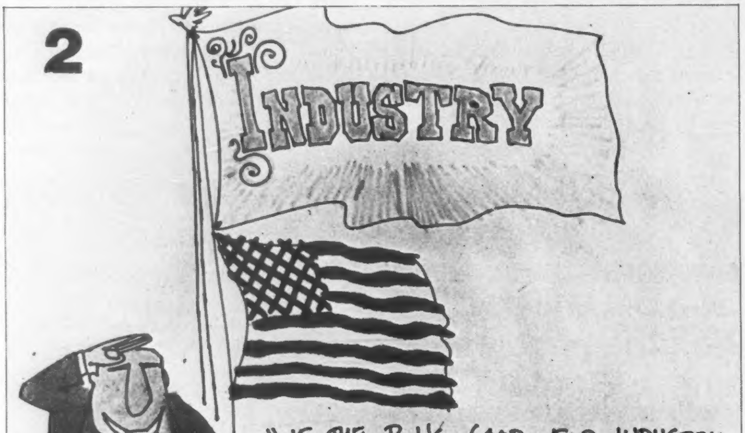
Perhaps the Pentagon is worried that the Soviet Union is spending too little on the arms race. Schlesinger writes in his current Defense Report that building the B-1 will force the Russians to buy antiaircraft devices. "Air defense," he points out, "is the aspect of defense programming which this nation finds least disquieting." He calculates that for every American dollar spent on the B-1, the Russians are forced to spend almost three dollars to defend against it. Because of its smaller size, the Russian economy is



Rep. Les Aspin has figured the cost of the B-1 project at $70 billion.

pinched even more than the 3 to 1 comparison would suggest. Let's keep the pressure on their economy, he seems to urge, and hasten the day when the people rise up and overthrow their communist masters.

It's unclear, though, how the Russians will react to the B-1. Since American strategists don't feel compelled to construct defenses against Soviet bombers, the Russians may similarly disregard the new American weapon. Schlesinger's reasoning isn't quite sufficient to support a mammoth new weapons project. The final arguments must rest on military needs: Does American security demand a new manned bomber? It is true that the manned bomber has an important, if secondary, mission in the strategic triad that also includes Minuteman and Polaris missiles. The bombers are an insurance policy against any massive failure of the missile force, and they counterbalance Russia's more numerous, more powerful missile force. But the B-52 is more than adequate for this limited role.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"IF THE B-1'S GOOD FOR INDUSTRY, IT'S GOOD FOR AMERICA!"

The selling of the B-1: promotional graphics from the defense industry.

The day may arise when America might have a legitimate use for bombers in a conventional war. But we don't need the B-1 for that contingency, either. If the B-1 is expendable in a conventional conflict, it is far too expensive to justify building it for that limited purpose—the B-52 is more than adequate for nonnuclear warfare.

Which leaves the B-1 searching for a mission.

Supersonic Bait-and-Switch

The cost of the B-1 is the strongest argument against building it for any mission. When Congress okayed the B-1 development program in mid-1970, the sticker price of a single plane was pegged at $29.2 million. The total for 244 bombers, spare parts, maintenance equipment and everything else needed to fly and service them was a staggering $11.22 billion. It was enough to make the B-1 program the most expensive weapon in U.S. history. But it was just a down payment. Currently, the price of a B-1 with spares and related equipment has nosed up to an unbelievable $84.3 million—or $20.6 billion for the entire program.

But the B-1 has been priced to sell—just like a Detroit auto. The sticker price is far below the final figure that will be footed by the taxpayers when all the extras and hidden costs are toted up. For example, the B-1's limited range means that it must be refueled aloft to reach Russia and return. Existing KC-135 tankers could certainly refuel the B-1, but they lack its hardness and takeoff speed and might be destroyed in a surprise attack. The Air Force wants to eliminate this Achilles' heel with a new fleet of tankers. The cost would be an estimated $8.5 billion.

The B-1's sticker price does not include armaments. Supplying enough SRAM missiles for the 244-plane B-1 fleet will cost about $7 billion. The atomic warheads are another extra—the exact price is classified. In addition, the Air Force plans to equip the B-1 with an expensive accessory called a decoy cruise missile, designed to fool enemy gunners by reflecting a signal that looks like the B-1 on radar. It's expected to cost $2 billion. Even the avionics, so vital to the B-1's survival, are an added extra.

What then will the B-1 program actually end up costing by the time it is finished? McGovern and Representative Les Aspin (D-Wisc.), working independently, dredged up the buried costs and tallied them to reach a total of $70 billion. That is a staggering amount of money. It is, for instance, half of the entire sum of money spent to fight the Vietnam War. Or put another way, the $84.3 million unit price of a single B-1 with related equipment would buy 2,278 air-conditioned buses.

Despite the lofty price, the Pentagon insists that the B-1 delivers more blast for the buck than any other proposed new weapon. To buttress its claim of cost-effectiveness, officials cite the conclusions favoring the B-1 contained in a classified report known as the "Joint Bomber Study." But the study itself is suspect. Because it is secret, its premises cannot be tested by experts outside of the Pentagon. More disturbing is the study's built-in bias. The Joint Study was directed by a senior Air Force officer, half of the executive committee was staffed by Air Force officers and 24 of the 30 contributors to the study were either officers or civilians employed by the Air Force.

The Government Accounting Office rapped the study last year for its obvious slant and concluded," . . . it is impossible for the Congress to judge whether the extra capability to be obtained with the B-1 is worth the additional cost." In a letter to Schlesinger last March, Senator McIntyre complained: "This study, like other incidents in the history of the B-1 program, have led me to fear that there is little or no real consideration within the DOD and the Air Force that we may not need the B-1. . . ."

Not even the most vitriolic critics of the B-1 advocate compromising national security to save money. What they do argue is that the B-1's performance can be matched with cheaper, if less glamorous, alternatives. Dr. Archie Wood and Dr. Al Quandeck, co-authors of a Brookings Institution study on the subject, favor a "stand-off" bomber as the most cost-effective way to deliver a nuclear knockout to Russia. Dr. Richard Garwin, director of applied research for IBM and a longtime defense analyst, agrees. In detailed testimony this spring before both congressional Armed Forces committees, he explained how 747 jetliners could be purchased and modified to carry long-range cruise missiles for about $30 million complete. Launched just outside Russian airspace, these relatively cheap flying bombs, which have the low altitude speed of the B-1, could replace expensive bombers in the dangerous job of actually penetrating Soviet defenses. The savings, Garwin estimated, would amount to a hefty $3 billion annually for an indefinite period. It would be enough money to buy three new advanced Trident submarines each year.

Bastian Hello, the executive vice-president who heads up Rockwell's B-1 division in Los Angeles, shrugs off the criticism. He insists that 88 percent of the massive cost overruns can be blamed on the unfortunate—and unavoidable—effects of inflation. Congress got the same excuse from Secretary of the Air Force John McLucas. As he explained in testimony this year: "Since our crystal ball is no better than that of the others, we did not predict the recent rate of inflation." But it doesn't take a clairvoyant to know that the inflation rate of 1.9 percent used by the Pentagon between 1970 and 1973 was a flagrant understatement of the actual rate, which averaged 9 percent for the period. More damning, Rockwell's own accountants found the Pentagon's figure absurd and used a rate of 4 percent for their calculation. But they had no incentive to be accurate since the tab for inflation is picked up by the Pentagon according to the terms of the contract.

After Congress held a series of hearings on the soaring costs in 1973, the Pentagon had adopted an inflation rate of 3.7 percent for future cost estimates—still far short of the actual inflation, as any consumer knows. The Pentagon's economists might be incompetent scribblers. But more likely, the unrealistic inflation rate is just another ploy to minimize the B-1's skyrocketing costs.

Incredibly, the B-1's cost would be even higher if the Air Force had not been quietly throttling back on the program as well as the bomber's actual performance. Its tree-top speed was cut from supersonic to below the speed of sound to reduce the amount of costly titanium and boron fiber in the air frame. Its high altitude top speed was hobbled when the Air Force canceled a costly redesign of the engine ducts. The elaborate crew escape module has been replaced with conventional and far more dangerous ejection seats. Only four instead of the original five prototypes will be built now, although Rockwell's development contract has not yet been recalculated to reflect what should be substantial savings. Instead, the cash has been ploughed into the program in an attempt to mask the bloated cost overruns.

"Congress is being victimized by the worst kind of bait-and-switch advertising," McGovern complained in an interview this summer. As he explained it: "We were drawn in by an attractive price tag. Once hooked, we are told that we really have to pay twice as much for inferior merchandise. The record seems to suggest that Congress actually enjoys being bilked by the Pentagon."

A Life of Its Own

President Eisenhower warned the nation to be aware of the power of a growing military-industrial complex in his now famous farewell address. The notion that the generals, congressmen and civilian munition makers are engaged in an elaborate conspiracy to build and sell weapons for their own profit has been popular ever since. But as the B-1 aptly illustrates, a major new weapon is more a product of happenstance and benign neglect than any conspiracy. The motive power is not greed but sheer bureaucratic inertia. Weapons tend to acquire a life of their own.

> **The humiliating rout in Indochina left Congress without the stomach to deny the Pentagon its wishes**

Representatives of defense-dependent industries and areas push for higher military budgets, and the majority of congressmen are too ignorant or too preoccupied to withstand them. Just trying to read the Defense Budget, a set of volumes best measured with a yardstick, is a brain-numbing chore. Assessing the abstruse technical arguments advanced as proof that a new plane or battle tank or warship will actually perform as designed is beyond the ken of any but a graduate engineer. As a result, the level of congressional debate over weapons, even in the Armed Services committees, is appallingly low. For instance, Representative Harold Runnels (D-N.M.) has contributed to the debate on manned bombers over the past four years by speaking out against birth control. His response to Dr. Wood's closely reasoned arguments favoring cruise missiles presented at the special hearing on the B-1 last May was to ask: "Isn't it true that the people who want to limit population have already been born?"

Unable to base their decision on the technical merits of a new weapon, most congressmen take their cue from Harry Truman. In typically blunt fashion, the former President distilled the complex debate over building the hydrogen bomb down to two questions: "Can the Russians make this thing? And if so how can we help from making it?"

The Cold War, though, has long since passed its peak. That fact, combined with the recession, the lessons of the Vietnam experience and the unprecedented cost of the B-1, led foes of the bomber to hope that this time it could be different. When Senator John C. Stennis (D.-Miss.), the hawkish chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, told the Air Force to start looking for a cheaper alternative, it appeared that Congress, which has never failed to approve a major new weapon, would do just that.

As luck would have it, the B-1 was saved by events half a world away. The humiliating rout in Indochina left Congress without the stomach to deny the Pentagon its wishes. The Big Stick diplomacy of the Mayaguez incident drove it home. There would be no serious cuts. The weapons procurement bill sailed through Congress virtually unscathed. The Pentagon was allocated $25.4 billion for this fiscal year, with $749 million of that for the B-1. Opponents of the B-1 may try to cut the actual appropriation later this month, but they have little chance of success. The real battle, the last-ditch attempt to halt the project, will come next spring.

From King Arthur's mystical sword Excalibur to modern machines of war, weapons have generated an incomparable romance and mystique. Congressmen react to the sight of a sleek new warplane like a teenager given the keys to a new Porsche. And the Pentagon knows it, as Air Force General Robert S. Lukeman demonstrated at the special hearing last spring. Instead of rebutting the critics with more head-nodding scholarship, the craggy-faced general simply stretched out his arm and snapped his fingers. It was the signal for the airman, standing stiffly at the rear of the hearing room, to dim the lights and switch on the film projector. As the gleaming, white B-1 rolled down the runway at Edwards and lifted off into the blue desert sky accompanied by the shriek of the engines, Lukeman delivered what turned out to be the most telling argument of the day: "Gentlemen. We're not talking about a plane that exists on paper. This Bird flies!" It may not be much of an argument, but it brought down the House. ●

The gun lobby is armed and dangerous

By James M. Perry

When Lynette Alice "Squeaky" Fromme pulled a .45-caliber pistol on the President of the United States, the National Rifle Association said nothing. Only a feisty new group, the Citizens' Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms, issued an aggressive statement. But when Sara Jane Moore actually got off a shot from her .38-caliber revolver 17 days later, the NRA could remain silent no longer.

"The hysterical outcries for additional gun control characterize the inability of our judicial system to cope with radical and criminal segments in our society," is what the NRA said.

The Citizens' Committee, the first on the draw, merely stood by its earlier declaration. The President "benefits from the most thorough police protection in the United States," that resolution began, but the "average law-abiding American citizen enjoys less protection." Thus, "the citizens' possession of handguns, including inexpensive handguns euphemistically known as 'Saturday Night Specials,' may be indispensable instruments for the citizens' self-protection." Therefore, the directors concluded, the President should "demonstrate [his] concern for the safety of his fellow law-abiding citizens who enjoy less protection than he does by withdrawing his anti-gun proposals from official consideration."

The President isn't going to withdraw his gun-control proposals. On the other hand, according to press secretary Ron Nessen, he isn't going to make them any tougher. The Administration is sticking with its request for a bill that would ban those cheap Saturday Night Specials, tighten requirements for obtaining federal gun dealer licenses and double the manpower trying to enforce rickety gun laws in the ten largest metropolitan centers.

90 congressmen are on the board of a new group fighting for the citizen's right to own a Saturday Night Special

Gunslingers are worried. In the House of Representatives, says the Citizens' Committee's public affairs director, John Snyder, "the forces favoring prohibition [of guns] are stronger than they have ever been or are ever likely to be." Sometime in October, it is anticipated, the Judiciary Committee's Subcommittee on Crime will report a bill that would ban the Saturday Night Special and that might require the registration of every gun and the licensing of every gun owner. Robert McClory, the ranking Republican on the subcommittee, has introduced such a bill. Registration and licensing would be handled administratively in each of the states—thereby, McClory hopes, avoiding the creation of another federal bureaucracy. States that didn't move out smartly within two years would lose their Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) funds.

McClory's bill is tougher than Ford's. The award for the strongest bill, however, goes to John Conyers, Michigan Democrat and chairman of the Subcommittee on Crime. The bill he introduced would ban the manufacture, sale, transfer and possession of all handguns. The prohibition would take effect one year after passage of the legislation. Gun owners would get two years to turn in their weapons, for which they could take tax deductions based on fair market value. Members of the armed forces, policemen, members of licensed pistol clubs and collectors of antique guns would be exempted.

It's a very tough bill. It doesn't stand a chance.

National headquarters of the Citizens' Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms is in a suburban shopping center in Bellevue, Washington. Membership is probably under 50,000. The advisory board, though, includes two governors, five senators and 85 House members. The NRA, with more than a million members, has only one member of Congress on its board of directors—the redoubtable John D. Dingell, Democrat of Dearborn, Michigan.

Against all his better judgment, Congressman Dingell has sponsored a gun-control bill of his own. Yes, yes, he

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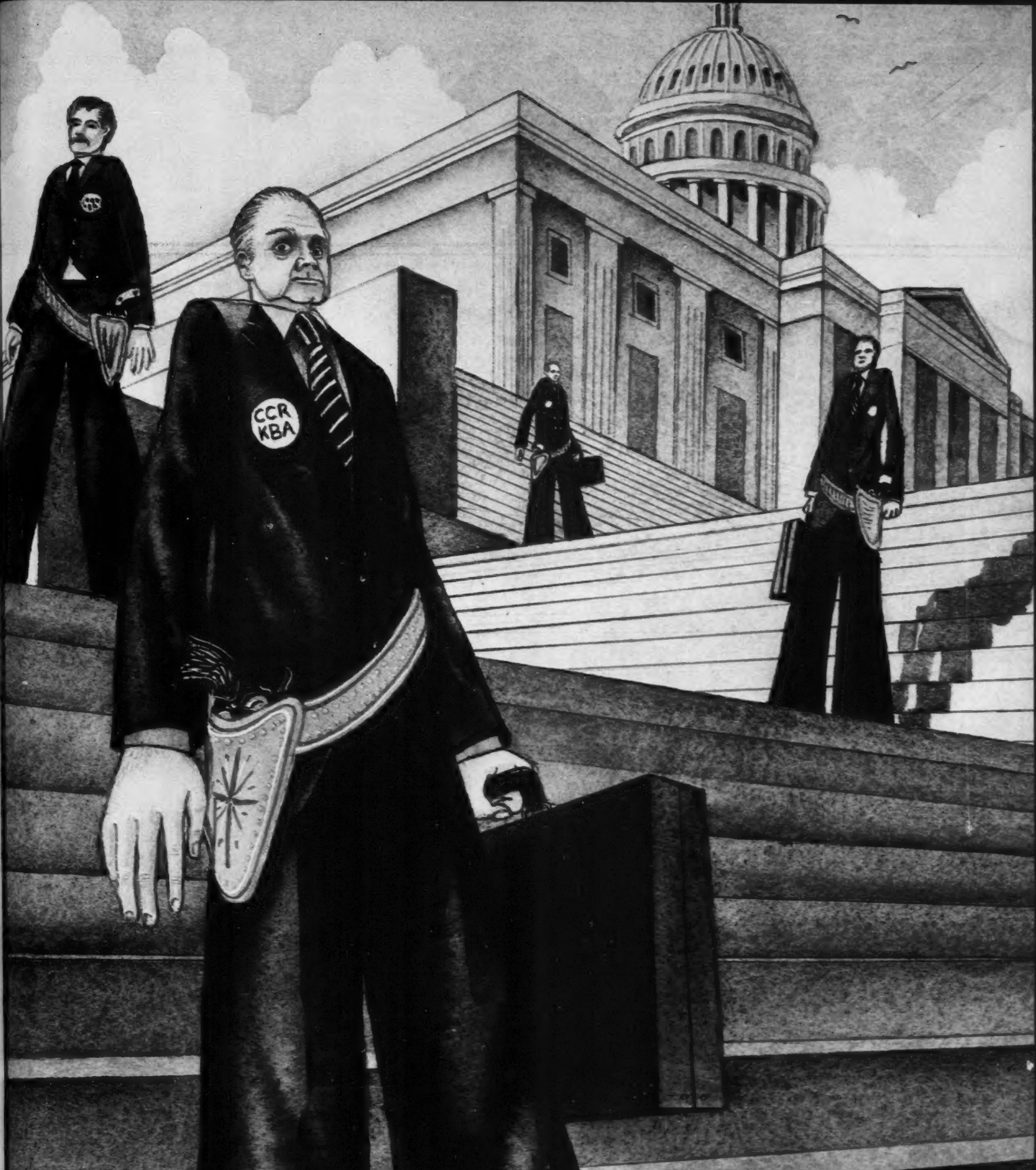
James Perry is a reporter for the National Observer *in Washington.*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testified before the Subcommittee on Crime, "there is a market for Saturday Night Specials because some poorer people who want—and badly need—protection simply cannot afford anything better." Dammit, though, "Congress feels compelled to do something—anything—about Saturday Night Specials because the press has made it an unavoidable issue." So Dingell has sponsored a Saturday Night Special bill that goes against everything he and the NRA have long stood for. Upon completing his testimony, however, he left the subcommittee with this thought: "Don't get carried away. We deplore gun accidents, but in truth we could save far more lives with a cheaper and simpler expedient—by a prohibition on swimming."

The Citizens' Committee thinks Dingell and the NRA have been carried away—off the front lines. "The trouble with the NRA," says Snyder, who used to be an associate editor of NRA's magazine, *The American Rifleman,* "is that it's not directly a political organization. But you can bet we are. We don't sell any targets here. We're for political action, period. We have one purpose: to defend the Second Amendment. It's a hell of a fight and we won't hesitate to attack anyone, anytime, by name. My contract says I can act on my own. I don't have to call a meeting of the board of directors. We can *move.*"

The Citizens' Committee has a distinctly raffish quality. Snyder rents a desk in the Washington, D.C., offices of Lee Edwards & Associates. Edwards hypes right-wing causes and edits Richard A. Viguerie's magazine, *Conservative Digest.* The NRA, founded in 1871 and run out of an eight-story, $3.5 million, brick and glass building just around the corner, is almost . . . respectable.

But the sniping from John Snyder's Citizens' Committee has drawn blood. Last April, the NRA voted to open an Institute for Legislative Action reporting directly to the executive committee of the board of directors (instead of to Maxwell E. Rich, the NRA's harried executive vice-president). Picked to head the institute was the biggest, toughest straight shooter in the NRA's history—61-year-old Harlon B. Carter, president of the NRA from 1965-67, chief of the U.S. Border Patrol, 1950-57, and proud owner of 44 national shooting records with pistol, military rifle and small-bore rifle.

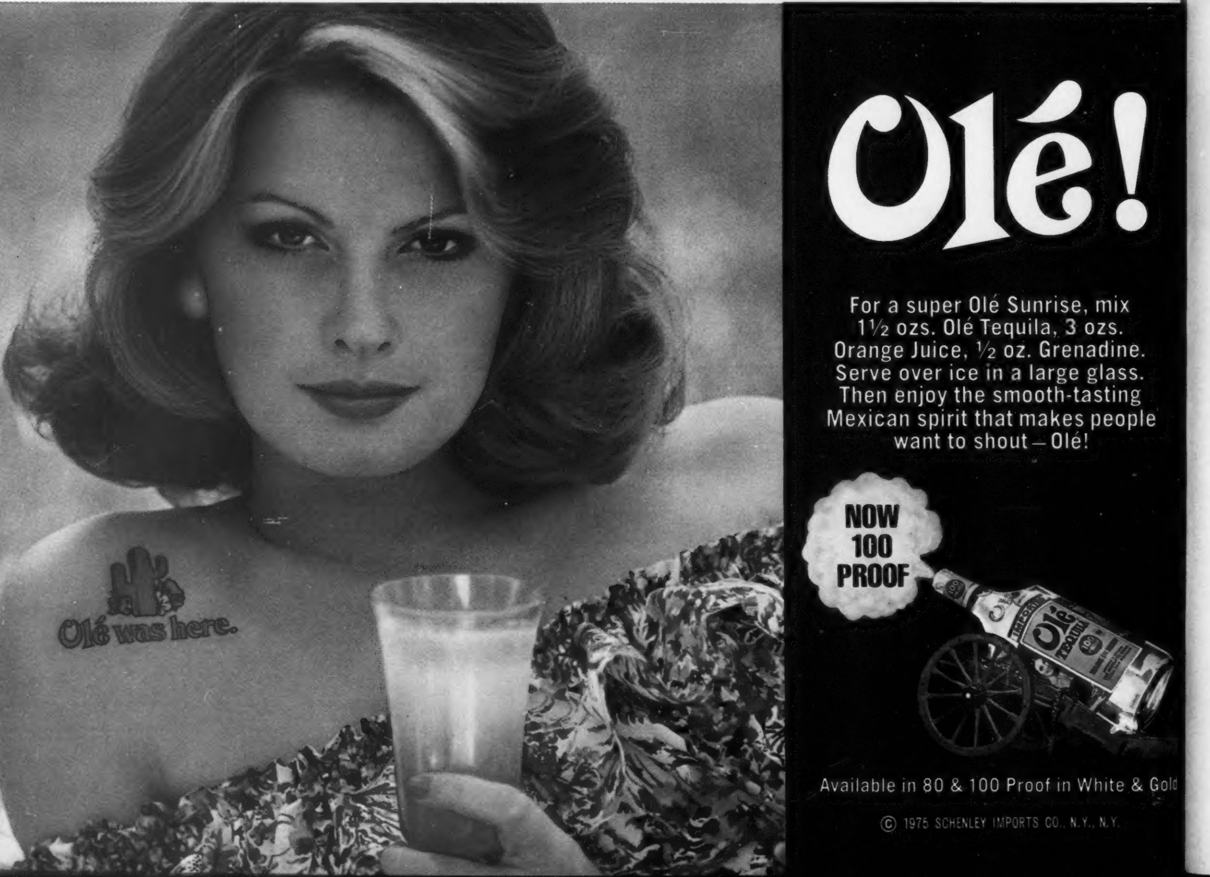
I asked him if the NRA was getting soft.

"Soft? Soft! That's a sneaky canard devised by our opponents. It's 100 percent nonsense! If I felt there was a single member getting soft, why I'd be out there in the street, in public, attacking him. We've been strong all the while. We're strong now!"

In Harlon Carter's defense, let it be said that it was the NRA that got a sneak preview of CBS' anti-hunting documentary, *The Guns of Autumn,* and then made a flurry of telephone calls to the sponsors. As a result, by the time the show was aired on Sept. 5, all but one sponsor (Block Drugs: Nytol and Zestabs) had dropped out. "It wasn't censorship," says Tom Hodges, NRA's friendly director of public affairs, and he shakes his head in rueful amazement that anybody would ever think that. "No," he says, "it was simply freedom of choice."

Despite its recent triumph, the fact remains that the NRA is no longer the most strident adversary of gun control. In its own publications, the NRA has conceded that court rulings limit the "practical utility" of the Second Amendment. The Citizens' Committee opposes even the Dingell bill because it believes—devoutly, militantly—that the Second Amendment guarantees every citizen the right to keep and bear arms. Snyder and the committee not only oppose any new legislation but also call for the repeal of the old laws.

Snyder says that members have already collected 500,000 signatures on a



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petition supporting four bills introduced by Republican Sen. James A. McClure of Idaho. One of these bills would repeal the Gun Control Act of 1968, Congress' last pitiful attempt to come to grips with the problem. The 1968 act was passed after the murders of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King. Its major achievement was the creation of a new bureaucracy—it pulled the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Division out of the Internal Revenue Service and gave it near-independent status as a bureau in the Department of the Treasury. Its other accomplishment was the opening of one of the biggest loopholes in the history of world legislation. It banned the import of cheap handguns, but it didn't ban the *parts* for cheap handguns. So dealers imported millions of parts and made more cheap guns than ever before. It's a hall-of-fame loophole.

The 1968 act replaced the old Firearms Act of 1934, passed in the bloody afterglow of the St. Valentine's Day massacre in Chicago. The act of 1934 banned tommy guns, cannons and other heavy artillery items. When Rep. Steve Symms, Idaho Republican and one of the most active members of the Citizens' Committee's advisory council, testified before the Subcommittee on Crime, he was asked if he didn't worry about repealing *all* the federal laws.

> Mr. McClory [Robert McClory, Illinois Republican]: You would not feel, would you, that the individual citizen in our country, in order to guard against an attack which might be supported by the sophisticated weaponry, should be permitted to be armed with cannons, machine guns, anti-aircraft guns, and things of that kind?
>
> Mr. Symms: My faith lies in the individual, not in the Government. So we have a very different point of view on this. I am not saying that I am advocating that everybody carry a hand grenade up and down Main Street. I think the point, however, is being missed. . . .
>
> Mr. McClory: Let me understand your position on this. Is it your position that we should repeal all Federal laws and then leave this up to the individual citizen and his judgment?
>
> Mr. Symms: No, to the state's.
>
> Mr. McClory: And the Federal Government should not assume any role, then?
>
> Mr. Symms: . . . Just like I say, how hard is it to get a sawed-off shotgun?

It was the same Steve Symms who stormed into battle when the U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission was ordered by a federal judge to consider banning the sale of handgun ammunition under the "hazardous substance" classification.

In *Point Blank*, the Citizens' Committee's newsletter, Symms was quoted as saying: "We believe that Americans should have the right to own guns because traditionally justice has always come from the ballot box, the jury box, but, if those failed, the cartridge box."

Symms and his colleagues had their way; Congress overruled the Product Safety Commission, and that threat to gun owners was defeated. The whole thing was absurd, Symms reflected later. A bullet is nothing more than a molded piece of lead—hazardous, of course, to no one.

This year the battle will be over guns, not bullets. The McClory legislation is the strongest bill with a chance. "I don't see how Congress could pass a bill any tougher than ours," says Paul Ahern, McClory's legislative assistant. "We all know what the Gallup polls say—that people want tough gun control—but people in Congress know there are people out there who are one-issue voters on gun control." No congressman enjoys taking a position that is guaranteed to lose him votes. "It's going to be hard to get a registration and licensing bill in an election year," says David Steinberg, executive director of the National Council for Responsible Firearms Policy.

The folks running NRA and the Citizens' Committee know that it's an election year. "We've got a computer here [at NRA]," boasts Harlon Carter. "And we can use it to get the word out overnight to two million people." Over at the Citizens' Committee, John Snyder is equally forthright. "We've just begun to fight," he said. "It's going to take another 20 years to resolve this thing, up or down. And we're hanging in there."

The battle lines are drawn. Because the NRA has gone just a touch soft, an intimidated Congress will probably pass a Saturday Night Special bill this year. And because two addled women tried to kill the President, Congress may decide to require that guns be registered and gun owners be licensed. But even this minimal regulation to control the traffic in handguns will probably fail to become law. The sad truth is that any strong legislation awaits the only effective pro-gun-control lobbyist—a successful assassin.●

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Side One

Funk Yourself
(Eumir Deodato)
Kenya Music, Inc.—ASCAP 4:13
Electric Piano and Clavinet: EUMIR DEODATO
Guitars: HUGH McCRACKEN AND JOHN TROPEA (Also Solo)
Drums: NICK REMO
Bass: WILL LEE
Congas: RUBENS BASSINI
Horns and Alto Flutes: (See Below)

Black Dog
(Gene Paige - Robert Plant - John Paul Jones)
Superhype Music Inc.—ASCAP 4:19
Electric Piano and Tambourine: EUMIR DEODATO
Guitars: ELLIOT RANDALL and JOHN TROPEA
Bass: WILL LEE
Congas: RUBENS BASSINI
Drums: STEVE GADD
Soprano Sax: LOU MARINI

Crabwalk
(Eumir Deodato)
Kenya Music, Inc.—ASCAP 7:45
Electric Piano: EUMIR DEODATO
Bass: WILL LEE
Drums: STEVE GADD
Cow Bells: RUBENS BASSINI
Trumpet Solo: JOHN GATCHELL
Horns, Flutes, Strings: (See Below)

Adams Hotel
(Marcos Valle)
Kenya Music, Inc.—ASCAP 3:38
Electric Piano, Whistle, Arp Synthesizer: EUMIR DEODATO
Bongos: Maracas: RUBENS BASSINI
Strings: (See Below)

Side Two

Caravan*/Watusi Strut**
(Duke Ellington-Juan Tizol-Irving Mills)*
American Academy of Music Inc.—ASCAP 2:00
(Eumir Deodato)**
Kenya Music, Inc.—ASCAP 9:36
Electric Piano and Clavinet: EUMIR DEODATO
Guitars: ELLIOT RANDALL and JOHN TROPEA (Also Solo)
Bass: WILL LEE
Drums: STEVE GADD
Congas: RUBENS BASSINI
Clarinet: LOU MARINI
Strings, Horns, Flutes: (See Below)

Speak Low
(Ogden Nash - Kurt Weil)
Chappell & Co., Inc.—ASCAP 4:32
Electric Piano: EUMIR DEODATO
Guitar: JOHN TROPEA
Bass: WILL LEE
Drums: NICK REMO
Congas, Cabassa: RUBENS BASSINI
Flute: LOU MARINI

First Cuckoo (On Hearing The First Cuckoo In Spring)
(Frederick Delius)
(Arranged And Adapted By Eumir Deodato)
Kenya Music, Inc.—ASCAP 4:00
Flute: HUBERT LAWS
Alto Flutes: ROMEO PENQUE and LOU MARINI
Clarinet: GEORGE MARGE
Strings: (See Below)

Arranged and Conducted by Eumir Deodato

Strings
Violins: GENE ORLOFF, ELLIOT ROSOFF, DAVID NADIEN, HARRY CYKMAN, MAX POLLIKOFF, MAX ELLEN, HARRY LOOKOFSKY, IRVING SPICE, SELWART CLARKE
Violas: ALFRED BROWN, JULIAN BARBER
Cellos: KERMIT MOORE, ALAN SHULMAN, CHARLES McCRACKEN
Bass: RUSSELL SAVAKUS
Horns
Trumpets, flugelhorns: JOHN GATCHELL, ALAN RUBIN
Trombones: URBAN GREEN, SAM BURTIS
French Horns: BROOKS TILLETSON, JIMMY BUFFINGTON
Tuba: TONY PRICE
Flutes
GEORGE MARGE, ROMEO PENQUE, LOU MARINI, HUBERT LAWS

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A strange encounter with Sara Jane Moore

By Henry Weinstein

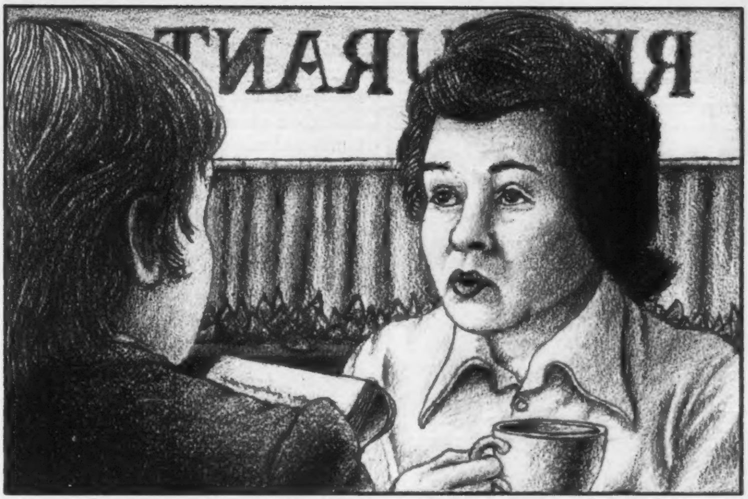


ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD EGIELSKI

Last April 22, while working on a story for the *New York Times*, I returned to the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles in the evening to discover that I had gotten a couple of calls from a woman named Sally Moore in San Francisco. The name meant nothing to me, but I promptly tried to return the call. There was no answer. I went out and jogged a couple of miles, returned to my room and tried the number again. This time she answered.

She asked if I was at a "safe phone." I generally operate under the assumption that all my telephone conversations are bugged. I figured the hotel phone was as "safe" as my home or my office, so I said yes.

Then Miss Moore said she wanted me to interview her about her work as an informant for the FBI, a role she said she was about to abandon because she decided it was "wrong."

"Sounds like it might make a good story," I said. "But why did you call me?"

"Earl Caldwell referred me to you," she said, offering the name of a former *Times* reporter who was an old friend of mine. She said she had met him when she participated in the People In Need food distribution program, the giveaway Randolph Hearst set up in response to the demands of the Symbionese Liberation Army, which had kidnapped his daughter Patty. She then told me she was aware that I had interviewed Steve Bingham, the fugitive radical lawyer accused of assisting George Jackson in his fatal jailbreak attempt, and that Jack Scott, the sports critic, had called me when the FBI wanted to talk to him about Patty Hearst's whereabouts.

I made no commitment, but Sally Moore called me again the next day and made it clear that she had started her work for the FBI only as a result of having worked in the Hearst Food Program and that she had made "good contacts" on the left with people such as Popeye Jackson, leader of the United Prisoners Union. So I agreed to meet with her that weekend in San Francisco.

She called me again a few days later to make sure I was still interested and upped the ante a bit. "Would you be interested in photographing me making contact with my FBI control agent?" she asked.

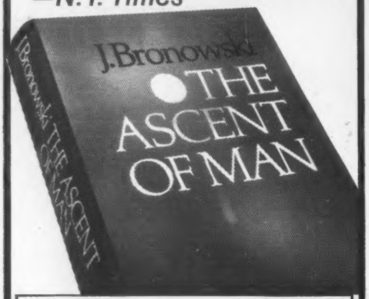
"Wouldn't that be risky for you?" I asked.

"No," she said. "I meet with him all the time in a public place."

"Well, I'll have to check that out with my editors," I said, deciding that temporarily retreating into the bureaucracy would be helpful for once.

After she hung up, I decided to call Earl Caldwell. "Who is this woman?" I asked him. "Is she on the level?" Earl

"A milestone in television."
—*N.Y. Times*



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said that she had worked as an accountant at People In Need and that she had given reliable information to several reporters covering the story.

So on a Sunday morning, Sally Moore picked me up at my San Francisco office in her 1970 Toyota. Neither of us would agree to hold our meeting in our houses and so we drove to the Haven, a trendy health food restaurant filled with gays late at night, but nearly empty that afternoon.

She ordered coffee and I ordered tea with honey. She is a chubby woman and she wore jeans, an orange golf shirt and a ski jacket. She seemed nervous as we began to exchange a few pleasantries. I noticed she was wearing a belt buckle decorated with the black eagle, the logo of the United Farm Workers. We talked about the union and Cesar Chavez and she said she had participated in the recent march to draw attention to the UFW boycott of Gallo wines.

"I was supposed to be picketing at the Lucky Market today," she said, referring to a chain of stores that had refused to boycott Gallo. She made it sound as if La Causa was going to rise or fall on the basis of her presence.

She then began to ramble about her sympathies for the left. She said she had grown up in West Virginia, where her family had mining and lumber interests. (I later discovered that her background was blue collar. This was the first of many lies.) She sympathized with the civil rights movement and supported busing, but her support was just talk. She said that it was only since her involvement with PIN that she had become aware of "serious leftists," persons studying and teaching Marxist-Leninist theory and seriously contemplating long-range efforts they would have to undertake to seize power from the state. She knew all the right phrases—"mass base," "merger of theory and practice," "left wing adventurism"—and she had read books ranging from Lenin's *Imperialism, The Highest Stage of Capitalism* to the Weather Underground's *Prairie Fire*. She was also aware of divisional splits within the movement.

I began to feel uncomfortable, that I was wasting my time listening to all this random chatter. Then she asked, "What are your politics? Where do you stand on all this stuff?"

I felt defensive. I wondered if she was still an agent, if she was filing our conversation away in her head only to eventually tell it all to the FBI. I grew angry. I was dying to scream at her, to tell her that Justice William Douglas had said that informers have no place in a democratic society. That the Irish kill informers. That in the Jewish tradition, informers are so looked down upon that they are buried in different cemeteries from other people. Instead, I began to question her about the FBI, which is what she originally had called me to discuss.

She said she had become involved with them in the first place because she did not believe in "child stealing" and she wanted to help Randolph Hearst get his daughter back. She thought she could be helpful because of the people she had met during the People In Need campaign.

The FBI first asked her to provide information on a man she called "Tom," who apparently was a member of a leftist cadre organization and a friend of two of the SLA members who were killed in the Los Angeles shootout. She was to try to penetrate a cadre group and, at the same time, file reports addressed to a bogus company at a post office box. But she was not able to penetrate. The people in the movement never trusted her. She became involved in everything—helping organize anti-Rockefeller demonstrations, picketing for the UFW, going to study groups and movies. The movement seemed to consume her whole life but for her time with her 8-year-old son, Fred, the only mention she made of family.

But she could not tolerate her rejection by the movement. Even in our conversation, she was obviously troubled describing it. And I was brusque and obviously skeptical of her conversion to radicalism, so I didn't help the situation.

As a plea for acceptance, she told some of her leftist acquaintances, including "Tom," about her FBI work. She said she felt guilty about it and wanted to make a clean break. They urged her to write a statement and go to the press with it, to get it all out in the open. But she was scared—scared of what people on the left might do in response, scared of what the Bureau might do if she spoke to the media. And her only sense of self-importance seemed to come from her relationship with her FBI contact, a man named Worthington. He was the only one who wanted to listen to her, the only one who seemed concerned about her welfare.

Her story was certainly plausible. But it was murky. And there was no way for me to check it out. She wasn't going to give me the names of the people she had spied on, and obviously the FBI wasn't going to admit that she worked for them. So my whole interview had been worthless. I would get no story out of it.

I suggested we leave the Haven and we headed for Dolores Park, not far

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Henry Weinstein writes regularly for the New York Times *from California.*

from her apartment in the Mission District. On the way, we stopped by her place at 565 Guererro Street to check on her son. As she emerged from the front door, she waved across the street to a neighbor who turned out to be Joyce Halverson. Nearly a year earlier, Joyce had nearly gone to jail for refusing to testify before a grand jury investigating the SLA. Joyce and her husband, Paul, had been friends of Camilla Hall, who was killed in the SLA shootout. It was never made clear how Sally had met Joyce, but now Joyce was apparently her only friend and had given Sally their apartment after she and Paul broke up.

We drove to the park, bought an orange from a street vendor and sat down on a bench to continue the conversation. But it was no more revealing than it had been in the restaurant. After spending five hours listening to her, I decided it was time to part company. I was confused about the whole experience. I could not understand why I had spent so much time and learned so little.

Over the next few months, I discovered that I was not the only one to experience Sally Moore's story. She made her life an open book to at least three other California newspaper reporters. She wanted someone, anyone—reporters, radicals, an FBI agent, a man of power like Randolph Hearst—to sympathize with her, to confirm that her life was important. The details that came out of all these interviews were diffuse and depressing. She had been married three times, had four children, had grown up in the same town as Charles Manson, had attempted suicide on several occasions. She was a devout Episcopalian, had voted for Richard Nixon every time he ran, had copies of *China Reconstructs* and *Vogue* side by side on her coffee table. And she had undergone some psychiatric care around 1970.

On September 22, six months to the day after I had first heard from her, I arrived at the *Times* bureau in San Francisco and was told by a secretary that someone else had just tried to assassinate the President. I walked into the office of the bureau chief, Wally Turner, who was listening to the reports on the radio. I heard the name of the failed assassin. "Sara Jane Moore."

I was stunned, confused, incoherent. "Do you remember the strange woman I interviewed last April," I babbled to Turner, "who said she'd been an FBI informer after working in Hearst's free food program?

"That's her. That's her."

Sara Jane Moore had forced herself into all our lives. ●

The Ambassador.
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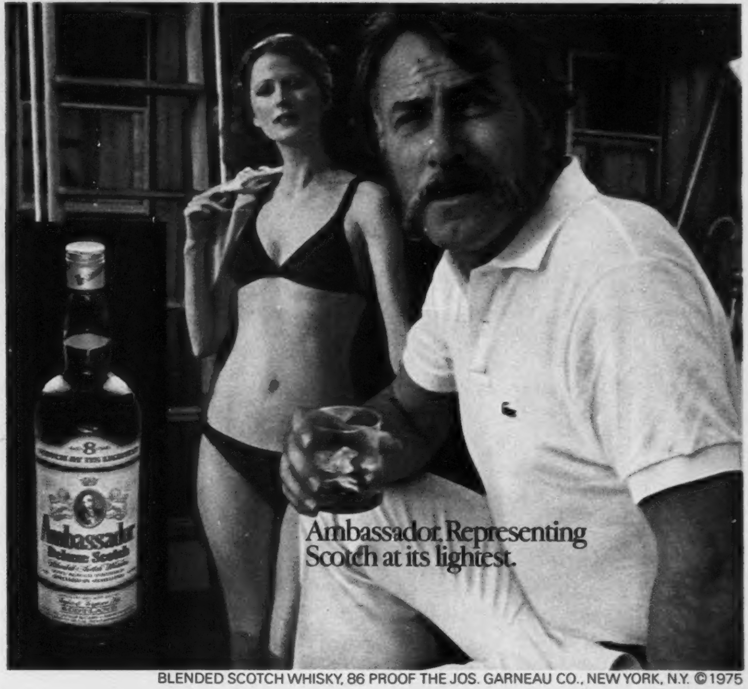

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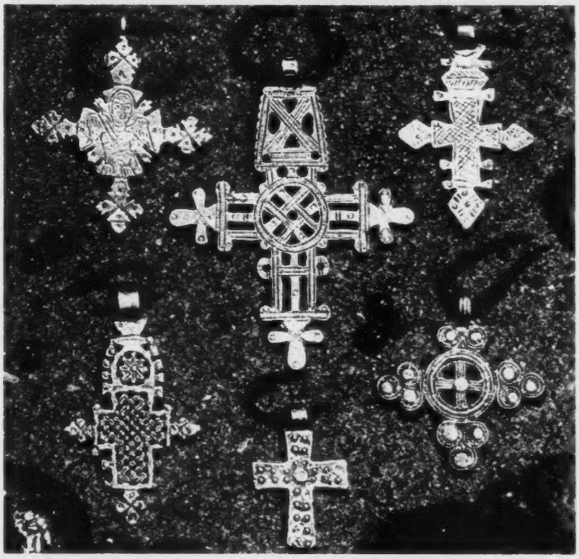

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SHEDDING SKIN

With more and more politicos and mafiosi disappearing underground, just how easy is it to establish a new identity? Writer David Black traveled to New Hampshire incognito and emerged as a new persona

By David Black

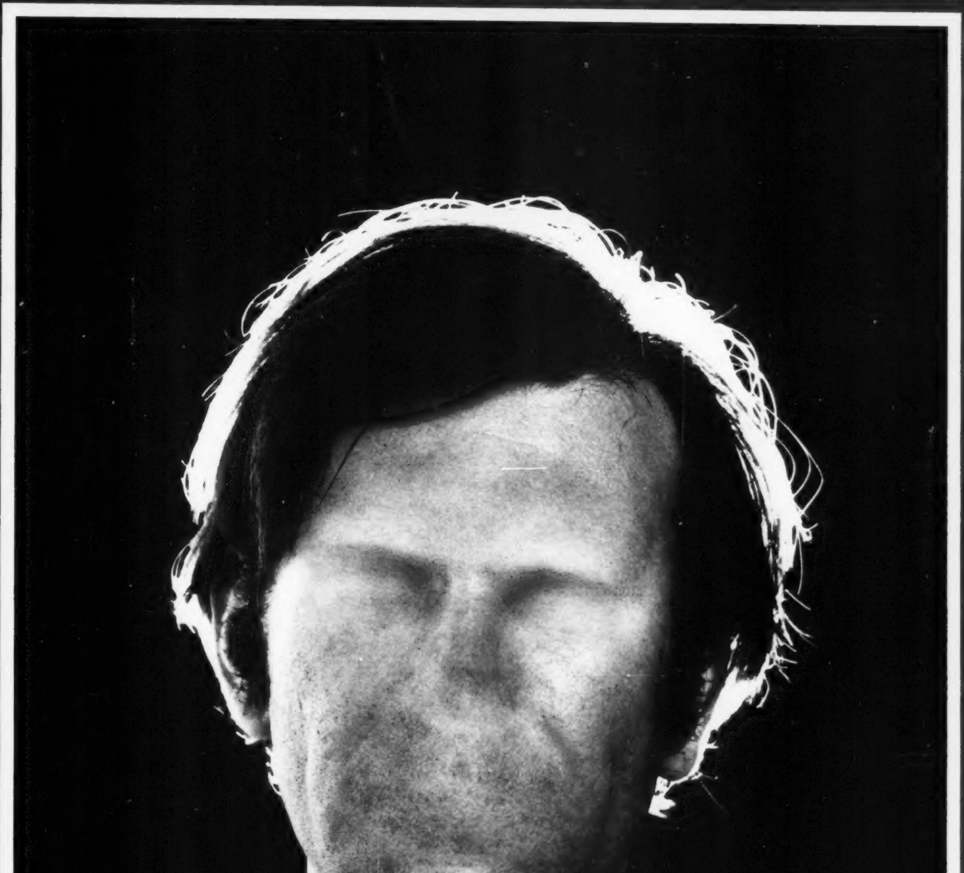
I am no longer myself. The transformation was simple and quick. It happened over breakfast at Lindy's, a cafe behind the bus depot in the center of Keene, New Hampshire. I entered as David Black, a writer on assignment to find out how easily one could slip into a new identity; ordered eggs and coffee; glanced at *The Keene Sentinel.* When I flipped to the classified page, the old man sitting next to me at the counter asked, "Looking for work?". He looked me up and down while I nodded yes.

"That burger place, Howdy's, is hiring. Down on West Street. You know West Street? You're new? It's just around the corner." He held out his hand. "I'm Art."

That's when it happened. I took his hand.

"Win," I said. "Win Smith."

I had taken the name from George Orwell's hero in *1984,* Winston Smith, who lived in a world of fixed identities, a world conjured up by the recent proposal of Frances Knight, the director of the United States Passport Office, that every American citizen be issued a national identification card. This (she claims) would save the government the $4 billion lost every year to con artists who use false credentials to milk federal, state and city agencies by getting illegal Social Security and welfare checks, food stamps and medical care. A mandatory national ID card would keep 8 million illegal aliens from ripping off jobs that should go to Americans and legal aliens. It would prevent credit card and



passport frauds; discourage tax evaders, spies, drug peddlers and auto thieves; make it nearly impossible for political radicals to go underground; and generally allow the government to keep a brotherly eye on its citizens.

Although I had mentally practiced introducing myself with my new name before leaving New York, I was surprised by how uneasy I was made by the physical act of speaking the words: the pucker of the lips for the *W*, the hiss at the beginning of Smith that made my new last name sound like a firecracker with a lit fuse which was about to explode in my face. . . .

Smith! Win Smith! Me.

How could anyone believe I was Win Smith when I knew I wasn't? I waited for a look of incredulity, a laugh, nudge, some gesture that would indicate the man beside me at the counter knew I was lying. But he shook my hand and said, "Glad to meet you."

I had learned my first lesson: People don't expect you to lie about who you are.

I had chosen this pleasant New Hampshire town for my experiment because it was spring, because it was where I would probably go if I really were bolting from my old identity, and because, with a population of about 20,000, it was large enough to comfortably admit a stranger and still small enough so that I—or rather Win, a drifter with no references, no experience except as a rough carpenter, no education beyond eleventh grade (my diplomas vanished with all my other documents)—could fast-talk his/my way into a job or out of any trouble that might arise from having nothing to prove I was who I said I was.

What I was doing—abandoning my old life to start over again—was not uncommon. People fed up with jobs and families and the endless round of habit leave home and drop out of sight all the time. These are not political activists, driven underground by circumstances and cops, but ordinary citizens who sometimes whimsically, often grimly, are responding to an appetite that is not satisfied by the humdrum of their old lives.

They want to avoid doing anything illegal enough to land them in jail, like forging false documents or filing false affidavits; but they also want to lose themselves in their new futures, severing all ties with the past. If the police or federal agents are not searching for them, it is not difficult for them to stay hidden in their new identities forever.

And law enforcement agencies usually avoid getting involved in this kind of missing person case.

"We're only concerned if there's a warrant out for arrest," said Detective Lennon of the New York City Police Department Missing Person Division. Most of their cases involve teenage runaways. "If an adult voluntarily absents himself from his home, that would not be considered a missing person."

"People do call us up when someone's been missing for 24 hours or so," said Detective Hoe of the Los Angeles Police Department Missing Person Division, "but we don't handle civil cases, marital disputes, cases like that. We only will investigate if, for example, someone missing were suicidal, had left a note, had tried to commit suicide before."

"As far as a husband or wife type of thing," said Roger Smith of the Washington, D.C. Police Department Missing Person Division, "usually we tell them in front, family matters or domestic situations are not missing persons. Even if we did take a report and locate an individual who had left his home, we can't violate his rights and tell the family where he is."

"Aren't you David Black?" she asked rhetorically. "I'm sorry," I said. "I must look like someone you know"

Because the police do not involve themselves in cases of people who escape from their old lives to start new ones, there are no figures available on how many Americans do vanish every year. Neither the United States Marshal's Office, nor the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, nor the FBI has records on that.

"Missing persons is not a criminal offense," said an agent at the FBI's Uniform Crime Reports Division. "We don't keep track. The NCIC [National Criminal Information Center] is considering handling missing persons. Apparently, there is enough concern that this should be considered. There certainly is a significant number of people who leave their homes each year."

Another FBI agent was quoted recently as saying that every year there are over a million people who pick up and vanish. Men and women fleeing bad marriages, dull jobs, squalling kids, small apartments, impossible debts. . . .

In our culture, identity consists of a job, a residence, relationships (family, friends, associates) and documents. These allow others to know us, allow us to know ourselves. I finished my coffee at Lindy's and decided to tackle getting a job first.

The Howdy's was busy. High school kids leaning on the counter, shouting additions to their orders as the employees bagged their burgers. Withdrawn dads and impatient moms, waiting for their kids to stop fussing and finish their food. Old men balancing their burgerbag and soda cups in cardboard trays, which they carried chest-high as they walked carefully to their old cars where their wives in Goodwill dresses waited.

A girl behind the counter gave me an application form to fill out. I sat at a table.

Name: Winston Smith. Writing it was as strange as saying it. My mind commanded, "Sign your name." But my hand balked at making all those unfamiliar loops. The *W* kept wanting to be a *D*. The *S* kept wanting to be a *B*.

Address: "I'm looking for a place to stay. I just got into town."

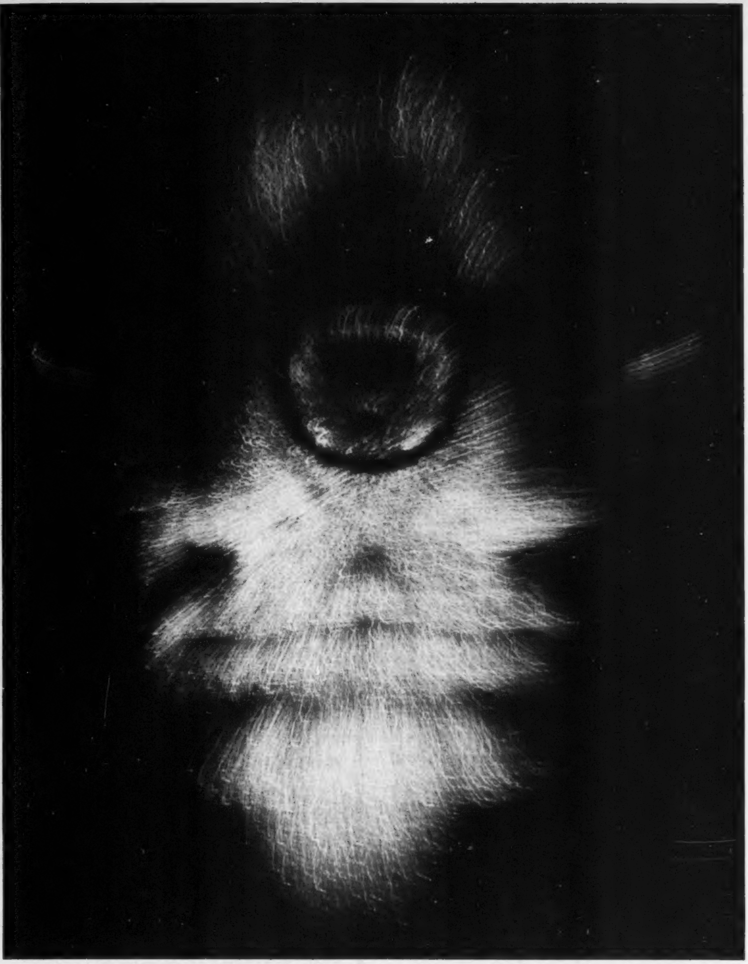
Telephone number: Blank.

Age, height, weight: I filled in the true facts. I couldn't very well lie about my physical description or age. In any case, I had decided the easiest way to avoid complications was merely to eliminate parts of my old identity that no longer fit and not to invent unless absolutely necessary. That way I wouldn't have to memorize a lot of trivial faked information that would always threaten to slip me up.

Education: Eleventh grade. Writing that felt odd. I must have a great investment in thinking of myself as formally educated. We use facts like this in our social encounters the way mating birds use their plumage.

Where: I had to invent a high school that they could not check on my records (even though I doubted that here at Howdy's they would bother), so the high school had to be out of operation, which meant it had to be a private institution, run by a marginal organization. I wrote: The Theosophical High School, East 83rd Street, New York City. The *East 83rd Street* would give the illusion of reality. It's not only the Big Lie that fools people, but also the Well-Furnished Lie.

David Black last reported for NEW TIMES *on the fires in the South Bronx.*



GEOFFREY GOVE

Author Black undergoing an identity crisis, with some help from the photographer.

Previous Employment: More invention. I couldn't leave gaps here. I am 30 years old. I must have supported myself somehow for the past 14 years since I dropped out of good old Theosophical High. But my places of employment had to be, like my *alma mater,* marginal, difficult to track down.

I wrote: From November 1973 to September 1974. Star Diner (that sounded plausible), West 17th Street, New York City. Employer: Larry—I glanced down at *The Keene Sentinel* and grabbed a last name—Boudreau. Reason for leaving: Hitched to California and back.

From September 1972 to September 1973. Orwell Farm, North Stonington, Connecticut. (I know that area well.) Employer: Bob— I used the first surname that popped into my head—Hollis. Reason for leaving: To go to New York City.

Two references should be sufficient for a drifter like Win Smith, like me. My record only had to look good enough to get the job. Once I had the job, my performance was more important than my past.

("Gee, sir, you called up New York City information and couldn't get the number for the Star Diner! When I was there, all they had was a pay phone, and I don't think that ever worked.")

But why had I planted a clue? Orwell Farm. Part of me obviously didn't want to believe I was only a drifter. This first hint that I was feeling trapped in my new identity was a result, I think, of the first twinge that I was beginning to accept myself as Win Smith and that in some ways I was losing my identity as David Black.

And, if the manager of this Howdy's believed my prefabricated past and gave me a job, I would—at least in his world—really *be* Win Smith. My adventure no longer seemed quite the joke I had thought it was going to become.

I took the application form around the back of the restaurant to the manager's office, where the manager, a man who looked half a decade younger than I was, studied it for a long time.

"You left out your Social Security number," he said.

I had written to the Social Security office in Washington, D.C., asking for a SS number for Winston Smith, born April 21, 1945, in Boston, Massachusetts; but I hadn't, of course, received any response yet.

So I said, "My wallet was stolen just before I left New York City," which would explain why I had no identification at all. Then, giving what I hoped was an engaging smile, I added, "That was one of the things I left New York to escape."

My suspicion was correct. He rose to the bait. People in towns like Keene love to believe terrible things about New York. He not only bought my story but was also pleased by how it affirmed his vision of the world. He relaxed and became sympathetic.

"I know what you mean. There's no problem. When you get your duplicate number, let me know."

I had the job.

"As long as you're regular and will show up, that's all I care about. I'm looking for someone who will stay the summer. You travel around a lot."

"I'm ready to settle down for a while," I said.

"Two dollars an hour. If you're OK, I'll raise it. Can you start at 11:00 tomorrow morning?"

We shook hands. As I left, he asked, "Married or single?"

"Single."

He marked it down.

"You left that out, too," he said. "See you tomorrow."

Applying for this job was my baptism. I was now one of the twice-born.

The rooms in the various boardinghouses that I looked at were all dreary and isolated. It was going to be hard enough to meet people and gather a network of friends without exiling myself to a lonely cubicle every night.

And friends are important for someone starting out in a new life. They are contacts, people who can be used as local references when you are applying for credit (and credit is, in our society, one of the foundations of identity); they are the folks who say, "Sure, I know who you are, you're Win Smith," when the need arises; and they satisfy the desire for companionship.

If I were a fugitive (if, for example, an irate wife had hired a private detective to track me down), I would be less visible as a member of a group of people who already had roots in the community than I would be as some kind of Steppenwolf, skulking alone. People my age generally have friends, and loners are suspicious. At one boardinghouse, as the landlady led me down the hall to inspect a room, every door cracked open as the other snoopy roomers gave me the once-over.

I investigated the bulletin board at the Keene State College Student Union, copied down the advertisements for roommates and made some calls. All taken. I browsed through town until I located the local hippie bookstore, checked out their bulletin board and copied down the two roommate advertisements there.

A woman answered at the first place I telephoned. Yes, the room was still available. It was in an old farmhouse, 1817, in Troy.

"Where's Troy?"

"About half an hour from Keene."

"Is there any work there?" I asked.

"The mill."

"Could I walk to the mill from your place?"

"Sure."

Fifteen dollars per week for room. You buy your own food. This sounded like a fine living arrangement, and a job in the mill would have to be more interesting than bagging burgers at Howdy's. Working at a local factory would also give me credit status that being a burgerboy would not offer. I headed for Troy.

Troy is a townlet of a thousand people, most of whom are employed at the mill. On warm days, the retired and disabled mill workers sun themselves on their rickety front porches or in overstuffed easy chairs placed on their weedy lawns. A shabby town hall. A couple of milk and eggs stores. A church that advertises itself on a billboard as "Troy Baptist—The Friendly Family Church." A blue and pink neon sign over the church door says, "Jesus Saves."

This is the kind of town romanticized into Country & Western heaven. On the jukebox at Bob's Lunch and Restaurant, a lonely roadhouse on Route 12 between Troy and another small town, Fitzwilliam, there's no rock, only Merle Haggard, Cal Smith, Tom T. Hall. Songs like "Old Dogs, Children & Watermelons," "Grandma Whistled," "The Lord Knows I'm Drinking" and "The Bottle Let Me Down." Lots of sad songs about drinking.

"That's all anyone does up here," said Carl, one of the three people who lived in the old farmhouse with the room for rent. "When I worked in the factory, you'd get guys doing double-shifts, 16 hours a day, six days a week when they could. They go home, slug down half a bottle of Old Grand Dad, slap their kids, screw their wives, fall into bed and then get up for work again."

Carl was finishing his last semester at Keene State. Cheryl, who sat next to him on the living room day-bed, had graduated from American University in Washington, D.C., and was waitressing at a restaurant halfway between Keene and Troy. She was marking time, waiting for Carl to graduate. Roberta, who was also in her last year at Keene State, was not home.

At the end of our phone conversation, Cheryl had asked my name, and I had automatically answered, "David." It's much harder to lie over the phone than it is to lie in person. Since you are talking to someone unseen, it's like praying, like lying to God.

Since I couldn't be David, I gave myself a middle name; and, when I entered the farmhouse, I said, very quickly, "Hi, I'm Winston *Davis* Smith, the guy who called you." I hoped she would assume she had missed my first name on the phone and had heard only my middle name.

But she wasn't even thinking about that, and my awkwardness in rushing in, trying to correct my mistake on the phone, could have made them more suspicious than any slip of my tongue. The greatest danger I faced was not their suspicion but my paranoia. Most people don't care enough about their day-to-day exchanges with others to pay close attention. I could have said my name was Montezuma on the phone. Cheryl was a pleasant, scatterbrained woman who kept forgetting my name during the interview. In exasperation, Carl finally said to her—when she was trying to introduce me to Roberta, who finally arrived—"Smith. Smith. How can you forget that? Everybody's named Smith. Make up a name if you can't remember. It'll probably be Smith."

My drifter past charmed them. Having no roots is very appealing to people who are rooted. In my first day as Win Smith, I found that I was tuning in more and more to the particular fantasies people nursed to make their daily lives less desperate. If someone wants to believe your past because it feeds his own secret yearnings, he won't doubt. He will, in fact, subconsciously conspire with you to make your past believable, because the more believable your past is, the more possible his similar fantasies become.

Cheryl, Roberta and especially Carl fed off my lack of roots? Fine. I flaunted it.

Later that night, when I was having a drink in a local bar, the lesson I learned with my three new roommates rescued me from a tipsy tangle of contradictory stories about who I was and what I had spent my life doing.

My bar companion, a truckdriver who was about my age, finally turned to stare at me—we had been facing the counter talking without looking at each other in that weary fatalistic way of workingmen's bars.

"You've been giving me horseshit," he said.

I felt a flutter of panic in my gut.

The fugitive scoreboard

During the Eisenhower years, the well-known fugitives were bandit businessmen who took the money and ran to Rio. Today, the fugitives are the "radicals" who for the past five years have dominated the FBI's Ten Most Wanted List. Joining them are a growing number of lesser-known people who have found it simple to disappear in America.

Among the Missing:

Dwight Armstrong, Leo Burt and *David Fine.* Wanted for the bombing of the University Mathematics Research Center (U.S. Army) at the University of Wisconsin, which resulted in one death. They have been gone since October 1970. Dwight's brother Karleton was captured in Toronto, Canada, in February 1972 and is now in prison.

Stephen Bingham. A lawyer who has been sought for questioning since August 1971 about smuggling a gun into San Quentin for George Jackson to use in his attempted escape.

Kathy Boudin and *Cathy Wilkerson.* The two members of the Weather Underground were the survivors of the famed Manhattan Townhouse 11th Street Bomb Factory explosion in March 1970.

Abbie Hoffman. He jumped bail after a drug arrest in May 1974. He told *New Times* last spring that he had managed a "practice trip" underground in 1971 and had been packed since 1970.

Mary Moylan. She went underground in April 1970 after losing an appeal for the conviction of destroying draft records with the Berrigans in the Catonsville 9 trial. Last published report concerning Moylan was an interview in December 1970 during which she said, "I don't worry much about getting recognized

"It doesn't add up," he said. "You an ex-con or something?"

Why else would someone hide his identity? Ex-cons have a hard time getting work and have unexplainable gaps in their past. But I didn't know enough about prisons to carry it off, and the little I did know I had picked up while hanging around New York street gangs three years before. That material was in many cases peculiar to being black or Latin. I didn't trust it. My bar friend was already suspicious. My backup story had to be closer to my real life.

"I got fed up," I said. "Wife, kids, job. Couldn't hack it anymore."

"You just left?" he asked.

I nodded. He glanced down into his drink and then looked up with a sympathetic smile and he nodded.

"Yeah," he said.

I had touched another fantasy. The dream of pulling up stakes and hitting the road, from the Pilgrims to the pioneers to Huck Finn and Neal Cassidy, is deeply rooted in our national mythology. I had just sung "The Star Spangled Banner."

The woman in the personnel office at the Troy Mills was suspicious.

"How old are you?" she asked. "Thirty? You've never had a real job? Just traveled around? That's kind of odd, isn't it?"

The Troy Mills application form was four pages long, more detailed than the form for Howdy's, but it was not difficult to fill out. Slipping into a new identity is like learning a foreign language; after a while, you begin thinking in your new personality.

And I had more identity now than I did when I applied to the burger palace. This whole business was a bootstrap

on the street. I don't imagine the great majority of people have ever heard of Mary Moylan."

Huey P. Newton. The chairman of the Black Panther Party jumped bail on charges of assault that grew out of a shooting in August 1974. There have been reports that he is in Cuba.

Katherine Power. Wanted for bank robbery in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania and murder of a Massachusetts policeman, the same charges against the recently captured Susan Saxe. Power has been gone since September 1970.

Mark Rudd. The ex-Columbia University SDS leader and member of the Weather Underground, he has been on the FBI's Most Wanted List since early 1970.

Wendy Yoshimura. Reportedly with the Harrises and Patty Hearst, she has been among the missing since March 1972. She is wanted on charges of bombing an Oakland, Calif., Navy ROTC building.

Recently Reappeared:

Patty Hearst, William and Emily Harris. Missing since February 1974, the three were arrested on September 18. The Harrises were using the names Christopher and Nan Carswell, and Patty Hearst was alternately using the identity of the wife and the sister of "Charlie Adams." Earlier Patty may have been using a Sacramento City College student identity card—with a photograph on it—in the name of Sue Hendricks. The FBI thinks the Harrises also had Sacramento student cards in the names of Suzanne Lanphear and Steve Broudy.

Wendy Yoshimura. Arrested with Patty Hearst, she was wanted since March 1972 for conspiracy to bomb a Navy ROTC building.

Also wanted in connection with Patty Hearst, but missing are: Kathleen and Josephine Soliah (sisters of Stephen Soliah, who rented the apartment for Patty as Charlie Adams); James Kilgore (roommate of Stephen Soliah); Margaret Turcich (who owned a car seen near the Pennsylvania farmhouse where Patty and the others supposedly hid out).

Jane Alpert. She surrendered in November 1974 after being wanted since May 1970, when she jumped bail on bombing charges in New York. Alpert found life underground "humdrum, lonely and isolated" but discovered "it's easy to get a Social Security card under an assumed name" and many other types of identification. She did so in such states as Massachusetts. California and Colorado, using the names Ellen Davis Blake, Ellen Davis and Carla Weinstein, and even received a bank car loan.

Barry Stein. A former member of the Weather Underground, he surrendered in November 1974 after being wanted on charges stemming from the Chicago "Days of Rage" in October 1969. He took the name Danny Wight from a newspaper obituary, easily got identification and disappeared. For a year prior to giving up, he worked in a public-health program in Brattleboro, Vermont. He has refused to discuss his life underground except that he found it "simple" to disappear.

Recently Caught:

Cameron Bishop. While carrying "good" identification for Mitchel R. Wilson, he was captured in March 1975 by an East Greenwich, Rhode Island, policeman who noticed weapons in Bishop's car. Bishop had been wanted since April 1969 for blowing up four power-transmission towers in Colorado.

Susan Saxe. Wanted since September 1970 on the same bank robbery and murder charges as Katherine Power. Saxe was caught in March 1975 when a Philadelphia policeman stopped her on the street because she resembled a recent photo of Susan Saxe distributed by the FBI. When captured, her identification read Ailene A. Hellman.

Patricia Swinton. After being wanted since late 1969 for the same anti-Vietnam War bombings as Jane Alpert, Swinton was arrested in March 1975 while working in a health-food store in Brattleboro, Vermont, using identification for Susanne Karen Davis. She had a series of names and was once arrested in Missoula, Montana. She was acquitted last week.

A Special Case

Sara Jane Moore. Accused of shooting at President Ford, her real name is Sara Jane Kahn. In the 1950s she began using the last name Moore, her mother's maiden name. Sara Jane Moore is also the name of a West Virginia classmate whose identity she used. She had Ms. Moore's high school transcript sent to UCLA in 1959 and in 1975 to South Manufacturing Company. Sara Jane uses the last names of her three husbands, especially Carmel, although their marriage was dissolved in 1973. In 1972—73, while working for a country club, she placed at least 16 names in the personnel records, all beginning with Sara Jane. And when arrested, she reportedly had the driver's license of a San Jose, California, housewife, Sara Moore. She had three husbands: Sydney Manning (1950—1953 and 1955—1956); John Aalberg (? —1967); and Dr. Willard Carmel (1967—Feb. 1973, separated Sept. 22, 1971). The last marriage was dissolved because she was still married to Aalberg when she married Carmel in 1967.

—By Ernest Lendler

operation—like inching your way up a sheer cliff face. You use whatever purchase you've got to drag yourself up more.

I now had an address. Prospect Street, Troy, New Hampshire. And a telephone number. And three local references: Cheryl, Roberta and Carl, who was a former employee.

Work Desired: Anything.

I Am Interested In This Type Of Work Because: Good pay.

Are You Willing To Work Any Shift: Yes.

Draft Classification: Rumors are that the Weather Underground is run more by women than by men. One of the reasons may be that women don't need to carry Selective Service identification. This would make it easier for them to surface and take care of business. For men in our society, the Selective Service identification card is already a national ID. Where was mine? I told my story.

My wallet was stolen.

That's why I don't have my Social Security number either.

Even though it was, of course, more reasonable for both to be stolen—"OK, this is a stickup, hand over your draft classification card; no, no, not your wallet, just the card"—somehow the fact that both were missing bothered the woman terribly.

Although the cultural climate is changing—and now more women are abandoning their families also—the fantasy of being irresponsible and mobile and free has been a male dream. In the past, women, if for no other reason than their ties to the children, have usually been the ones left behind when the man walks out the door, jumps into the Chevy and splits.

And, just because the fantasy my past represented has such a macho appeal, especially for the middle-aged, the woman at the Troy Mills personnel office felt hostile to it. Her boss, however, claimed me as his own.

"Always been a rebel, huh?" he said, pleased. "Ready to settle down, huh?"

Members of the straight world don't fear outsiders, the hippies, the bohemians, the dropouts. They are charmed by them. Part of this fascination is the attraction of opposites. Part of it is due to straight society recognizing in the outsider our country's outlaw-hero heritage. In the movies, people cheer Jesse James, not his murderer.

And my capitulation to conventionality satisfied the Troy Mills boss as much as my struggle against it. Like Carl, he was intrigued, even tickled, by a vision of my roving past; but he was 30 years or so older than Carl, and he had to make his peace with the fact that he had never wandered. And probably never would. My decision to take a regular job and settle down proved to him that his settled life was the wise and reasonable choice. It took the edge off the threat that lurked behind the romance of my faked past. I was the prodigal returned.

"We like people who have already sowed their wild oats," he said."They're steadier. You'll be in Felt Finish. Second shift. Three in the afternoon to 11:00 at night. You'll be a Laminator Batcher. $2.75 an hour. Plus a little extra because of the shift. And bonuses for that machine if you run the full eight hours. Get heavy shoes. Be here tomorrow."

I found, when I left, I had gotten the job over a kid just out of high school with a wife and a child to support.

At lunch, I asked Carl about the mail.

"Get a post office box," he said. "That's what we do."

"Oh boy," said Cheryl. "That's when the gossip starts. Once you do that, you become an official citizen of the town."

"Did you get a job?" Carl asked.

"Yeah."

"Did you use my name?"

"Your first name," I said. "I couldn't remember your last name, but I described you. They remembered."

"Doesn't matter," he said. "You could've made the whole thing up. They just need bodies."

The post office was a yellow-painted wooden building that looked like a general store. It stood just off the common next to a railroad track. After I filled out the form, I started to sign *David* instead of *Winston.* My *D* looks like a whip about to snap back (according to a graphologist I once went to). I couldn't erase it, so I used it as a flourish to begin my *W.*

The postmistress told me to bring in my Social Security number as soon as I received it. There was no difficulty in giving me a box now. I had a job at the Mill? Fine. Anyway, she knew I had just moved into that house on the hill. She knew who I was.

The banks in Keene posed no problem. I finessed the embarrassment of having no Social Security card with my stolen wallet routine. My addresses (both new home address and the post office box, an address that to some extent had the authority of the United States government behind it) and my new job gave me, at least, a two-dimensional reality, enough presence to make any doubts about who I was irrelevant. I also had money to deposit.

Money is a great identifier.

By lunch Winston Smith had a checking account and a savings account. With a job, an address, references and bank accounts, I decided to apply for credit. I filled out and mailed application forms for Master Charge and Bank-Americard.

At the local branch of Sears, the woman behind the credit counter read my application and said, "How old are you?"

"Thirty," I said.

"And you've *never* had any kind of credit?"

"No."

"Anywhere?"

"No."

"Master Charge? Oil companies?"

"No."

She shook her head. She couldn't believe it.

"How could you live for 30 years without credit?" she asked, thunderstruck. "What did you do? Just pay cash?"

She took my application, but was doubtful that it would bear fruit.

At another department store, Goodnow's, I tried a different angle. When the woman, wide-eyed, asked, "You've never had any credit cards?" I said, "I don't believe in credit. If you have cards, you just go into debt."

Such probity, so mythical in 1975, carries an almost religious weight. I had transformed a liability into a virtue.

"You're so right," she said.

She failed to ask why all of a sudden I was betraying my principles. If she had, I would have sighed and said, "The guys at the mill said I ought to apply for some credit—in case I ever want to put a down payment on a trailer or something."

Which is what I did say to the day manager at the Grand Union supermarket when he questioned me.

"That's a smart thing to do," he told me. "But you won't have any trouble cashing your checks here. You got a local bank, right? And you work at the mill? Sure, either ones, personal or payroll, just bring them to me. I'll OK them."

The woman at IGA was not impressed by my past sound fiscal policy or my foresight.

"We can't send in your application for a courtesy card without a Social Security number," she said, without looking up from the filing she was doing. "The courtesy card has your Social Security number on it, so no one else can use it."

"But," I said, "Social Security

Vital Statistics

The significant laws concerning changing identity involve prohibitions against *criminal impersonation* and against *filing false affidavits.* There is nothing illegal about changing your name as long as you don't do it for criminal purposes and as long as you don't lie on official government forms about having had another name.

If you wish to develop a new identity *without* admitting to having had another name and wish to acquire government documents like a driver's license, a passport, etc., the most convenient course to take is to get a new birth certificate.

The easiest way to do that is to go to your local county recorder's office and check through the death certificates for a year or two after you were born. The certificates list date of birth, place of birth, parents' names and race. Find someone whose facts fit your needs (someone of the same sex who was born the same year you were born and who died in infancy) and send for a copy of that child's birth certificate. Anyone can send for a birth certificate, so you don't have to use your new name.

If you wish to use your new name, however, there is no problem in doing so, since birth and death certificates are not cross-referenced. Once you have your new birth certificate, you should have no problem acquiring any other documents you wish to have. It is advisable to consult with a lawyer before using someone else's birth certificate to apply for government documents.

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cards aren't supposed to be used for identification. It says so. Right on the card."

She looked up at me with disgust.

"They're given out by the government," she said.

The Government.

Issue closed.

The woman in charge of the misnamed Courtesy Counter at the O. K. Fairbanks supermarket did not at all like the fact that I'd had no previous bank.

"Well, they'll process your application," she said. "But they'll undoubtedly turn you down."

"If they do," said the manager, who happened to be passing and who had paused to repair what looked like a massive deterioration of good public relations, "once you've worked at the mill for a few weeks, they'll give it to you."

He was right. Credit depends—for the average worker in America—on permanence. Mobility is a threat to social stability. Just as mobility destroyed the feudal farms, it undermines feudalistic factories like the Troy Mills. It weakens family ties. It undercuts the power of local political machines.

Mobility is excusable only when sanctioned by society. A corporation executive is shifted from one office to another. A teacher transfers from one school to another. A foreign service officer is moved from one post to another. But it's dangerous to change jobs too often.

As soon as I had been at the mill for three weeks, I got my O. K. Fairbanks card.

And my A & P card.

The letter I received from Sears said: "At this time, due to short term employment we cannot establish a credit account."

If you stay in one place long enough, getting credit is easy. Once you have credit, your name is fed into the appropriate computers. Once your name is fed into computers, your new identity becomes as difficult to lose as your old identity.

At the State of New Hampshire Department of Employment Security, they were hesitant to give me an identification card until I produced a Social Security number. But, when I started pawing through my bankbook, check book, mill forms, post office box receipts, the woman relented. All I had to do was drop her a note when I got my number.

The woman at the Thayer Library in Keene asked, "Don't you have any friends in the area?"

She didn't want to give me a library card based on references from people I lived with. They were, since I lived with them, susceptible to a kind of clan loyalty. They might lie for me. She wanted more impartial proof of identity—which the Troy Mills furnished.

Crossing the main square in Keene after leaving the library, I heard, "David Black?"

A woman's voice.

I resisted turning.

"David Black?" I heard running steps behind me; and a woman, out of breath, touched my arm. "David Black?"

I didn't recognize her, so it was easy to give her a blank look. She may have been an old high school or college acquaintance. She said, "How are you?"

"Were you calling me?" I asked.

"Yes." She hesitated and asked, "Aren't you David Black?" Her tone indicated she thought this was a rhetorical question.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I must look like someone you know."

She stared at me, mouth agape.

I tried to smile away the tension that was developing.

"Don't you believe me? I can show you my bankbook." I pulled out my savings account book and handed it to her—overplaying the hand, but at least it might convince her.

It did. She gave it back. And reappraised me.

She acknowledged her mistake.

"You do look a lot older than he is," she said.

Because I had no belongings but a suitcase of clothes and a few books, Cheryl and Carl gave me a bed, sheets and blankets, so I wouldn't have to buy them. When I mentioned that I had to get heavy work shoes for the mill, Carl gave me his old pair to use. On my way home from Keene, I bought some wine to thank them for their generosity.

This exchange of gifts was more important in establishing my identity with them than all the documents I had spent the day gathering. Somehow the offerings were a way of accepting the identity of the other person. You give something of yourself—real or symbolic—to a stranger and thereafter see that part of your familiar world in him. Even a kind word fixes you as a presence. The one time, out of weariness or frustration, I had lost my temper (with the IGA woman) was the one case where the lack of a Social Security number prevented me from even applying for credit.

One of the laws of developing a new identity is: Be Friendly.

Its corollary is: Never Lose Your Temper.

On my fourth day at the mill, I mentioned to Bill, the guy who was working the laminator with me, that I thought the old man operating the foam-backing machine next to us was a dynamo.

"He never stops," I said. "It's incredible. He really knows that machine. Really produces."

"He's my dad," said Bill, beaming.

There was an awkward pause. Bill was very pleased.

"I never thought of that," he said, shyly. "He really is some guy, isn't he?"

From then on, his indifference vanished. I had been just another part of the machine. Someone to nod to at the beginning and end of the day. My inadvertent appreciation of his father's energy had given me presence.

That night, as we waited to clock out, he said, "Let's pick up some other mill rats, buy a couple of six-packs and head into town."

He became my entree into the world of the mill, my unofficial sponsor. Because his friendship vouched for me, I was no longer regarded with the natural suspicion the mill hands reserved for outsiders—especially outsiders who took jobs away from locals.

In the Troy community, my transformation into Win Smith was completed. If I had told them my name was really David Black, I would have had difficulty convincing them. I began to have a shared past with them. To call my identity into question would be the same as calling part of their world into question.

Another law of developing a new identity is: Take advantage of any opportunity to become a familiar landmark in someone else's world.

When we got our paychecks, Bill offered to countersign mine if the local store, the only one open when we got off work, wouldn't cash it.

"They know me," he said.

When he heard I was going to get my New Hampshire driver's license, he asked if I needed to use his car to take the test. I had already arranged to have Cheryl drive me.

My appointment was on my last day as Winston Smith. I had applied when I'd first arrived in Keene. The form had been simple. Name. Address. Driver education? Date of birth. Sex. Height and weight. Color of eyes and hair. Had I ever held a license before and, if so, where, what year? Resident of New Hampshire? Signature.

When I handed the licensing officer the appointment slip that had come in the mail with a booklet of New Hampshire's motor vehicle laws, he said, "Your out-of-state license, please."

"I don't have one," I said.

"Never?"

"No."

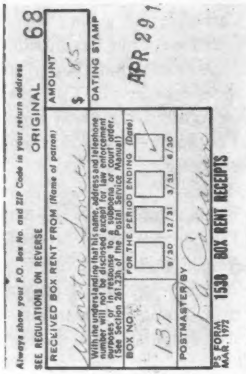
"How old are you?"

"Thirty."

"And you never. . ."

The same old ritual.

". . .I find that hard to swallow,"



Always show your P.O. Box No. and ZIP Code in your return address

SEE REGULATIONS ON REVERSE ORIGINAL 68

RECEIVED BOX RENT FROM (Name of patron) Winston Smith

AMOUNT $ .85

DATING STAMP APR 29 1

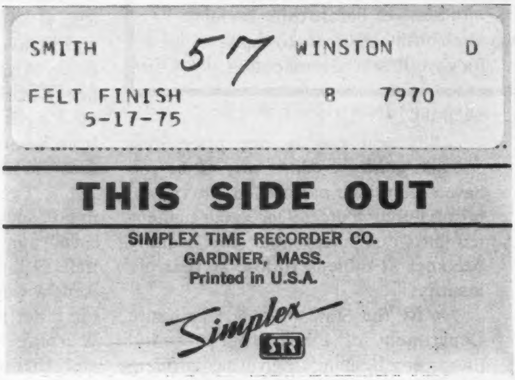
With the understanding that his name, address and telephone number will not be disclosed except for law enforcement purposes or in response to a subpoena or court order. (See Section 261.23h of the Postal Service Manual)

BOX NO. 137

FOR THE PERIOD ENDING (Date) ☐ 9/30 ☐ 12/31 ☐ 3/31 ☑ 6/30

POSTMASTER/BY P. A. Crahan

PS FORM MAR. 1972 1538 BOX RENT RECEIPTS



SMITH 57 WINSTON D

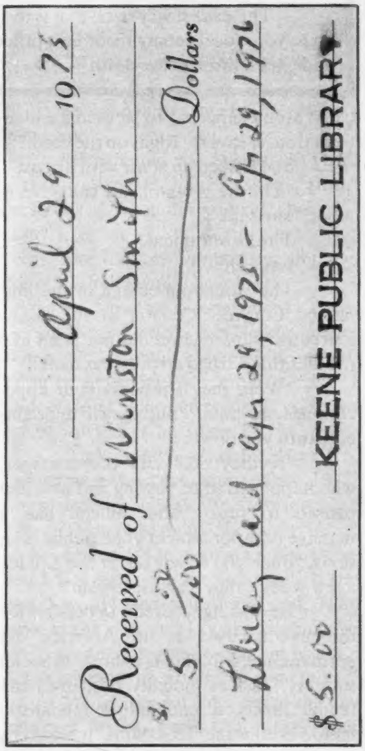
FELT FINISH 8 7970

5-17-75

THIS SIDE OUT

SIMPLEX TIME RECORDER CO.
GARDNER, MASS.
Printed in U.S.A.

Simplex STR



April 29 1975

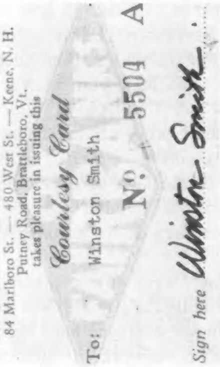
Received of Winston Smith

$ 5 00/100 Dollars

Library card Apr 29, 1975 - Apr 29, 1976

$ 5.00

KEENE PUBLIC LIBRARY



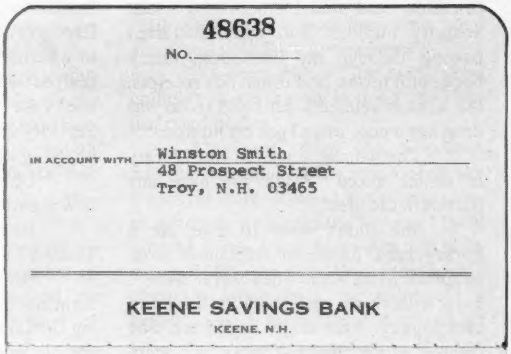
O. K. FAIRBANKS SUPERMARKETS
84 Marlboro St. — 480 West St. — Keene, N. H.
Putney Road, Brattleboro, Vt.
takes pleasure in issuing this

Courtesy Card

To: Winston Smith

No. 5504 A

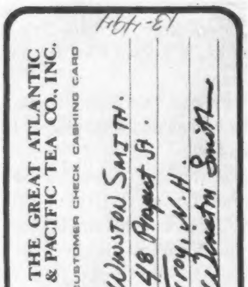
Sign here Winston Smith



48638
NO.

IN ACCOUNT WITH Winston Smith
48 Prospect Street
Troy, N.H. 03465

KEENE SAVINGS BANK
KEENE, N.H.

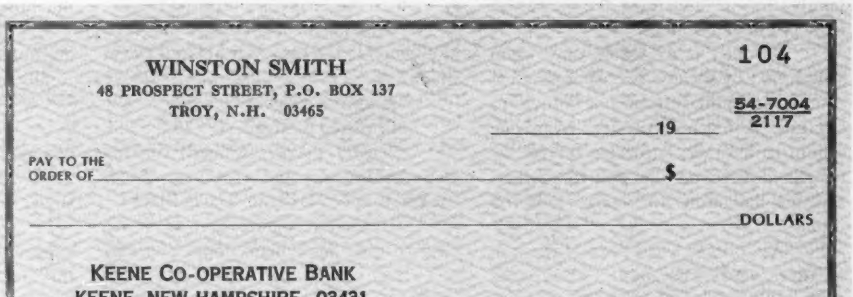


THE GREAT ATLANTIC
& PACIFIC TEA CO., INC.
CUSTOMER CHECK CASHING CARD

13-1491

WINSTON SMITH.
48 Prospect St.
Troy, N.H.
Winston Smith

SIGNATURE



WINSTON SMITH
48 PROSPECT STREET, P.O. BOX 137
TROY, N.H. 03465

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PAY TO THE
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DOLLARS

KEENE CO-OPERATIVE BANK
KEENE, NEW HAMPSHIRE 03431

MEMO

⑆2117⑈7004⑆ 23 332300⑈ 0104

he said.

After I had passed both the vision and the written tests, the officer asked me to fill out the federal government form that the state of New Hampshire sends to Washington. Name, address, Social Security number. I told him about losing my wallet.

"Well," he said, "don't you know your number?"

"No."

"You got to know it."

"I never memorized it."

"Hey," he called to another officer, "he says he don't know his Social Security number."

"If he doesn't know it, he doesn't know it," the other officer replied.

"What kind of identification you have on you?" he asked.

I pulled out my checkbook, my savings account book, my New Hampshire Department of Employment Security card, my library card, my A & P card, my O. K. Fairbanks card, the letter addressed to me from Sears, my papers from the mill. . . .

"Where's your Selective Service card?" he said. "You don't have that either? Yeah. What happened? They take away your license in another state? Come back when you got your Selective Service card or your Social Security number." He handed me the fist full of papers I had given him. "None of this stuff is any good."

Cheryl dropped me off at the Union News Company in the center of Keene. We said goodbye. I was leaving after lunch.

Inside the store, I had a cup of coffee. When someone came in and ordered a pack of Winstons, I automatically glanced around the same way I had before I started this experiment when I would hear the name *David.*

The officer who handled my driver's test did not have a strictly legal reason for denying me the license. There is no New Hampshire law that says I must present a Social Security number to pass the test. He was going on suspicion, instinct and arbitrary authority. He could not believe that I did not know my Social Security number.

And, in fact, his instinct was correct. Virtually everyone of working age in America does have a Social Security number, which, since it is demanded on so many forms, is very hard not to memorize. Like the Selective Service classification card, the Social Security card has become a de facto national identity card.

Eventually, the mill and the banks would have begun demanding that I produce my Social Security number. The only safe jobs for me would have been either marginal work, as farm help or as a handyman, or a position in a health food cooperative, a hippie bookstore or some other casual organization run by people who feel hostile to the centralized power of our government and who might have been more willing to let a lack of a Social Security number ride.

A week after I returned to New York, I finally received (forwarded from the Troy post office) my Social Security card application form.

"There's nothing to prevent you from getting a Social Security card in another name," said a New York district attorney, when I asked him, "as long as you don't lie on the form about having a number already. If you do lie, you are liable to a thousand dollar fine or a year in jail or both."

Still, he said, even if I lied and said I'd never had a Social Security number before (which he did not recommend I do, especially if I were going to write about it afterward), it would be very easy to get a Social Security card in a false name.

The apprehension I felt before going off on this assignment was a warning signal: Don't tempt yourself. My joking "Maybe I'll like my new identity so much I'll never come back" was a flirtation with something in me that knew it could be true.

After the initial fear, escaping from your old identity is the greatest high there is. When I walked down the streets of Keene on my first day as Winston Smith, I felt the same sense of unlimited possibilities that I used to feel as a teenager when I'd go off hitchhiking—a feeling of joyful expectation I had not experienced for over a decade. A very young feeling. No drug can duplicate it. Perhaps religion can: to be reborn; to have your life spread out before you, waiting for you to shape it.

I was separated from my wife and my friends. No one expected me to behave in any particular way. I could do anything without people looking up surprised and saying, "What are you doing *that* for?" I found myself waking up at 6:00 every morning. Normally, I drag myself out of bed three hours later. I felt more energetic than I have in years. I started smoking cigarettes—guilt free. I've never smoked before. My ulcer stopped hurting. I realized how anxious I had been in my old life and how crippled I was by worry, by ambition, by anger.

All those hobgoblins vanished. In some essential way, I really was no longer David Black. His frustrations, his doubts, all the ghosts of his past that haunted him—they had nothing to do with Winston Smith. No, that's not entirely true. But Winston Smith observed them dispassionately, amused; they did not affect him.

By my third week at the mill, my life had slipped into a routine that was more pleasant—at least immediately—than any I had previously experienced. I woke up, fixed myself breakfast in the silent kitchen, ate slowly while sitting on the back porch steps, looking at the lawn, listening to the birds chirruping. After breakfast, I would read or walk around Troy aimlessly, curiously, until time for work. After work, I'd go out for a drink, come home, prepare a midnight supper, read some more and go to bed. My life was free of goals, free of purpose; I did my work in the mill and spent the rest of my day enjoying my leisure.

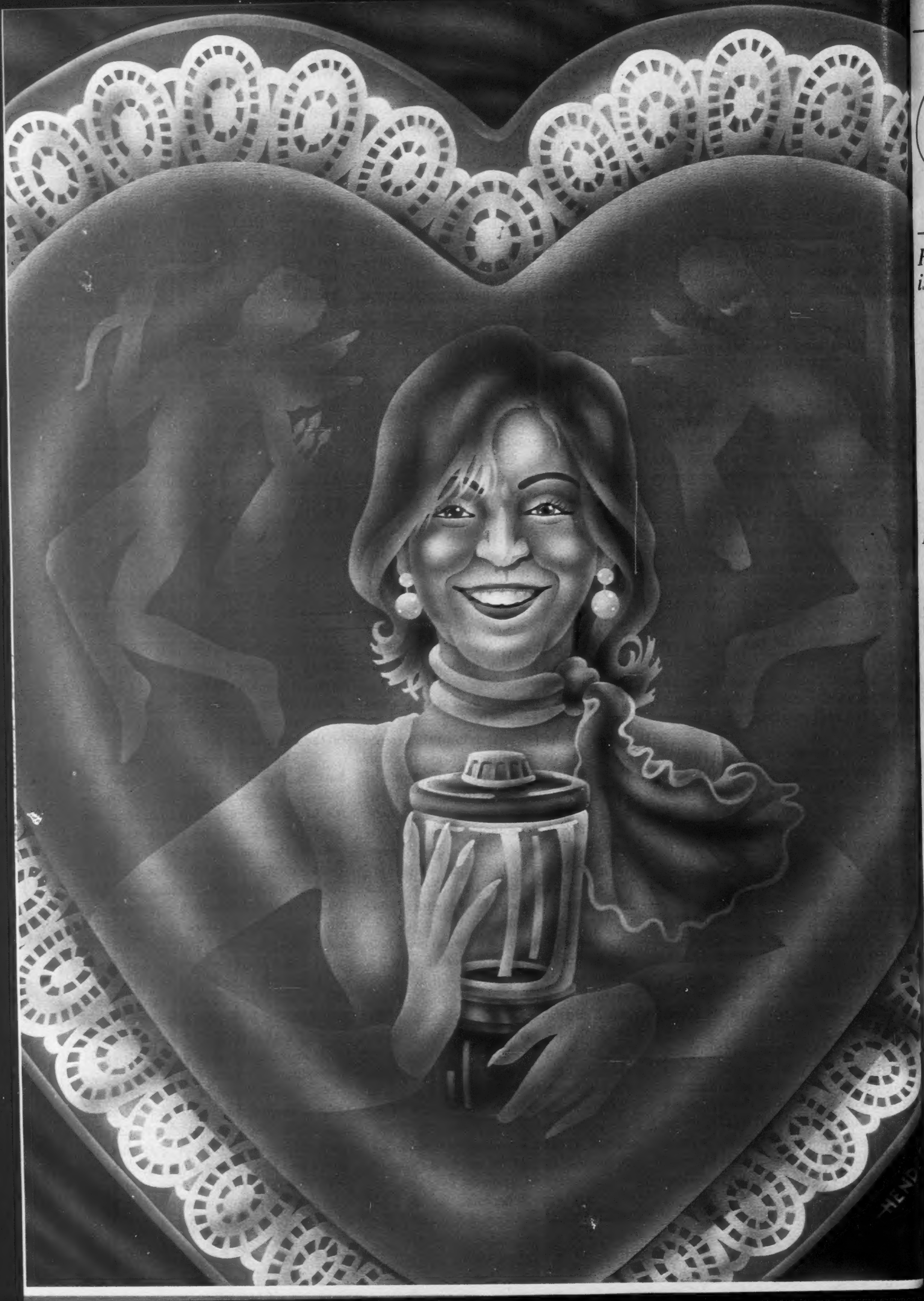
"Could you do it forever?" my wife asked when I returned home. She said she had never seen me so calm and happy, and she was ready to move to a factory town immediately if that kind of life would continue to have the same peaceful results.

I don't know.

For a few weeks I was tempted. But as time passes, it seems less and less appealing; it was, after all, an inauthentic experience. My working in the mill was a luxury because I didn't *have* to work there. It wouldn't be the same if I were to pack my bags, move to Troy, New Hampshire, with my wife and return to my job on the laminator.

Still, every once in a while now, I have a repeating dream or, more accurately, a memory disguised as a dream: It's 11:00 at night. I've just punched out. And I'm striding across the factory yard toward the parking lot in that loose, quick, intent way people leave factories. Bill and another mill rat, Larry, are walking along beside me. It has just stopped raining, and in the dark the parking lot lights reflect in the puddles. Bill and Larry reach their cars; and, as I cross the lot, headed for the hill on the other side and home, they call out, "Take it easy, Win," "Yeah, Win, take it easy," and I am flooded with a feeling of well-being. My life is as uncomplicated as those friendly farewells.

I wake from these dreams with a sense of longing and with a suspicion that this article assignment violated its professional nature. I cannot type the last words and just put the piece aside. I was given the taste of an alternate self, and that is an appalling knowledge to carry with you for the rest of your life. ●



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Peddling the pedestal

Helen Andelin's Fascinating Womanhood course preaches male supremacy and promises to put a "sparkle" back into marriage. Women are signing up by the thousands

By Louise Farr

"Now," Gloria says. "Write on this piece of paper three to six faults of your husband."

Twenty-seven women in the living room of a small West Los Angeles house start to write, pausing to look at the ceiling and each other for inspiration. They have just been treated to a two-hour sermon on why they shouldn't nag: "Nagging means I do not have faith in my man. . . . Nagging shackles my man—he is not free to be his own person. . . . My man cannot feel tender toward me when I nag him." They have also been told that "many times a man may appear to be obnoxious. Oftentimes, this is a sign of a high-caliber man." The women, ranging in age from early twenties to late forties, have dutifully taken notes and have asked no questions.

"Ray Coniff has recorded a song that I dearly love," Gloria continues in her singsongy voice. She places a record on the turntable and announces tenderly: "Everything Is Beautiful In Its Own Way." Debbie, Gloria's co-teacher, creeps into the room to light the fire and dim the lights. Gloria leans against the wall next to a gilt-framed oil painting of roses and listens to the thumping upbeat rhythms of the Ray Coniff Singers. Her eyelids are lowered and her hands folded as if in prayer.

Louise Farr is a free-lance writer living in Los Angeles.

The fire snaps and hisses as the record changes to Peter Nero's piano rendition of "I Gotta Be Me." Gloria recites the lyric, giving each line its full emotional import. "Now," she says, after the first verse and chorus, "would each of you bring up your papers and throw them on the fire." A silent procession of women edges its way to the fireplace, which gobbles up their husbands' faults. A heavenly choir joins Peter Nero to rise to a climactic "I *GOT*-TA BE *ME*!"

Gloria's voice is hushed as she watches the women move past in the flickering light: "Accept your man at face value . . . and *don't* try to change him," she says. "See you all next week."

Just a few years back, Fascinating Womanhood (FW), an eight-week, $30 course that preaches male supremacy, was an almost unnoticed community offering in conservative Fresno, California. Then its founder, Helen B. Andelin, began popping up on TV talk shows with alarming regularity, usually whisked on as an example to feminists of the enduring value of picking up one's husband's socks. FW burgeoned. And spawned imitations. Today, similar self-help seminars are springing up across the country in an accelerating and pious reaction to the growth of the women's movement. While FW remains the best-known and the largest, such groups as "Total Woman," "Successful, Fulfilled Womanhood" and "Patricia French Christian Charm Schools" ("A total woman is fascinating") have all gotten in on the act.

Hundreds of thousands of women have been persuaded to take FW courses by right-wing, anti-feminist scare tactics; others by the threat of divorce and the possibility of having to fend for themselves. Likely candidates may be restless and dissatisfied with their marriages, or may simply be seeking reassurance for their beliefs in man as leader, woman as follower. Whichever, the women are willing to submit to behavior modification techniques that promise to preserve society and morality and, not incidentally, to put "a sparkle" back into their marriages.

To date, FW courses have tutored close to 400,000 women, including repeaters. The $7.95 book that Helen Andelin wrote in 1965 to accompany the course—which she and her husband, Aubrey, eventually published privately when no publisher expressed interest—has now sold more than 450,000 copies. In June 1974, Grace Bechtold, an editor at Bantam Books, noticed the underground sales and Bantam picked up the paperback rights—"For not very much," says Andelin; for upward of $50,000 according to trade gossip. Last spring, Bantam released the paperback, complete with a 45-city promotion tour for the author and suitably "feminine" hot pink cover and curlicued graphics. By now, the paperback has sold more than 700,000 copies.

At first reading, *Fascinating Womanhood,* which Andelin based on a series of 1920s pamphlets, appears to be the work of a drunken *National Lampoon* staffer who stayed up all night and due to lack of sleep went overboard in a heavy-handed attempt at parody. But no. Helen Andelin is deadly serious as she suggests ways in which women can modify their behavior to turn themselves into "Angela Human the Ideal Woman." Once a woman learns *what it is a man really wants,* she will receive the benefits of Celestial Love, plus side benefits such as matching mother and daughter outfits and new refrigerators—all of which can be gained "independent of any deliberate action on the part of the husband."

The truly feminine woman, according to Andelin, is "uneasy in the presence of heavy traffic." She always welcomes her husband's "most tedious monologue," manages to dispense with "any air of masculine capability" and does not bother with money matters, as this may cause her to lose her "feminine sparkle and charm." Dr. Aubrey Andelin, who retired from dentistry to help his wife spread the word, has written the masculine equivalent of *Fascinating Womanhood.* In *Man of Steel and Velvet,* Aubrey is even more explicit. He says that handling family finances can lead women to become hypertense and frigid.

Fascinating Womanhood advises women to shop in children's departments to get ideas for clothes, and suggests that they express their anger in a childlike way by tossing their curls, stamping their feet and beating their little fists against Mr. Wonderful's chest, uttering suitably girlish cries of "How could you do this to poor little me?" The book is packed with grateful testimonials from FW graduates, such as the wife who found out what true love really was only after she lowered the neckline of her sweatshirt and trimmed it with rickrack. But, above all, Fascinating Women are advised to be completely submissive to their husbands and to recognize the man's divine calling as leader of the family. "He . . . has," says Andelin, "a greater need that supersedes hers."

Fascinating Womanhood does not, however, mention sex. Helen Andelin, in fact, gets a mite testy when her book is confused with Marabel Morgan's 1974 best seller, *The Total Woman,* which, as well as advising submissiveness, tells wives to greet their husbands at the front door clad in a variety of scanty costumes. "I think it's quite obvious that she's read *Fascinating Womanhood* and used it," Andelin says.

To find out what Andelin advises for sexual problems, one must send away a dollar for a discreet, 14-page booklet. Inside, the Andelins warn ominously of the horrors of sin and immorality, and declare that "there is no satisfaction so rewarding as that which comes to a person who can control himself." They then deal with what they see as the most common sexual problems. Husband is Normal, Wife is Undersexed—"It is normal for men to be more highly sexed than women"; Wife is Normal, Husband is Undersexed—"Try to keep him guessing. If you have a sexual desire, don't let it show"; Wife is Normal, Husband is Oversexed—"Whatever she does, she should not keep him dangling."

Fifty or so Fascinating Women graduates have gathered in a Beverly Hills house to film a simulated class for a local TV station. They are all smiling. They never *stop* smiling, because Helen Andelin has instructed them that unhappiness "is not something [a man] admires in a woman." The camera crew is late and the women mill about exchanging FW success stories.

Andelin advises women to express anger by tossing their curls, stamping their feet and beating their little fists against Mr. Wonderful's chest

"I hated my husband," Faith says, never losing the smile. She is tall, rawboned and in her late fifties. Her hair is set in careful, Clairol Moongold petals around her face. "I actually did have the death wish for him." Faith has been married for 43 years, 39 of them miserable. "He's what you might call a—well—how shall I put it? A *quiet* man. I used to want him to be more creative. To *talk* and everything. I realize now I was demanding."

A Fascinating Womanhood teacher sent her to a Christian marriage counselor. "I expected some support, but she told me I should accept him as he was. She talked to me for half an hour till I began to cry and beg for forgiveness. Then the counselor prayed to God to forgive me for my resentments and my attitude."

After three FW courses, Faith is convinced that she's the happiest woman in Los Angeles. She calls her husband "Tiger," and he responds with "Kitten." For his sixty-fourth birthday, she painted a big, red heart on the underside of the toilet lid, and she always leaves little love notes for him written in shaving cream on the bathroom mirror. "Just *fun* things, you know. I call him, 'You big, sexy brute,' and he likes that." Faith's smile wavers a second. "I didn't want to, you know, grow old alone after the girls had grown."

A hand tugs at my arm. A 35-year-old face surrounded by a halo of California surfer sun-streaked hair smiles at me. "I used to be sort of a women's libber till this class. Now—well, that Gloria Stein-ham just makes my *skin* crawl. I realize now how much good can come from making a man happy."

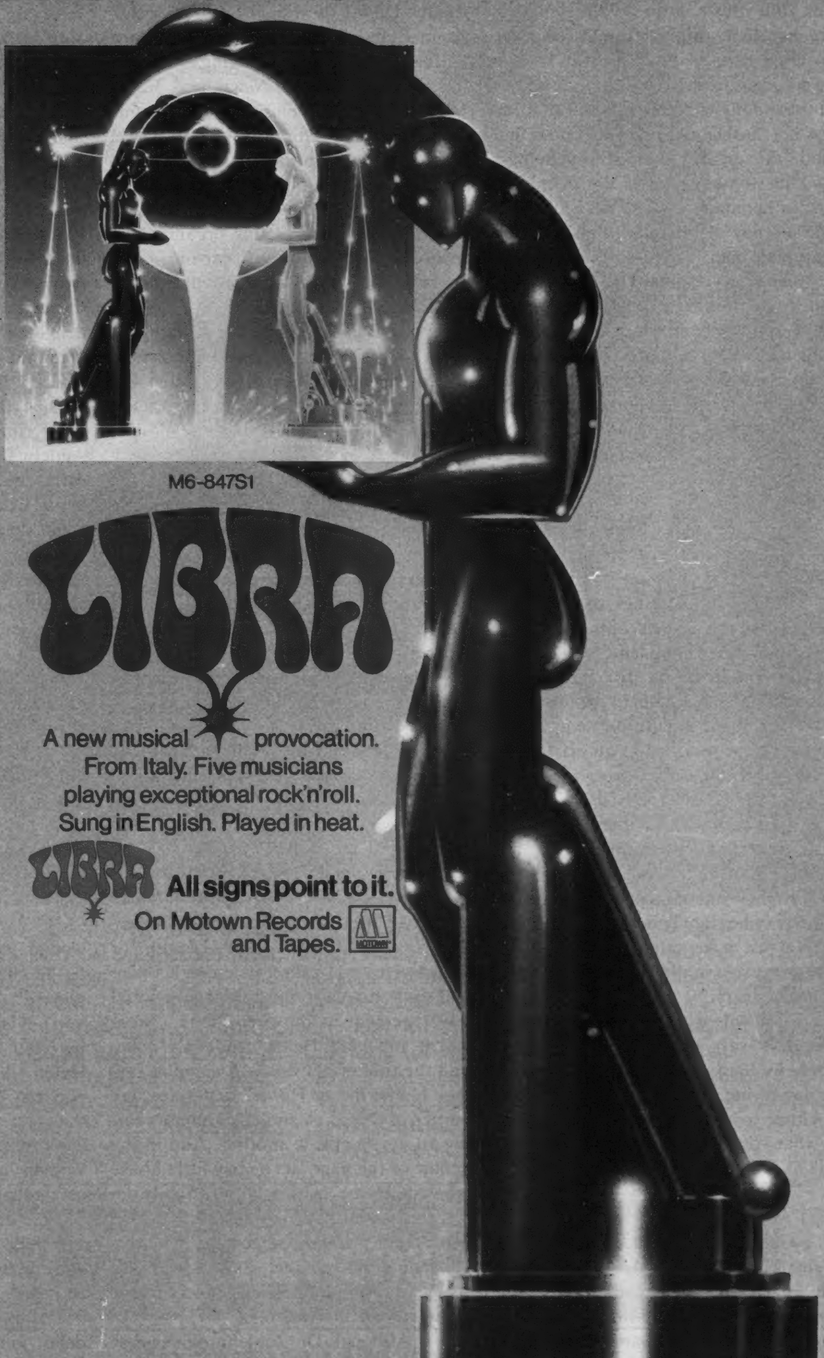
It's not exactly that her marriage is happier. She's actually sort of separated from her husband, she says. "But I sent him this letter full of good thoughts. And you know what? By return mail, he sent me his American Express card." Her smile broadens and her eyes shift.

Darlene speaks up because she's sure her story will help other women avoid the pitfalls she fell into. She was abandoned by her mother and shunted around to different relatives. At 15 she was pregnant, and at 16 married to a drug addict. A few years later, she was working as a waitress and pregnant by another man who, Darlene says, was sent by God to lead her to the Lord. She divorced her first husband to marry him, but then he threatened to abandon her if she didn't shape up.

"God leaves it to the woman a lot of times to change things, because of her power over a man," Darlene says. "That's one of the reasons the Devil tricked Eve in the Garden." And that's one of the reasons Darlene has taken more than a hundred FW classes: So that she could change, keep her husband and not have to go back to waitressing. She's 25 now, and she thinks the women's movement is sick. She doesn't want to work. "Like, if I wanna go to the beach today, I can," she says defiantly. Fascinating Womanhood has given her dignity, Darlene says. "It helped me to see that ugly, dirty, old immoral me had some beauty deep within."

At her four-bedroom condominium in the Santa Barbara suburb of Goleta, Helen Andelin, 55, sits gracefully in a wing chair, hands in lap, ankles delicately crossed. It is 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon and Andelin is wearing a full-length, ice-cream pink lace dress with puffed sleeves, scoop neck and frilled hem. She wonders aloud if the floral wallpaper and matching curtains ("Add feminine touches to your home") were not a mistake. An 18-month-old grandson whose mother is off in Europe wails in the background.

RISING SIGN



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Andelin is puzzled that for ten years New York publishers failed to see the value of her book. "I think it's a tragedy that so many good books don't get to the right person." She always knew that the man should be the leader of the family, because that's taught in the Scriptures. But those little 1920s booklets were her first, original insight into the masculine nature, she explains. Andelin also got ideas from her mother, as well as a *tremendous* amount of information from her husband. "Did you know that Freud, the great father of psychology, based his studies on just a few people he knew in his lifetime?" she asks. "Well, I made a study of *one* man, but he was a very typical man."

The very typical Dr. Aubrey Andelin thought enough of his wife's muse to give up his own business interests and found the FW publishing company, Pacific Press. He now works full time for the Fascinating Womanhood Center—an irony that seems lost on his wife. She says with pride that he still owns a million-acre water buffalo ranch in Australia ("The water buffalo makes *very* excellent hamburger") but he has yet to visit it because of the phenomenal growth of the FW movement.

Despite the urgings of her book and the limited range of options she advises for women, Andelin denies any political implications to Fascinating Womanhood. She admits to having heard *something* about a petition sent to the Girl Scouts of America in an attempt to get Betty Friedan ousted from the board of directors—"But I really didn't understand what that was all about." And she insists that neither she nor FW is anti-feminist. Personally, Andelin thinks the Equal Rights Amendment is *unnecessary*, but none of her family has worked against it. "We just have other things to do—we're interested in the happy home. I feel this is a ministry."

"My wife was just saying to me the other day," says Aubrey Andelin, a pale, austere-looking, grey-haired man, "she was just saying, 'You know, I wish I could get closer to some of these women who are what you might call the *lib* women. I don't like to feel alienated from them.' "

The facts, though, belie the Andelins' words. A New York official for the Girl Scouts says that earlier this year they received "an obviously prearranged form," calling for the resignation of Betty Friedan and "others of a like persuasion" from the Girl Scouts Board of Directors. The petition had circulated from state to state and was signed by 76 "nationally dedicated teachers of Fascinating Womanhood." On the form was the logotype of FW, as well as the organization's Santa Barbara address. According to a secretary at the Fascinating Womanhood Center, blank forms had been distributed during a seminar that drew teachers from across the country.

And the Andelins' affiliations are solidly against the Equal Rights Amendment: Helen Andelin, in the company of Father Dan Lyons, right-wing columnist for the *Twin Circle News*, and Ralph McMullen, 1973 member of the Nevada Committee to Support Your Local Police, presides on the board of advisers of San Diego's League of Housewives. The League is just one of the 30 nationwide anti-ERA groups organized by Jacqui Davison, a 36-year-old, self-described "Jayne Mansfield type," and a FW teacher for eight years.

"These groups just start naturally out of Fascinating Womanhood classes," Davison explains, adding that Helen Andelin has given them a lot of support and that Dr. Andelin has helped a great deal financially. Davison credits groups such as "Women Who Want To Be Women" in Texas and "Happiness of Women" in Arizona with turning the tide against the ERA in several states through carefully organized, last-minute letter-writing and telephone campaigns. Until the end of May 1975, when she was forced to limit her activities because of illness, Davison says she worked almost 24 hours a day against the ERA, taking time out only to teach FW seminars. "I was in on it two years before Phyllis Schlafly and her 'Stop ERA,' " Davison says proudly.

Jacqui Davison started out slowly in San Diego. In 1973 she could be found singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" outside massage parlors and hauling away pornography by the truckload from street vending machines. By November 1974, her League of Housewives had raked in enough financial support to afford a full-page, $3,600 advertisement in the *San Diego Union* which included Helen Andelin's name and the title of her book. A sampler saying "Home Sweet Home" decorates one corner of the ad. A smiling woman wearing an apron graces another. And in the center of the page sits a cozy little house labeled "Home" with a bomb trickily designed to spell out "Women's Liberation Movement" landing smack on the roof. "Silence is not golden, it's yellow," says the ad, quoting John Birch Society council member Tom Anderson.

Although Dr. Andelin denies that FW is associated with the John Birch Society, a 1971 article in the Society's *American Opinion* magazine trills: "I think we conservatives should be very proud of our feminine (and fascinating) women." And a 1973 article, entitled "Those Fascinating Conservative Women," praises Helen Andelin and Jacqui Davison.

"We're not associated with the John Birch Society," Dr. Andelin says defensively, after calling his wife to make sure his facts are straight. The Andelins have appeared at a number of Birch Society Open Houses, he says, but they are not members and FW is independent and nonaligned.

In Beverly Hills, the TV cameramen still haven't shown up, but the 50 FW women are still smiling. The Andelins, who have just returned from a publicity tour, fill in the graduate group on the latest FW news. Helen Andelin is delighted to report that classes are now being taught in a South American jungle where the natives don't even wear clothes. (Let your husband do the hunting? Trim your spear with rickrack?) Dr. Andelin describes a confrontation he had with "the most despicable bunch of libbers. I call them the Children of Darkness who can't see the light," he says. "They're not moral people. They have to *gang* together." His audience murmurs appreciatively.

One woman, anxious and hesitant, stands to ask what she should tell the young men she meets who often—she's astounded to find—actually want their wives to work.

"This may sound very cruel," Helen Andelin says, placing her index finger thoughtfully on her lips, "but a really *masculine* man has pride in his *masculine* responsibility. Most men won't like to have their masculinity refuted—this *hurts* them."

Yes, but what, asks another woman, do you say to people who accuse us of being manipulative and game-playing?

"Is *kindness* manipulative? Is making your husband *happy* manipulative?" Helen Andelin is indignant. "Game-playing? Well, I tell you, I usually switch the subject around to something they can't refute. Like the responsibility of the woman in the home. They just *can't* refute that."

And the Fascinating Women nod and smile. Because they know that even if sometimes their husbands may appear to be hopeless and obnoxious, everything is beautiful. . . in its own way. Helen Andelin joins the round of complacent smiles, bathing in the approval surrounding her, secure in the knowledge that her power is growing mightily by preaching utter female submissiveness. ●

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Finding Mr. Goodbar

By Lacey Fosburgh

On the first day of 1973, New Yorkers were jolted by news of a particularly brutal sex killing that produced front-page headlines in all three city dailies for weeks. It was a chilling murder of the Seventies: a chance meeting between a drifter and a schoolteacher in a lonely neighborhood bar that quickly edged into bed and blood.

Two writers soon became fascinated by the case of Roseann Quinn. One, Judith Rossner, gathered together the voluminous newspaper clippings and worked the material into a novel that renders the story of a young Catholic woman gripped by self-hatred and loneliness. Rossner's character, Theresa Dunn, demurely teaches elementary school during the day. In the evening she restlessly prowls seedy singles bars looking for a man who will service her for the night.

Published last June by Simon & Schuster, Looking for Mr Goodbar *is now at the top of the best-seller lists. Paramount Pictures bought the film rights for $250,000 last spring and plans production shortly. The paperback, sold for a $305,000 advance, will be brought out by Pocket Books next May. Rossner has hit a public nerve.*

The other writer, reporter Lacey Fosburgh, covered the Quinn murder for the New York Times, *and pursued her investigations long after the killer was caught and Roseann Quinn's death was no longer news. Fosburgh talked to Roseann Quinn's neighbors, friends and family; she interviewed bartenders, police detectives and psychiatrists connected with the case; then she traveled to Indiana to see the killer's parents. Gradually, Fosburgh's research revealed just how inevitable the murder was. Given the fragmented rhythm of life in the city, given their upbringings, killer and victim, John Wayne Wilson and Roseann Quinn, were in some macabre scheme of things destined to find each other.*

Except for one change of name to protect a source—Daniel P. Murray is a *pseudonym—what follows are the facts behind the fiction of* Looking for Mr. Goodbar.

The city was cold. The berths along the Hudson were platted with ice, and wind careened down the streets and past the corners. The sky was clouded, without stars, and it was the kind of night when no one should be outside or alone. O-Jack, the blind news dealer on the corner of West 72nd Street and Broadway, remembered a large dog scruffing up and down "looking for a doorway." The *Times* delivery truck came by once, too, he added, but that was all except for the dog. Over there, on Manhattan's West Side, the streets were almost empty, and even 72nd, with its all-night delicatessens, was deserted.

There were none of the usual junkies. No one was in Needle Park, and the only action at O-Jack's came from Long John's all-night talk show. Wind swept down the block toward the Hudson, and farther down 72nd, the planks barricaded over the window at Tweed's Bar rumbled in the night. The boards shook and, inside the bar, the wind leaking through the cracks in the wood hissed like steam in an old radiator. People filled the small channel by the door between the bar and the jukebox, and in the back the tables in the long, narrow room were full.

John Wayne Wilson was there, drinking alone at the bar. Roseann Quinn was there, too, alone, her long hair covering much of her face. The place was crowded and by midnight the air was hot, almost rancid. It smelled of liquor and smoke, hamburgers and sweat, and every now and then, the scent of weed wafted through the crowd like a conversation faintly overheard. It was January 1, 1973.

The place was noisy and small, the wooden walls were aging and spider plants hung from the ceiling. There were photographs everywhere, shades of sepia and brown, of a past New York and forgotten people, and they hung somehow permanently crooked, as if they had adjusted through the years to the shiftings of the earth.

Tweed's is gone now. It closed not long after that night. For a long time, though, it was a landmark of sorts to many New Yorkers, the kind of place where people come from both the Village and Uptown, just to wait and hang out through the night.

But West 72nd Street isn't Second Avenue, and Tweed's wasn't ever Maxwell's Plum. Over here there were no bouncers, no check rooms, nobody ordered Brandy Alexanders and there weren't any towels in the bathroom. Tweed's had everything the street could offer. It was a backwater eddy where grass and coke were dealt in the bathroom, drinks were cheap, sex was often cheaper and no one ever had to go home at night alone.

John Wayne Wilson and Roseann Quinn met for the first time in Tweed's this cold winter night, and two hours later she was dead, murdered. Her neck was snapped with her underpants, her body ripped apart with a carving knife and her life was splashed in red all over the walls. John, a 24-year-old drifter who had left Indiana seven years earlier, stabbed her and strangled her and then took the elevator back down seven stories to the street and disappeared.

It was an ugly murder and New York became obsessed with it. Day after day, week after week, there were front-page stories in the *New York Times*, the *Daily News* and the *New York Post* and five-minute spots on television. It became an emblematic crime and people saw in it the specter of random violence haunting the city streets. Roseann, 28, an Irish Catholic schoolteacher, personified innocence, and her fate frightened people who saw in her going an arbitrariness that terrified them—violence unleashed without reason. But to those who knew Tweed's or John or Roseann, the killing did not seem arbitrary. For them, the murder was inevitable.

Tweed's was a backwater eddy where grass and coke were dealt in the bathroom, drinks were cheap and sex was often cheaper

Afterward, the police had virtually no clues. They had Roseann's body, twisted and cut, covered from head to toe in dry brown blood. But they had no fingerprints, no witnesses, no leads. They knew nothing about John Wayne Wilson.

Months later, when it was all over, Patrick Toomey, the homicide detective in charge of the case, brought out the files and laid them on a green metal table for me to see. There were manila folders stuffed with photographs and anonymous letters that led to nothing. There were dossiers on hundreds of people, people who were questioned, even followed, but none were witnesses and none, it turned out, had any connection to the crime.

Here among the files there was nothing to indicate that the killing of Roseann Quinn became, after all, in the end, one of New York's few solved murders. Everything suggested only mystery and dead ends, especially the newspaper clippings.

"YOUNG TEACHER SLAIN ON WEST SIDE," blared four-inch-tall headlines on the front page of the *Daily News*. "SAVAGE CRIME OF PASSION." "TEACHER, 28, SLAIN IN HER APARTMENT ON WEST 72ND STREET," said the *Times* on the top half of page one. "Detectives from the Fourth Division's homicide and assault team said they had no leads in their investigation."

"The attractive teacher who had dedicated her life to helping the handicapped was found naked, apparently raped, stabbed 20 times and brutally bludgeoned with a statuette of herself in her small West Side apartment," the *News* wrote.

Later, *True Detective* was more to the point. The cover, white letters on a red background, read: "New York Homicide Riddle: SEX-KILLING OF THE TEACHER WHO WAS 'EVERYBODY'S VIRGIN!' "

"Her body lay on the scrambled bedding," the *News* wrote, "and her blood was splattered on the walls like some morbid abstract painting. . . . The killer had slipped out unnoticed. There was nothing left to tell the story of Roseann Quinn but her body."

In the beginning, Patrick Toomey had also assumed the killing was an arbitrary outcropping of madness, but later he knew it wasn't. "John was one of the cleverest guys I ever met," he said that day in the police station, "and everything being equal, you had to be sympathetic to him. You knew he was a born loser, but you had the feeling it wasn't his fault. He was caught up in something that was bigger than he was and he just didn't have any place to go.

"But the funny thing was," he continued, "she was the same way. She was pretty and smart, she could have been a success. She certainly wanted to be. But, instead, they turned out to be just alike, bumming around in one way or another, trying to get a handle on life, but getting nowhere, I guess, only slipping backward.

"They were just two people who should never have met."

"Roseann possessed a loving acceptance of herself and other

people and her life tells us how to be open and try to understand His plan even when it seems to be so contradictory that the innocent must suffer." The Rev. John Waldron, at Roseann Quinn's funeral, as reported in the *New York Times.*

Roseann was born in the Bronx in 1944 in a small, wooden house on Bainbridge Avenue in St. Brendan's Parish. She was a red-haired thing with a scrawny pink body, a crooked asymmetrical back and a small hump on her right shoulder. She was John and Rose Quinn's first child, and she, like her father's sister and her sister who would be born later, had a genetic malformation called scoliosis. It was passed down on the paternal side of the family.

When Roseann was 12, the Quinns did what a lot of families in the Bronx want to do. They moved away, and the suburb they chose was 65 miles to the west, in Mine Hill, New Jersey.

Mine Hill is a string of housing developments along a two-lane asphalt highway connecting occasional shopping centers and furniture marts. The two-story yellow house on Randolph Avenue is as far away as Mine Hill gets from the neon signs and the smell of gasoline. But there, opposite the yellow house on the last row of pastel-colored bungalows, is a piece of the New Jersey hills, with silver trees and lilac bushes, patches of cedar and pine.

The Quinns had four children. Jack was 25 at the time of the murder, Dennis, 24, and Donna, 19. Rose Quinn, a devout Catholic, is a short, handsome woman with curly grey hair close about her face. John Quinn, a salesman at the Bell Telephone Laboratories near Dover, is a tall man with deep lines in his face, and he probably has as much to do with what happened that night on 72nd Street as anyone.

He was a quiet man, people said, cold and aloof. He wore coats too big in the shoulders and pants too wide in the legs, and Roseann suspected his awkwardness with her only masked a deeper contempt. She even imagined once for a friend that he had choked at the sight of her body at birth. "He wanted me to be beautiful," she said, and added, "You know the Irish; they feel guilty about anything."

She was talking to a woman named Anna who wrote poetry in bars along Broadway. "I didn't like to hear her talk about her father," Anna said later. "He didn't like her and she didn't like him, but she expected all men to treat her like he did."

Soon after the Quinns moved to Mine Hill, Roseann went to the hospital. The hump on her back could not be removed, but doctors said a spinal operation would fix her shoulders, which were higher on the right side than the left. The surgery lasted most of the day and left, according to her autopsy report, "an 11½ inch scar [running] along the vertebral column from the midscapular area to the lumbar area."

Roseann returned to Randolph Avenue with a cast that extended from her neck to the end of her toes. Her bed was set up in the downstairs living room, and for the next 12 months she lay flat on her back looking out across the peak of her nose at the woods beyond the front window. Once, one afternoon after school, a friend came to see her. She had no other visitors.

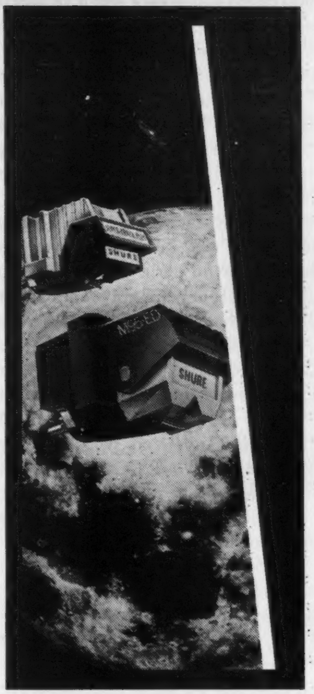
A year later, the cast was taken off and the doctors had to tell John and Rose Quinn that the operation had been a failure. They did not tell Roseann, but she soon realized anyway that her shoulders were no longer uneven but that now, for the first time, her hips were disfigured. The right side was higher than the left and she limped when she walked.

It was a hard time for the family, and Roseann began to head out in the direction that would eventually take her to 72nd Street. John and Rose Quinn nailed a crucifix to the wall of their bedroom and spoke of "God's will." Roseann had no such predisposition to give God the responsibility. She would talk later of psychology and say she was "doomed." Her parents believed in Heaven and Hell; she instead talked about "catastrophes" and suspected that nothing mattered anyway.

Life on Randolph Avenue was not easy. John and Rose quarreled often, about money, each other and their children. But, worst of all, Roseann remembered, was the set of rules they assumed they had the right to pass on to their offspring. There, on the edge of Mine Hill, as sure as the scent of lilacs in the spring, the place was permeated by the presence of what Rose Quinn called "the right thing to do."

There was always such a thing and there was always its opposite. It was forbidden to lie or steal or hate. It was forbidden to do anything counter to some vague combination of Catholic and social doctrine.

And, someplace down the line, as the children grew older, the list of sins headed in a new direction. In the beginning it wasn't even called sex, or premarital sex. It was just vaguely associated with the body and how to move it or clothe it. In due time, however, this began to mean



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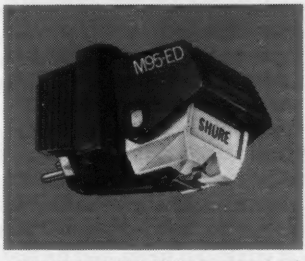

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that you didn't touch it or use it or feel it or love it. Later, Rose Quinn was more explicit: Be careful, she warned Roseann. Sex can be a woman's downfall. "Sex is bad," she said year after year up until her daughter died. "Men are after only one thing. They'll take all you've got, but they only want to marry someone good like their mother."

When Roseann, 5'2" tall, 100 pounds and by now quite attractive, was murdered, many of her friends refused to talk about her. They did not want to hurt her parents, they said. The Quinns also refused to discuss their daughter. They would not come to the telephone or speak to anyone. Mrs. Quinn's mother, an Irish woman with a thick brogue, said when I called: "Don't talk to us. No one wants to talk to you. Don't call back again. We'll only hang up on you."

Friends later explained that for the Quinns, more than for John Wayne Wilson's parents, Roseann's murder was a shock. It destroyed not only their daughter but much of what they had understood and taken for granted about their own lives. Unlike the Wilsons, they were deeply ashamed by what had happened and how it happened. They saw their mistakes written in that night, saw their own ill-begotten legacy.

As their daughter Donna said in one brief telephone conversation, "She [Roseann] only told them the good things. And they shouldn't have to know what they know now. They'll never get over it. They'll never be the same again. They don't want to talk to anyone about it."

"A 24-year old man was arrested in Indianapolis yesterday in the stabbing murder of Roseann Quinn," the *New York Times* wrote on page one.
". . . His father, reached at home, described his eldest son as 'always easy-going.' 'He didn't care much,' he said. 'He was never violent. . . .' "

Shelby County in central Indiana is the kind of place where the summer heat is so intense even the sugar flies seem to mosey along at half speed. The heat sets in around the middle of May and doesn't let up until August or September. And then winter starts, winter so fierce the snow covers the ground hard as if to smother it.

There are a lot of farms and sycamore trees here and corn that is tall and gold by mid-August. There aren't too many schools or too many roads or too many people, but it's good country with plenty of creeks that freeze over for skating in the winter and open up for swimming in the summer.

Wayne Wilson was born 57 years ago out in Shelby County in "a little bitty town" with 12 buildings including the feed house. When he grew up he wanted city life. He came to Shelbyville, population 25,000 today, and settled in a very small two-story white house on West Locust Street. He has lived there ever since, but he still looks country. The furrows on his face are deep and the vessels along his hands are high, reminders somehow of the harsh, principled beliefs that tie him to the earth.

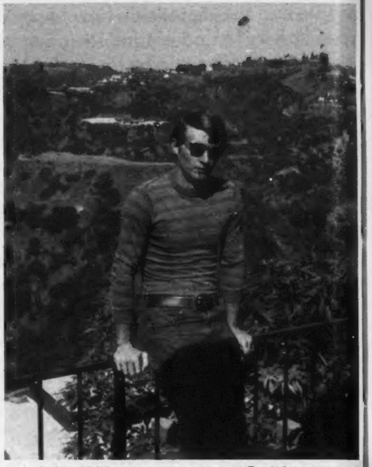
He and his wife, Marilyn, never had too many dreams for their four children, just wanted them to make do. John, born November 4, 1949, is the oldest. Gene, 23, used to be a dancing instructor up north at the Arthur Murray Studio in Indianapolis until he joined the army recently. Terri Sue, 20, stopped working at Hooks Drug Store down the street to get married this year, and Judy, 17, earns her living on a factory assembly line.

> **"John was a born loser. She was the same way. They turned out to be just alike, bumming around, trying to get a handle on life, but only slipping backward"**

Mr. Wilson works as a crane operator in the limestone quarries outside of town. He is foreman of the work gang. Mrs. Wilson is a clerk in a local credit bureau. They make very little money, $5,000 one year, $6,500 another, perhaps $10,000 now.

The house on West Locust Street is three blocks from the center of town, and through the years it has acquired the same weather-beaten look as the other houses on the block. It has a pointed roof, a narrow porch in front and a yard in back with a tulip tree.

Downstairs there are two bedrooms, a living room and a kitchen. Upstairs at the top of a steep ladder is the tiny room with low ceilings, once the attic, where John and Gene lived. All the rooms are dark, the windows small and far apart. The living room is crowded with chairs bought through the years to accommodate an increasing number of people. Faded greens and reds, they are lined up along the walls, each a different size and shape. The only bright room in the house is the kitchen, where there is red oilcloth on the table and Wonder bread on the shelf. Sun shines in the west window.



John Wilson on a trip to California, probably in 1967.

This is the Midwest, Shelbyville. The colors are faded and the screen door doesn't quite shut. In the near silence of a sweltering hot summer afternoon, the sounds of cars and distant voices drift in and you hear the telephone ring in the house next door. The factories here make brown paper bags, the streets run parallel, heading straight back out to the fields, and the one movie theater shuts down in summer when the drive-in opens.

Life has been hard for the Wilsons. They're not church-going anymore and have forgotten, in fact, most of the Baptist teachings they once knew. But they admit to a stern Christian sense of life. They've tried hard to make the best of what they had, and if life has filled them with a deep distrust of the wealthy and the privileged, they would say this is the way it's got to be, because no one's going to look out for us but ourselves.

There are pictures of Gene and Terri Sue and Judy on the table in the living room, but none of John. His pictures are stored in the carton box under Terri Sue's bed along with all the others of the old days when the children were smaller and their smiles far broader than they are nowadays or, at least, than they were this one Sunday when the family gathered to talk to me.

I was driving across country from New York to San Francisco and I telephoned to ask if I could stop by. "I don't know," Mr. Wilson said. "I don't know." There was a long silence and Mrs. Wilson got on the phone. "I don't know," she said, reluctant, distant. Then I heard the voice of Daniel P. Murray in the background. He was talking to Mrs. Wilson.

She was listening and, after a while, she said, okay, she guessed it was all right if I stopped by the next afternoon. They would, she said, "be to home."

Daniel P. Murray was sitting on the front porch in his blue jeans when I arrived. Danny is a 38-year-old advertising executive in New York City and he is John's best friend. He was visiting West Locust Street for the weekend.

Inside, the living room was dark. The shades were drawn to keep out the heat. Mr. Wilson was sitting in a rocking chair in the far corner. Mrs. Wilson was in an armchair, and after I came in she pulled it into the center of the room. Terri Sue and Judy were there; Gene was up north.

Roseann Quinn told her friends that she wanted to "be fun to be around."

Marilyn Wilson did most of the talking. A short woman with brown hair cut above the neck, thick legs and ample breasts, she looked neat and cool that hot afternoon in her cotton shirtwaist. She asked if I wanted pie., and we talked about the cost of land and the blizzards that came in the winter. Then Marilyn Wilson said: "He shouldn't have hurt that girl, but if anything more bad is written about him I just don't think I can take it. I just don't think he deserves any more. He's a good boy, a real fine boy."

Wayne Wilson, in dusty green coveralls and short cropped hair, leaned back in his rocking chair. He said he agreed and then lapsed into silence.

"John was a perfect child," Mrs. Wilson went on. "We never had any trouble with him." He was quiet, she began. He never cried much. In fact, he rarely showed his feelings and if he got a bee sting he'd try to hide it, or if he skinned his arm he'd never say anything.

She talked on and the picture of John Wayne Wilson began to come alive. He liked to be alone and he liked things that didn't talk. As a child, he would go by himself out to the creek outside of town, lie on his stomach for hours and hunt for crawdads in the water beneath the rocks. When he caught them, he let them wriggle in his hands for a while and then dropped them back in the water. Other times he walked up and down the railroad outside of town and looked for rabbits or, his parents said, lay there in the grass staring up at the sky. They never did mention him having a friend.

At home John was also quiet. He liked to look at magazines and would tear out coupons for free books and pamphlets. As time went on, he became interested in animals, especially dinosaurs and prehistoric creatures. He got on the mailing list of the American Museum of Natural History and thumbtacked pictures of dinosaurs on his bedroom wall.

Later on, he owned dogs, cats, hamsters and even a sickly iguana named Rover that Danny bought him. He told Danny once, "I love animals because you always know where you are with them. With people, you never know."

The way his parents explain it, John's emotional problems started in 1960 when he was ten and hit by a car as he crossed the street in front of school. He was knocked unconscious for several seconds. Doctors at the time reported no injuries, but Mrs. Wilson said that he changed afterward.

"He'd forget things. He had a pet rabbit and he'd put it out in the yard to go and then he'd forget it. I'd say, 'John, go bring the rabbit in,' and he'd say, 'I already did,' and I'd say, 'No, you didn't.' " didn't.' "

From this time on, she said, John had blackout spells, strange pains in his head and even migraines. Nobody remembered if John was ever tense or upset, but they told a story about the night the family kitten was mewing in the yard.

John kept yelling at her to shut up, leaning out his upstairs window to get her to quiet down, but she kept up the noise. Finally, he picked up the alarm clock and pitched it out the window into the night. The kitten shrieked and the howling stopped.

The next morning he went outside and found the kitten with its legs sticking straight up in the air. John Wayne was stunned. He started crying and kicked at its dead body. Then after a while he sat down on the side of the yard and was quiet for a long time. It was his only violent act, they said, up until the murder almost 15 years later.

Mrs. Wilson started to cry. The tears had been welling up inside her and now they began to seep over the sides. "I'm not ashamed by what happened," she said as the tears trickled down her face. "He always wanted a good life, but things went wrong for him from the very beginning. We did the best we could with him, but there comes a time," she said, "when you can only go so far. I've always tried to do what was best, but I'm sure I haven't always done right."

There's a story she tells, for example. She took John to the Shelbyville Hospital to have a checkup when he was three. On the way the boy asked, "Where are we going?" With a teasing lilt to her voice, Mrs. Wilson glanced over at him sitting cross-legged on the seat and said: "I've had you a long time and I'm tired of you. It's time to turn you in."

John began to cry, slowly at first and so she didn't think much of it. Then he began to cry harder and harder and she told him to hush up, she hadn't meant anything bad.

The medical records, eight by eleven inches flat and one and a half inches high, start back close to the beginning when John had nothing but an occasional cold. In time, though, the single-spaced typewritten diagnoses begin to talk about the things that later took John to 72nd Street.

Mrs. Wilson suffered from such severe migraines, they say, that John had to "assume responsibility for the younger children"; she complained that life was "too hard." The father worked so long and hard he was seldom at home; "the boy expressed resentment at his absence." The reports go on and on. Both parents "punished him by means of whipping"; Mrs. Wilson was "a tense and overanxious individual," "a domineering mother" whose interests were often "counter to her son's need." "The patient speaks of his tension and says he wants to get away."

John did get away. He started to run away from home when he was 11. His journeys lasted from several hours to several days, and sometimes he left as often as twice a month. Once he left school and at 2:00 o'clock the next morning telephoned his parents from a farmhouse way out in the fields. It was snowing, the temperature had fallen below freezing and he had no galoshes or mittens. Other times he took off in the middle of the night wearing only slippers and pajamas. And still other times, he would begin to pack several days in advance and put his toothbrush and socks in a paper bag in preparation.

One morning when he was 12, John woke up with a pain in his right foot. The pain gradually rose up to his thigh, and, in time, the whole leg turned cold and numb. He could not move it and he ended up staying out of school for over two months. A battery of doctors decided the paralysis was, as one psychiatrist put it, "psychological hysteria," designed to prevent him from running away from home.

Then one winter day, the family drove to a friend's house in the country. The frost glistened, the air was pure and when the other children ran outside to skate on the river, John followed, slipping on his crutches. Out there something happened. He put down his crutches, put on his skates and skated on the river as if nothing was the matter. And, in fact, whatever had been the matter was over.

In time, however, John began to run away again, and once he even got as far as Kentucky. Then one morning when he was 15, he woke up with long cuts and gashes on his left forearm. The sheets were soaked with blood. In his sleep he had torn at his skin and ripped through the flesh with his nails. It happened again and again.

"The patient," the records say, "seems to be having progressively more difficulty handling his hostile, angry impulses. His main form of defense at the present time is withdrawal and running away from home. He feels if he is unable to do this, he may actually harm someone in the future."

This time around, the doctors committed John Wayne Wilson to a state mental hospital with maximum security precautions. As a "chronic runaway," he was deemed unfit for the children's ward and assigned instead to the adult ward with 24-hour guards. He spent the next 18 months in a bed 36 inches wide and 72 inches long. There were 48 other beds in the room, all full, and for exercise he got to walk up and down the corridor outside. There are a lot of records dating from this period, and they talk about regular doses of Thorazine and Valium but they never mention therapy.

It began the day Marilyn Wilson picked up John at school to drive him to Madison State Hospital 40 miles away. He did not know what was happening. "Where are we going?" he asked. "We're moving," his mother told him. "We're going to our new home."

"I know he understood why we had to put him there," Mrs. Wilson said nearly ten years later as the flies circled slowly in the hot afternoon. "He knew it weren't because we didn't love him or anything. We just had to, that's all. I couldn't take it anymore, with the other children and all. I just had to get him off my mind and that was the only way to do it."

One morning when John was 15, he woke up with long gashes on his arm. The sheets were soaked with blood. In his sleep he had ripped through the flesh with his nails

To this day John remains a puzzlement to his parents. Mrs. Wilson said she does not understand her eldest son. "No one ever told us what was the matter with him," she said. "The only thing they ever said was he was going through puberty and hadn't decided whether to use it for good or bad."

"We get some weird people around here," a merchant on 72nd Street told the *Daily News*, **"but this girl was different. She was very nice and quiet and shy."**

Roseann graduated from Newark State Teachers College in 1966. She took a job teaching in the Newark public schools, but she lived on the East Side of Manhattan. She had two roommates, went to movies, read a lot of books and dated as much as any single girl in New York does. She told people she wanted to "be fun to be around."

This didn't always work. There was one night, for example, in early 1967 when Roseann, 23, was sitting on a barstool at the Brown Jug on Second Avenue with some friends. Among them was Steve Levine, a onetime bartender and world traveler, who later became one of her closest friends.

A middle-aged man who had drunk too much moved down the bar to stand next to Roseann. Suddenly she shrieked. The man had taken out his penis and was rubbing it, soft and limp, against her leg. She reached out and slapped him across the face. He cowered, flinging up his hands to protect his head, his penis still dangling outside his pants. She threw her drink at him. "You goddamn son of a bitch," she cried. "What do you think you're doing?"

Dripping wet, the man was whimpering like a dog and she slapped him, once, twice, and then, bent in shame, he ran out of the bar with his large overcoat dragging on the floor behind him.

It didn't even last a minute. Steve was stunned by her violent outpouring, and Roseann, he said, was embarrassed but not, he recalled, surprised.

In 1969 Roseann, now 25, went to work at the St. Joseph's School for the Deaf in the Bronx, where she taught underprivileged blacks and Puerto Ricans. She also moved to her own apartment on West 87th Street. During the next few years, she would read Bertrand Russell and go to off-Broadway plays, take night courses in psychology at Hunter College and outline a plan to earn higher teaching credentials for her career. She would date young lawyers and work for Bella Abzug's campaign, praise John Lindsay and even persuade her parents to vote for McGovern.

The years were good. She was coming into her own, and in time she moved south to West 72nd Street. She grew her hair long and liked the feel of all its redness spilling across her shoulders. Her jeans faded from use and she bought a hash pipe. She smoked grass regularly and, in time, using cocaine became a natural thing.

"She was a very lonely lady," one man said. "But she had found a groove, a lifestyle. She had broken through her family's barrier and she was a visionary, in a sense, out on her own."

In July 1972, when she was 27 years old, Roseann Quinn was beaten up for the first time.

She was sitting alone at the bar in Tweed's drinking Johnny Walker Red. Freddie Watson was there, too. Freddie

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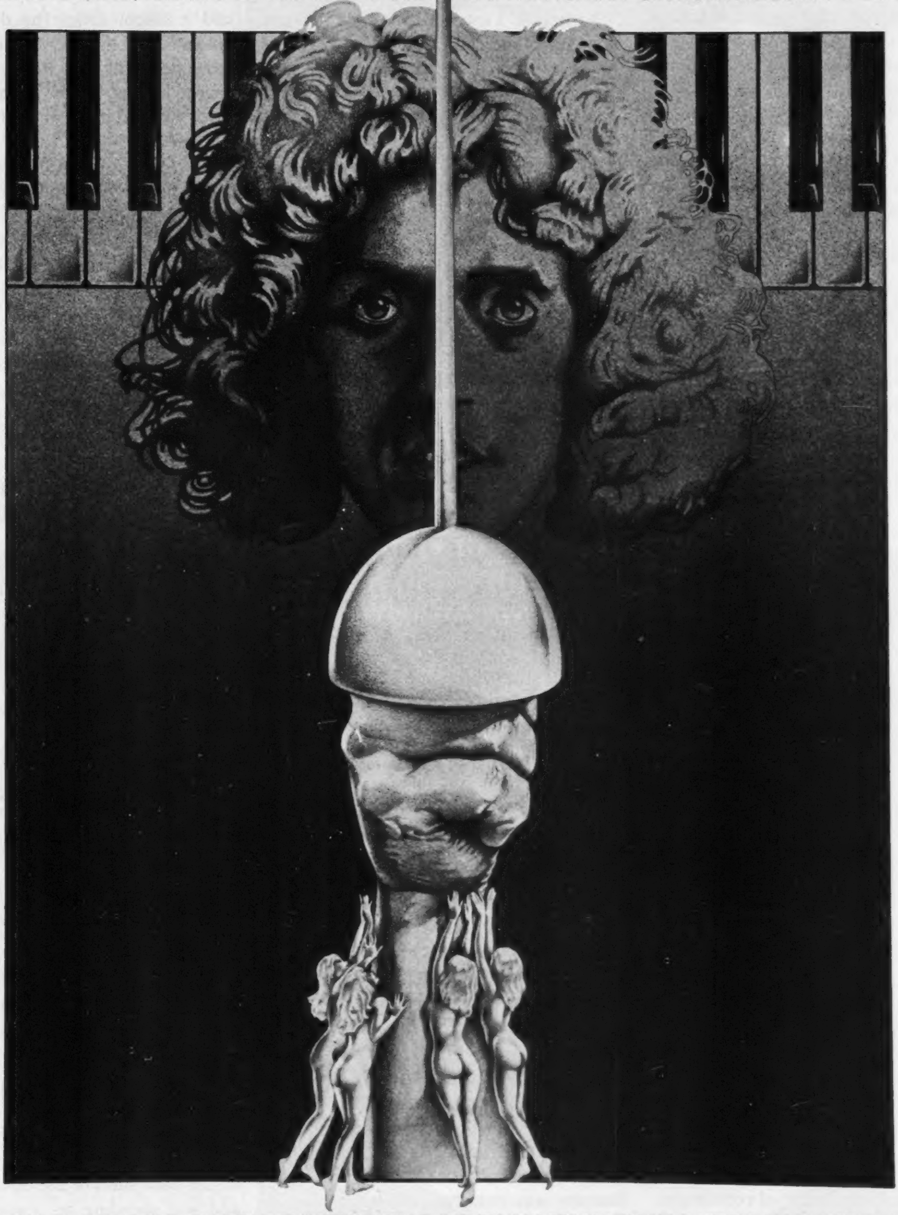

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was 32, black, and he later became, briefly, a suspect in her death. That hot summer night wasn't the first time they'd met: They both hung out on 72nd Street.

Roseann was leaning on her elbows tracing the cigarette burns on the bar with her fingers, and the conversation, Jack Pawling, the bartender, remembered, went something like this:

"Hey," Freddie asked, "whatsa matter with you tonight?" Roseann ignored him. "Aren't I good enough for you?" he sneered. She shot him a look that must have landed somewhere in the middle of his chest, and he retorted, "Don't give me that." Then, after a pause, he added, "Hey, come on. I'll buy you a drink."

They talked and then after a while Roseann left and a few minutes later Freddie followed her across the street to her building.

Several hours later Linda Finlay and Charlie Apple were watching television in bed next door to her apartment. "We heard these yells and screams from Roseann's room," Linda said. "It sounded like someone was really getting it. We rushed out in the hall and this guy was pulling on his clothes and running away. I went to her room. It was a mess. She was bruised and beaten. She had a black eye and welts on her shoulders. She was crying.

" 'What on earth possessed you to bring him up?' I asked her. She just shook her head and I told her, 'He's the worst type,' the kind that lives in a hotel and walks around with a bottle in a paper bag. It was the first time she'd picked up somebody she shouldn't have, she said, and she said she was frightened. It really shook her up."

The next day Roseann went to the police station, the same place where, not so long afterward, her red candles and her autopsy reports would go, and she told a detective what had happened. At first she tried to hide her eye with a handkerchief, holding it casually over her face as if she had a cold and might have to sneeze. She filed a complaint against Freddie, and he was later convicted of assault in the second degree and went to the Tombs for eight months.

Afterward, she went home to her one-room apartment at 253 West 72nd Street. It was very small and the only window looked out at another building and a piece of the sky. There was a sofa bed, three rows of books, a lot of red candles and a white plaster of paris bust, a likeness of her, sculpted by a friend.

It took over a week for the purple swelling around her eye to disappear, and she didn't talk to Linda much anymore when they met in the hallways. "It wasn't like her," Linda remembered. "I never knew much about her personal life or her family, but I wondered if she'd told her parents and what they were like, you know? I couldn't help wondering, especially with what happened after that.

"It must have been ten days or two weeks later when we heard the same sounds again in her room. There were crashes and bangings around and sometimes voices," the young woman said. "Charlie and I listened. We didn't go out that time. She didn't need help. It was what she wanted. It happened a lot after that. It got so Charlie and I would just turn over in bed and say, 'Roseann's at it again.'

"A couple of times I tried warning her, but you could tell she'd gotten into it. She changed. After that she began hanging around with undesirable types, rough, tough people. There are some pretty racy girls around here, snappy dressers, and they get the better guys. You know what it's like to live on an open street like this," she said. "But Roseann couldn't make it with those kind of guys. She didn't have it together enough. She didn't have enough style or poise. She always had a way of going for the more unsavory types after that. And I said to her a few times, 'You pick up that type, Roseann, and you're asking for trouble.'

" 'I know,' she'd say, 'I'm not stupid.'

" 'Certain people you stay away from.'

" 'I'll be careful,' she'd say."

"No one ever told us what was the matter with him," Mrs. Wilson said. "The only thing they ever said was he was going through puberty and hadn't decided whether to use it for good or bad"

"Wilson arrived at La Guardia Airport at 2:56 p.m. from Indianapolis yesterday," the *Daily News* reported, **"and was taken directly to the police station where Police Commissioner Murphy was congratulating the commanders and detectives who brought about his arrest."**

After a year in the hospital, John Wayne Wilson tried to get back into a school routine but each time he dropped out, and, finally, one day when he was 17, he went down to the bus station and rode out of Shelbyville.

He headed west. He went through California, New Mexico and Colorado, going from city to city, earning money by waiting on tables and cooking fried eggs and hash browns. And somewhere along the way he acquired a dream. He wanted a ranch, he told people, a ranch and some cows. He wanted to be on his own. He said it often, about the dream and the ranch, as if the words lulled him into some peaceful spot where he wanted to linger, but as far as anyone knows, he never worked on a ranch, never even visited one.

Instead, by 1968, when he went back to Shelbyville, he had, many a time, been flat on his back, reeking of alcohol and dope, tripping on acid, flashing on colors and scenes the flatlands of Indiana could never provide.

It was quiet on West Locust Street. He sat there in the living room, five feet from the street, and felt safe—as if the chintz and white bread, the mongrel dog and sounds from the kitchen allowed him to relax. It would be like that from now on: The tiny house that had tormented him for so long had become, instead, his haven from the outside world.

He went to work at Pasquale's Pizza Parlor, and then, less than a year later, he left again. This time he went in the other direction, to Florida, Georgia, Miami and, finally, New York and Times Square. He gravitated toward the bright lights and the little bars underneath. He made friends with men, like himself, who were picking up bits and pieces, living like scavengers, hustling, stealing and, as the night hours turned to morning, finding lonely strangers of either sex willing to pay for a few moments of pleasure. Here in this netherland of lost dreams and lost hopes, John felt at home. He was a tall, lanky kid with straggly blond hair and teeth that were dark along the edges, and he charged $20 for a ride in a slow elevator up to a hotel room where the sheets were seldom changed. One of these rides turned into the best thing that ever happened to him.

It started in the Club 45 on 45th Street off Times Square. It was early 1969, Roseann had just moved to the West Side and John was living in hotels on the dark sides of the Great White Way and was spending his nights at the Club 45. There, in his faded jeans and boots, he'd look up into the hairy crotch of a topless dancer. The girls were not very good dancers, but their panties were tiny and their breasts wobbled when they moved on the bar. John and Danny met there, shared a drink and drove uptown together in a cab. Danny took him into his penthouse apartment and later they made love in the big bed looking out over the Hudson River at the New Jersey sky.

Daniel P. Murray was raised on a large farm in Illinois and had come to the big city years ago, spurred on, like Roseann and even John, by the dreams of jobs and success and wealth that a little town can nurture but never fulfill. He became an executive in a big advertising company, earned a lot of money and took on the air of a man with cash in his pockets and friends to spend it with.

But Danny was lonely, too. He was tall and narrow, with long, thinning blond hair and thick glasses. He had a lot of friends, knew the theater and liked good restaurants, but he came to share more with John than anyone else. He recognized in the boy traits of himself in a past childhood that wasn't as lost or hurt or unpromising as John's, and John became the first person Danny Murray ever loved. He saw the same signs of loneliness, the same fear of betrayal and the same wariness that had once been such major parts of himself. He probably dreamed that with his love, John too could overcome them. He, Danny, had.

Occasionally, still, off and on, the two men slept together in one big bed, but most of the time, one or the other ended up on the sofa foldaway in the living room. John taught him to play pool and forced him to ride the merry-go-round in Central Park. He borrowed Danny's suits and learned how to deal with headwaiters. He enchanted the older man with his charming, aggressive manner and, despite all, acted as innocence abloom. It didn't take Danny long, however, to learn this was John's front, and the traces he saw of the boy's insides, even the sadness and decay there, aloof and unshared, tantalized him. It made him want to help even more.

"He was the only person in the world who ever made me happy." That was the way Danny told it later, one night when he sat staring into a cup of coffee.

"I don't understand how he did it, but he had the capacity to wrench me out of myself and make me come alive. He turned everything into an adventure. I remember once we went to Coney Island and we didn't do much of anything, just walked along the midway and went on some rides. But it was one of the most exciting days of my life. He was the one with the troubles, but he made everyone else happy."

In late December 1971, when the bartenders along 72nd Street already knew Roseann's name, John was in

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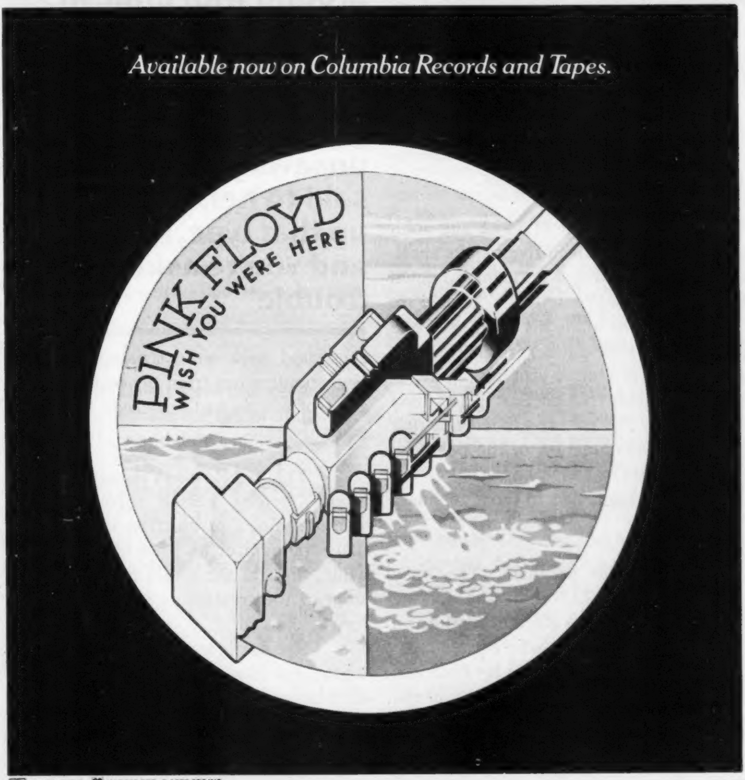
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Miami, hanging out with three men from New York who said they knew the Gold Coast well. They didn't know it better than $150 a night, though—$150 in stolen toasters and television sets—and one night the cops shined their light in the window as John and his friends were coming out and John ended up in the Dade County jail.

His parents borrowed $1,500 to post bail, and by mid-January, John Wayne Wilson was back on the streets. Two weeks later, he met 17-year-old Candy Cole and he began to spend every day and every night with the tall, black-haired girl. Then, two weeks later, on March 9, he stood up with Candy Cole in the corner of a hotel lobby, under a gold fleur-de-lis, and they were married in a double-ring ceremony.

Danny Murray was there. He bought the rings. "I thought it was the best thing that ever happened to John," he said. "It was the first time I'd ever seen him really happy."

John went back to jail in early May with a 20-month sentence. Candy took a job as a maid in Coral Gables, and in July, John ran lickety-split down the prison recreation yard and took a flying leap over the walls.

He hitchhiked to Miami in his prison clothes and placed a collect call to Danny. He had flowers delivered to Candy and took the money Danny wired to the airport, where he met his wife and bought two tickets for La Guardia.

Penniless and depressed, the young couple arrived in New York and went to live with Danny in his penthouse apartment on West 67th Street.

It was the fall of 1972 and John and Roseann now lived five blocks apart. Roseann was dating a policeman named Kenny who didn't tell the people in Tweed's how he made his living, and one weekend she rode out across the New Jersey flatlands in a bus to visit her family.

She later told an East Side friend named Sally the ride reminded her that once the contamination of the beautiful Jersey marshes had angered her.

What happened to those feelings? she asked.

Candy was pregnant. The baby was due in May 1973. John was working for $106 a week as a clerk in a midtown office building. Danny, who earned close to $30,000, gave the couple his bedroom and slept on the foldaway couch in the living room. "I wanted their marriage to work," he said.

The three of them went to a lot of movies and played pool almost every night at Broadway Billiards off Times Square. They used to talk sometimes about taking on Luther Lassiter or Minnesota Fats. But like all their dreams, this didn't happen, and it looked as if John Wayne Wilson was beginning to suspect nothing would work.

There were plenty of signs. At first he just found it difficult to get up in the morning. Later on, it got so he would sit on the couch by the windows overlooking the Hudson and not move for hours. "What's the matter?" Candy would ask, and John would ignore her or yell back, "Shut up, goddamn it." He was drinking as much as a quart of Seagram's a day. Candy was often sick, and to John the pregnancy itself seemed like part of a scheme that was becoming clearer and clearer to him.

"He wanted everything perfect," Candy said. "He thought I was failing him and he couldn't stand it if there was one little thing out of line."

"He was tense and nervous and it showed," Danny recalled. "One look at him and you knew something was the matter."

His skin was broken out in a rash from the neck down, and the veins on his chest and back were striated, red and raw, standing out from his body as if an army of worms had burrowed their way under the skin.

"She began hanging around with undesirable types, rough, tough people. She always had a way of going for the more unsavory types and I said to her, 'You pick up that type, Roseann, and you're asking for trouble'"

That fall Roseann thought she was finally "getting herself together." She started seeing a psychiatrist and took the daily tranquilizer he prescribed. After a while, though, she told a friend she had stopped the treatment. She couldn't afford it, she said.

She spent much of her time with Kenny, the long-haired cop, but began to see a lawyer, too. She liked the policeman better, but, in the end, it was the lawyer who hurt her. Roseann told people she was disappointed in him because he was turning into a status-seeking professional, and they broke up. But at least one friend suspected the reverse—that the lawyer had rejected her.

It was the end of October and Danny bought John Rover, the iguana, and two hamsters. The hamsters were supposed to be males, so John named them Samson and Goliath. Later, when they turned out to be a male and a female, he changed their names to Samson and Delilah.

Hector was a 9-year-old Puerto Rican boy in Roseann's class at St. Joseph's, and in November she brought him south to visit her for the weekend. She was encouraging him to read, and a week or so later, when she was spending several days with a black coke dealer, she told him about Hector. She didn't know anymore, she said, if she herself would ever have "a normal life."

"What's that?" he asked her. She said something about a home and children and he looked at her. It was rainy and cold and her raccoon coat was matted and dull. She looked terrible, he remembered. She was an array of bones and scars and her skin was pale. She wasn't as free or loose as she pretended to be, he thought, and just then, he realized, she looked sad.

At 9:30 one night in late November, John dropped by the New York Council of Alcoholism and saw Joel A. Bennet, the director, who was working late. "He said he drank too much and used a lot of dope," Bennet recalled. "He said something about 150 or 200 acid trips. There was a lost quality about him. I used to think about him afterward as a perfect example of the people we see his age.

"They're deteriorating rapidly. They have no time, no future. What they need is support and understanding, but they'll never find it. They're shut out everywhere. They have nowhere to go."

Roseann called her mother one night just before Thanksgiving. She said that she was depressed and unhappy, and they stayed on the phone for almost half an hour. Rose Quinn tried to learn more about what was bothering her daughter, but the young woman kept saying, "Everything, just everything."

Over the holidays, Rose Quinn tried to press her again, but this time Roseann acted as if she did not even remember the conversation. "I'm fine, don't worry about me," she said.

The Monday after Thanksgiving, John called Danny at work and asked if

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES JOERN

Roseann's block on West 72nd Street today: Here she began wearing faded jeans, bought a hash pipe and grew her hair long.

they could meet for a drink. At the Club 45 John told him he was "flipping out. Going crazy. I just can't stand it anymore," he said. "I'm falling apart."

There, in the shadows of red light bulbs, they talked about John's marriage and the baby. Breasts wobbled above them, the jukebox played songs long out-of-date and Danny felt himself drawn deep into the world inside John's head where, to him, everything was a dead end.

Three days later, Danny got a hand-written letter from John. "Just a line to say something I'd rather say in a note," he wrote. "You see, I'll make it now when I couldn't before because now I have someone to tell my problems to. To be able to get it off my chest is all it'll take to keep me from busting. I never did that before and things were allowed to build up in me and destroy my morale. As long as I have you to lean on and as long as I can unload everything as often as needed, this will all work out. You're a real friend."

Maryann met Roseann at an evening psychology course at Hunter College, and one night in early December they walked across town together. Roseann was talking about "all this hard work." "Where's it getting me?" she asked. There was a touch of desperation in her voice, Maryann remembered, and she asked Roseann if she was going home for Christmas.

"I guess so," Roseann said.

John's tension was acute, and the second week in December he quit work. He told Candy she had to go home to Miami. "I said, 'Why?' " Candy recalled, "and he said he didn't want anything to happen to me, and I said, 'What can happen to me?' and he said he was flipping out and didn't want me around."

On December 29, Roseann went to the annual Christmas party at St. Joseph's. She seemed happy, the nuns said later.

When Candy left, John was depressed, and Danny gave him the money to go to Shelbyville for the holidays. He was quiet there and didn't talk to anyone. With one of Danny's credit cards he bought five large suitcases for Christmas presents. Everyone was surprised by the gifts: They had not,after all,ever traveled and had no intention of going anywhere.

Roseann, in Mine Hill for Christmas, returned to New York the 28th. No one who saw her during the next few days noticed anything unusual. She was the same: halfway up and halfway down. As the New Year approached, she told someone she hoped 1973 would be better.She spent New Year's Eve alone at home, cooked spaghetti and read *Deliverance*..

On December 31, John flew back to New York. Danny met him at the airport and they drove into the city by cab. It was late,and John said he wanted to go to Times Square to watch the New Year come in.

There were hundreds of thousands of people in Times Square, and Danny was unnerved by it. "It was like a crowd that's about to riot. It was almost out of control and I wanted to get out of there, but not John. He got into it. People were pushing and he was pushing harder. He was very aggressive and hostile. It turned him on. I'd never seen him like that. He was almost a different person."

Suddenly, on 44th and Broadway, they saw a group of teenagers harassing a young woman. They were hitting her, trying to grab her breasts, drunkenly jostling her, and she was crying. Her date was cowering in the background. The woman kept calling his name,but he didn't move to help her. So the kids kept twisting her breasts, touching her stomach and hair.

It all happened in seconds and suddenly, 26 hours before the murder, John leaped at the kids like a tiger, "ferocious and angry," Danny said. He grabbed the woman in his arms, fought off the attackers, kicked and shoved at them, and all the time, as she cried on his neck, he tried to sooth her. "Don't worry," he kept saying.

Then, immediately, the scene was over. The kids were gone. The date came back to retrieve the girl and they disappeared. John was alone. "Damm it," he said angrily to Danny, "I should have made a pass at her."

The next day, the day of the murder, Roseann lay in bed reading *Deliverance.* She passed the homosexual rape scene and had almost finished the book when she put it down and got dressed to go outside.

That same day, the day of the murder, Danny woke up early. "I remember lying there thinking, 'This is going to be a terrific day, a terrific year,' " he said.

John slept until 3:00 in the afternoon, and that night they walked over to Columbus and 72nd to a restaurant for dinner. It was bitter cold.

"I don't remember our conversation at dinner," Danny said. "It was about this and that, and then we left. We started walking down 72nd toward West End. We had almost turned the corner toward home when John said, 'Let's stop and have a drink.' We'd never been in Tweed's before."

They pushed against the old wooden door and, leaving behind the cold bitter wind in the street, they went inside.

There, amidst the heat and the smoke, beneath the dangling spider plants, Roseann was sitting alone at the bar drinking Johnny Walker Red. John and Danny edged their way past her through the crowd and found a spot by the bar near the cash register.

Someone beside them was talking about the football game. Jack Pawling, behind the bar, was tired from the night before. Danny was bored, John was edgy. Roseann ordered another drink, and about 10:00 o'clock John started to talk to a junkie named Rafe seated alongside him. Steve Levine remembers looking at the bar over his shoulder and seeing Rafe, but he did not notice John or Danny. Then Steve saw Roseann and he went over to cheer her up. They talked about Freddie Watson.

"Hey, look, John, I'm pushing off," Danny said.

"Okay. I'll stay, have a couple more and see you later."

Danny tied the scarf around his neck and gave a last look at John standing there at the bar, his blue workshirt open at the neck. He wished John would leave: He'd already had too much to drink.

Steve drifted away from Roseann. She was alone again. Rafe nodded out. John asked for another drink and on the jukebox Leonard Cohen was singing the sad tale of Suzanne and the River and Our Lady of the Harbor "who shows you where to look amidst the garbage and the flowers."

Roseann moved down the bar closer to John to talk to Jack, and after a while Jack introduced her to the man drinking Seagram's. "What'd you say your name was?" he asked John.

"Charlie Smith," he said.

"That's right. Meet Roseann."

They talked. John told her he was from Chicago, in town looking for a job. At 2:00 o'clock Jack watched them leave together. They went across the street to another bar for a drink and later were seen going into Roseann's building directly opposite Tweed's.

Up on the seventh floor Roseann unlocked the two bolts on her door and they went in. "It was a mess," John recalled later. "It looked like it hadn't been cleaned in weeks." Clothes were all over the floor. A box of sugar had spilled on the table. The bed was open, unmade. There were dirty dishes in the kitchen. Spaghetti sauce had dribbled down the front of the stove and orange juice had hardened on the linoleum floor.

Roseann got some grass from a tin

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on the windowsill. John tried to roll a joint, but he'd drunk too much, so Roseann took the papers from him and did it herself. That irritated her, he remembered later, as if he'd done something wrong. She didn't talk much. They leaned back on the sofa bed and smoked in silence.

Then he reached over to touch her. Her breasts were little. She picked up a book of matches and lit the red candles by the bed. She turned out the lights. He began to unbutton her blouse. She wore no bra. She stood up to take her pants off and turned to hide the curved angle of her back. She stepped out of her underpants and dropped them on the floor beside him. He undressed, too, and then lay down alongside her.

Time passed. At some point, John said, "We balled." And then, finished, they were lying there on the wrinkled sheets when, he said, she began to get nasty. She talked about the red welts on his chest, he remembered, and "she started pushing me to hurry up and get up. To get dressed and leave. 'You're just as bad as the rest,' she said. She was different, a complete reverse of a few minutes before. I didn't know what I'd done. Hadn't it been all right?"

He turned over on his stomach to try to shut out her anger. "Why don't you get out of here?" she said. She kept brushing her hair out of her face, but it fell across her eyes and she struck at it angrily. "Get out of here," she said and shoved him in the back. Her nails scraped along his skin.

"And then I blew up," John said. "I wasn't mad or anything. I just got cold and hurt. It hurt me, what she said, and I grabbed her and held her on the bed and tried to talk to her, to plead with her, to get a reason for her sudden rejection of me. And then she started to mumble, 'Kill me, kill me, please.'

"I had no intention of killing her when I went up there, but she said I was crazy, she could see it, she said. She just looked at me and said I was crazy."

Roseann tried to get off the bed, but John lunged out at her, grabbed her around the belly and threw her down on the bed again. His big hands with the dirty fingernails got her around the throat.

She squirmed and kicked him with her legs and pounded him on the back, but his hands gripped her tighter and tighter. She started gagging and began to kick less and less.

"I choked her for a long time," John said. "I thought she was still alive."

He leaned over and grabbed her underpants from the floor. He wound them around her neck and pulled in each direction "for a long while. I still didn't realize she was dead and I hit her some more." Then he got up and went to the kitchen. There was a paring knife on the counter. He grabbed it and came back to the bed. He sprawled over her body and stabbed her again and again. He stabbed her 18 times in the chest and the belly and around her breasts.

The cat, Missy, was standing on the table near the spilled sugar, and she mewed loudly and hissed at John. He went on stabbing the girl, and once he hit the jugular vein. A torrent of blood spurted up, splashed in his face and made a huge, grotesque picture on the wall behind the bed.

"I blew up. I wasn't mad or anything. I just got cold and hurt. I grabbed her and tried to plead with her and then she started to mumble, 'Kill me, kill me, please'"

Blood was pouring from her body. It spilled out over John's stomach and along his arms and legs. He went over to the windowsill and got a large red candle. He stuffed it in her vagina and it broke off in his hand.

Then he went to the bathroom and washed himself. He never turned off the faucet. It was about 3:30. As he was leaving, he picked up a large 24-inch-high white statue of Roseann and, as a final gesture, threw it at her. It landed on her face and remained there untouched for the next two days.

That's what John told the police.

The story was incomplete. He did not mention that at some point he bent over her body and chewed fiercely on her breasts, leaving ragged blue cuts and marks over the little white bosoms that had always bothered her because they were so small and unattractive.

He also gave Danny and Candy and his court-appointed lawyer a different explanation for what happened. He was impotent from too much drinking, he said, and after Roseann lit the candles and began to caress his body, he couldn't make love to her. After a while, he said, she went berserk and screeched at his dangling penis.

He told his lawyer one more thing: After he killed her, he did what he'd been unable to do before. He climbed on top of her dead body and put his hard penis inside. A seminal deposit was found in the autopsy.

Back on 67th Street, Danny Murray was worried about John. "I went out looking for him. I went back to Tweed's but it was closed. When I came home, he was there sitting on the couch. I pretended to be mad. 'Where in hell have you been?' I said. He told me to sit down. 'I want to tell you something,' he said.

"He told me right away. He was in a daze, staring straight ahead at the wall. He was in a state of talking to the world and to nobody, as if he was trying to tell himself it was true. He kept saying, 'I'm glad it wasn't anybody I knew.'

"How did he describe her? He didn't really, just that she insulted him and it tore him up and suddenly he flipped out. He couldn't take it anymore. He said she said, 'Kill me, kill me, I dare you to kill me, and if you do, my brothers will get you for it.' I can't imagine a girl saying that, but I believe it. He had no right to take a life, but sometimes you can start something and not know when to stop.

"I didn't believe he was telling the truth. The killing made no sense. If he'd come home and said, 'I met a guy and he paid me $3,000 to kill a girl and I did it,' I would have believed him. There would be a reason. This way, there was no reason.

"We went to bed around 6:00. I gave him a sedative and before he went to sleep, he said, 'If you call the police, be gentle, because I don't wake up very easily, you know. I sleep soundly, so be gentle.' "

The next day Danny gave John some money and he flew to Miami. He stayed in a motel for three days and called Candy once, but their conversation was only long and awkward. He did not tell her where he was or what had happened. Then he went on to his brother's apartment in Indianapolis, and there he dressed in the morning, undressed at night and lay on the couch in silence all day.

Back in New York, no one missed Roseann.

On Wednesday, after she'd been absent from work for two days, Ray Ring, a colleague at St. Joseph's, stopped at her apartment and rang the bell. Inside, Missy was mewing. He persuaded the landlord to open the door and a few minutes later the police arrived. The *Daily News* was not far behind.

It would be one of the biggest murder investigations in the city in years, with over 60 detectives assigned to the

Case of Roseann Quinn. The police had no clues, no fingerprints, nothing to lead them to a suspect, except, later, a vague report that a man named Charlie Smith had talked to her in Tweed's. No one remembered his face, though, not Rafe or Jack or Steve Levine. It was just a name that surfaced in the desultory aftermath of the violence done to Roseann Quinn.

The oddity of Roseann left dead with her own face pressed up against a cold carved face just like her own did not strike the police as a final narcissistic irony. They saw it instead as the sign, perhaps, of a cult murder. Similarly, the grotesquerie of Roseann's last impact on life—her blood splattered so haphazardly all over one dirty wall—this, too, they overlooked and wondered, instead, if someone had smeared it there, to leave his own trademark perhaps.

On Friday, Jack and Dennis Quinn came in to clean the apartment. Both were crying. They gave Missy away and packed their sister's few belongings in carton boxes. "She was such a weak little thing," Jack said. "She tried hard to be strong, but she just never made it."

On Saturday Roseann was buried in Wharton, New Jersey. The police still had no clues.

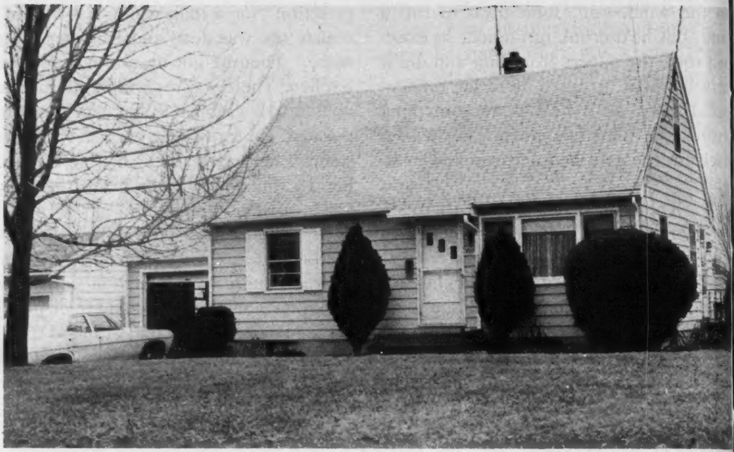
On Sunday Danny saw a composite police sketch of himself in the *New York Times*. Rafe and Jack, it seemed, remembered him. The story said a witness, as yet unidentified, was being sought to help the police locate "the victim's last known companion, a young man who was seen with her. . . ."

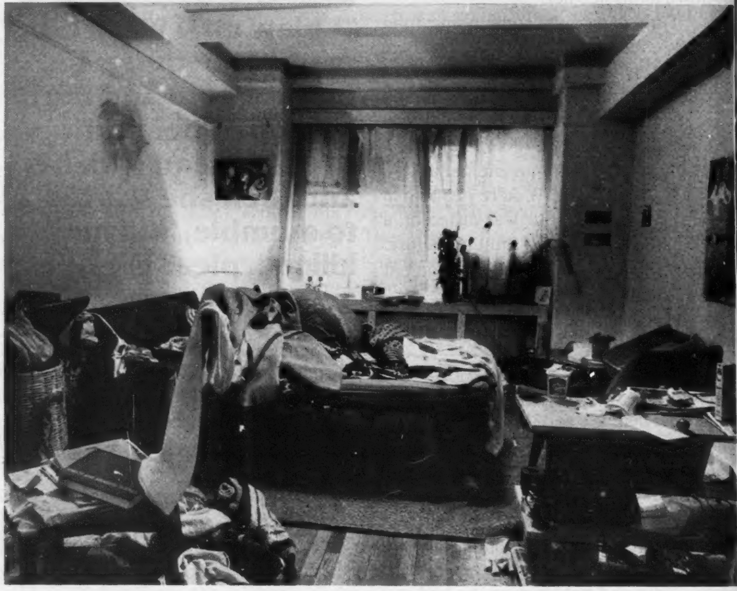
Danny was frightened. He confided in his lawyer and learned he could be named as an accomplice if he didn't identify John. The lawyer telephoned John Keenan, then chief of homicide in the Manhattan District Attorney's Office. If Danny cooperated, Keenan said, no charges would be brought against him.

Danny refused to cooperate, but he did not telephone John to discuss these developments. He waited; the police and his lawyer continued to press him, and by Tuesday he was truly afraid.

The police came to his apartment to wait for John's next call. They attached a tape recorder to the telephone, and that night when John called he said he was at his brother's in Indianapolis.

Danny listened. He didn't say much and he didn't warn him. After the police packed up their equipment and left, he began to cry. He looked out over the Hudson. It was a dark night and the merry-go-round and the billiard hall seemed a long way away. For the first time in his life, he'd done something he would always regret.





Above: The Quinn family home in Mine Hill, New Jersey.
Below: Roseann's blood-spattered apartment just after the murder.

Later that night Assistant District Attorney John Van Lindt and nine detectives flew to Indianapolis. As yet they had no evidence linking this 24-year-old man to the murder: They only had the word of Daniel P. Murray.

The next morning, 18 policemen lined up in the corridor outside Gene Wilson's apartment with their guns drawn. Other men were stationed outside in the street, and at 9:06 Detective John Lafferty of New York knocked on the door with the tip of his gun.

Gene opened the door.

The police had no way of knowing if this was John. Another man was inside lying on the couch and Lafferty knew he was John Wayne Wilson. "He looked over at us," Lafferty recalled. "He didn't seem surprised. He looked like he felt it was coming. The first thing he said was, 'Let me get my shoes on.' "

At police headquarters, a lawyer tried to assist John, but the young man refused to listen and was taken upstairs where a clerk read aloud his constitutional rights. John was seated in a chair in the middle of the detectives' room. His suede coat was on his arm; his shoulders were hunched. He didn't move his head to look at the men surrounding him; he just moved his eyes.

"Want some coffee?" It was Patrick Toomey of New York. "Okay."

The session lasted almost three hours. Toomey thought about the girl from St. Brendan's Parish and he began to see what she had found in this man from Indiana. Lt. Herman Kluge of New York wondered what case would stand against this man if he didn't talk, and John Van Lindt, the prosecutor, was reminded of

L'Etranger and Camus' existential antihero. "He was like Meursault," said Van Lindt. "He had no feelings. He didn't care. About anything."

"We just backtracked," Lafferty recalled later. "It took hours. We played it by ear. He was feeling us out, too, to find out how much we knew. We got him back gradually to Monday night, to Tweed's, and he admitted talking to Rafe, and he said he talked to a girl, and then, he said, he went home. We said, 'Well, didn't you go home with a girl?' and he said, 'Yes,' and we talked about that for a while, and then we talked about Roseann. And then, right off the bat, something was triggered inside him, and he didn't dodge us anymore. He told us what happened."

John was flown back to New York and jailed in the Manhattan House of Detention for Men, known as the Tombs.

Five months passed. He was labeled competent to stand trial, diagnosed as schizophrenic, homicidal and suicidal by prison psychiatrists. He went to court every few weeks for a perfunctory appearance while his court-appointed attorneys prepared to plead him not guilty by reason of insanity. He told his mother not to visit him, telephoned Danny and Candy regularly and tried to reassure Danny he hadn't betrayed him. "You had to do it," John said.

On April 18, he was taken to Bellevue Hospital at his attorney's request for a neurological examination to determine if he had ever suffered brain damage. The tests were never administered, however, and finally, on May 4, his bed was needed for another patient and so he was returned to the Tombs, undiagnosed.

It was late that night when the prison bus arrived at the Tombs and there was no one on hand to receive him in the crowded psychiatric ward on the eleventh floor where he was supposed to go. Instead, contrary to orders, he was put in a regular cell on the fourth floor.

The place stank of urine and sweat and reverberated with the high-pitched cacaphony of prison noises—men and metal in constant irritation against each other. He lay on his bunk all night. It was a long way from the fields.

In the morning, he got into an argument with a prison guard and threatened to kill himself. "You want me to get you the sheets?" the guard yelled at him as he stalked away. He returned a few moments later with a pile of sheets and threw them defiantly into John's cell.

Not long afterward, at 12:15 p.m., John tossed one of the sheets over a ceiling bar in the cell and, as inmates around him yelled, "Cut up. Cut up," to alert the guards in the hallway, he tied a noose around his neck.

The two guards on duty walked toward his cell, according to a report by the City Board of Corrections. Even as they slowly neared him, his not-yet-dead body was swinging in the air. It gradually died. They cut him down and laid him on the floor.

A special investigation by the City Board of Corrections raised the possibility that his death had been the result of negligence but left the question unresolved: a matter of dispute betwen inmates and the guards.

Danny came to the Tombs to officially identify the body. He removed the gold wedding band from John's finger and put it on his own left hand. Then he escorted the body back to Shelbyville by plane.

It was laid out at Murphy's Mortuary on West Locust Street near his home. People came to look at him, six feet tall, blond, 165 pounds.

He was buried in the town cemetery at 2:30 that afternoon, and at that moment, at 3:30 Eastern Daylight Time, nine-months pregnant Candy Cole Wilson in Miami gave birth to their baby boy. The baby was born dead.

Danny found himself going back to Coney Island and the billiard hall and Club 45. Few friends knew of his role in the highly publicized murder; few even knew of his relationship with John. Haunted by guilt and remorse, he became withdrawn and lonely. He woke up screaming in the middle of the night, sweat pouring from his face. He was hounded relentlessly by nightmares about John. He began to see a psychiatrist and flew to Shelbyville often, and always he relived over and over those few days when he turned into a betrayer.

Then on New Year's Eve, 1974, Daniel P. Murray flew to San Francisco and, almost a year to the hour after the murder, he took a massive overdose of sleeping pills.

He did not die. A stranger found him near death on a park bench. He emerged later from a coma at the Langley Porter Psychiatric Ward. "I wanted to be with John," he told me. "I wanted to tell him again I'm sorry. He always expected people, especially women, to turn on him, and he'd say to me sometimes, 'You wouldn't do that, would you?' and I'd say, 'Of course not.' I was his best friend, but in the end I didn't do anything more for him than anyone else. I let him down, too." ●

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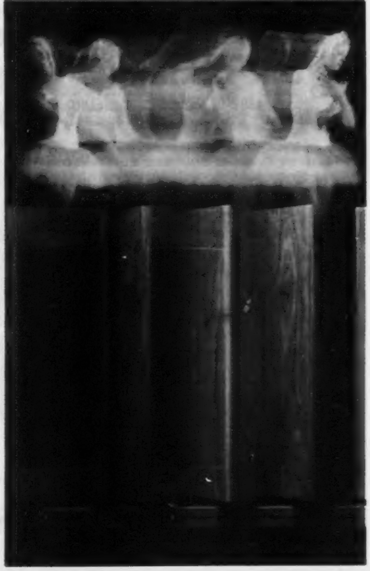

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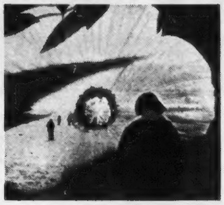

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Movies

Plumbing the surface

By Nik Cohn

I have not been a film critic for long, only a few weeks, but already I can see that I have entered a strange and rarified cosmos, incestuous, stern, most daunting in its mechanics.

When I took the job, I thought that it would be simple. All I had to do was go to the movies, as I've been doing all my life, then write up my responses. Not a bit of it. The moment that you go to your first special screening, surrounded by publicists and fellow pundits, all connection with your past life, feet up in the second balcony, disappears. The people here, by and large, have not come to have fun. They are professionals, and when they gaze at the screen, they look not for an image but for a reflection, an echo of their own vision.

In this world, real quality hardly counts. What matters, above all, is stance. Never mind if a film works. The crucial thing is that it should vote for the right side, bear out the prescribed theses.

Strange thought. Within this closed circuit, the true gods and devils are no longer Altman, Antonioni, Bergman, Buñuel; not even Brando, Moreau, Nicholson. They are Sarris, Crist and Pauline Kael. Up on the eighteenth floor, films are no longer a passion, nor even an entertainment; they are merely food for dogma.

For this reason, it's one of the most sacred conventions of the trade that every time a new critic is born he introduces himself with a few hot rounds of theory or, as Robert Mitchum once put it, a dose of the papal bulls. Before he can get around to discussing specific movies, he must define his position, his aesthetic frame. For, deepest down, he knows that he is irrelevant. He needs films, and films don't need him.

Such eternal masturbation, it is not dignified. So he must put up defenses, construct a citadel of arguments. And, while he's at it, he must also throw brickbats at his colleagues, for in them he sees too close, too bitter a self-image. Trapped in this vacuum, the fan reduced to a preacher, he hides behind theology, and bickering.

Al Pacino holds Penny Allen hostage in *Dog Day Afternoon:* a movie offering no illuminations, just fireworks around the edges.

All of this dismays me. Factions have never been my strongest suit; even in infant school, my grades in didactics were pitiful. Nonetheless, I have tried. Three times a week, regular as bathnight, I have sat down at the typewriter and sunk myself in abstracts: What is film? What are critics? And what, in God's name, might be the connection between the two?

No good. No use. Every time that I seem properly launched, I get blighted by remembrance, some perfect Celluloid flash. The tip of Orson Welles' boots in the lamplight, Cagney and his grapefruit, Viridiana entombed in her mansion. And all pretense collapses. Forget pontification, the dead leaves of pronouncement. Films require responses, nothing more.

The heresy is hideous. Cast loose among the pros, I have felt like an impostor, a sneak on a fake passport. But then, the other week, I got a letter from my friend, back home in Europe. In a single sentence, she caught the one, the only true, function of the critic, and I was released. "Congratulations," she wrote. "So now you're a film writer and you can get into all those dirty pictures for free."

Not only for free; I actually get paid. The same morning that her letter arrived, I also received an invitation to *Sensations*, a Scandinavian epic, to be released in November. The handout described it as "sensually explicit." Translated, according to the man in the elevator, that meant porn.

This was during the dark ages of late summer, before the new crop of releases arrived, and any screening whatever seemed like a major bonus. So off I trotted, most foolishly, as it turned out, for what ensued was a madness, a paranoid nightmare, which might be em-

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On the surface, it was a most civilized occasion. Sandwiches and liquors were dispensed at the door; there were pretty women with naked knees; and the darkness was full of whispers, secret rustlings. Up on the screen, in a fable of hip Amsterdam, a small regiment of nude bodies, of every color, shape and predilection, trundled stolidly through their ritual contortions. "The body of a woman is like a violin," one of the studs observed—or was it the other way round?—and gradually, lulled by bourbon, flesh and solitude, I slid off into a daze.

Perhaps an hour went by. Then, just as I'd reached the brink of final oblivion, I was disturbed by a low, persistent hissing, close behind my right ear. It was female, New York Jewish, and it sounded disturbed. "I don't care about Dante. I don't care about fucking Mantegna," it said. "That was fifty years ago, and this is today. Who needs that crap? I'm me, I'm free and I don't give a damn. The past is dead. If Mantegna was living right now, his name would be Erica Jong."

I came awake. Grudgingly, because I had been dreaming of jam tarts, smothered in clotted cream, and that is not a fantasy that a man will lightly discard. Still, I sat up straight and paid attention.

By now, the screen looked like Jungle Habitat at feeding time, a hopeless frenzy of grunting and snortling; massed piggery. Daisy-chain delights, I believe, is the trade term. In other words, everyone did everything to everyone, and the voice in my ear continued: "Want to know my philosophy?" it hissed, just like Brando in *On The Waterfront*. "Live for today. Tomorrow may not come."

Surreptitious, I sneaked a glance backwards, under the arm, but all that I could see, silhouetted against the rays of the projection, was a round, frizzed blob. Far away in Amsterdam, an aged English aristocrat was doing trampoline tricks on top of a gurgling nymphette, while a black-leathered Lady X explored herself with a riding crop. And now the voice cracked. It lost its hiss, and turned into a moan. So close behind me, it mingled with the film itself, almost like a voice-over: "I'm forty. Let's face it, I'm not what I was," it said. "My marriage broke up, my children don't respect me. I'm going through a trauma here, and nobody holds out their hand. I'm dying by the minute, my analyst treats me like garbage. You know what they call my disease? My counselor calls it angst."

Somebody grunted, or groaned, as if in sympathy. On the soundtrack, ecstatic music played, and the performers swirled in circles, pern in the gyre, while the audience began to pick up its droppings. The screen went blank, I straightened my tie. But the voice had not finished. Even as I rose, it whimpered, gulped and broke into tears. "Saturday was the last straw," it said. "My birthday. And my son came over, we were going to have a party. He had this enormous cheesecake with him. I was thrilled, I wanted to cry. But then he just sort of stopped and stared at me, such a funny look, and then, you know what he did, he threw it right in my face. Just like that, without warning, a cheesecake in the mouth. I was blinded, I felt it all oozing down. And he started to laugh. 'Happy birthday to nothing,' he said. 'Happy birthday to you.' "

On to more conventional fare. Of the fall exhibits, the most interesting so far has been *Dog Day Afternoon*, which stars Al Pacino, was directed by Sidney Lumet and bills itself as a true story in that it follows a known set of facts, though that is as far as its truth really goes.

By now, the basic tale is probably all too familiar. In the middle of an August heat wave, two amateurs hold up a Brooklyn bank. They bungle everything, they get trapped. Surrounded by police, they use the bank's employees as hostages. One of the robbers, Sonny, is a homosexual, who has recently married another man. This wife is brought to him, from a mental hospital, to lure him into surrender. Sonny refuses. The wife deserts him. So does his legal wife, the mother of his two children. All of this is recorded on TV. On the corner, a crowd cheers and jeers, hot for slaughter. Still, Sonny resists. There is no real point in carrying on, but then there is no hope in going back. So he plugs ahead. He forces the police to bring him a limousine, promise him a plane to Algeria, in return for his hostages. He gets as far as Kennedy Airport. There the man from the FBI outwits him. His accomplice is killed, and Sonny himself is captured. "I am a fuck-up, an outcast," he says, and he goes off to serve his 20 years.

This was three years ago. I remember reading the newspaper reports in England and, even half a world away, though the details were hopelessly skimpy, it was impossible not to be stirred. Here was a tale that sets the imagination jabbering, opens up chasms. Incalculable cracks in the psychic ice, just beneath the surface, which suck you in irresistibly: "Is this the kind of thing they call existential?" asked the barman at the Moon & Stars, and, yes, I suppose that's just what it was. Sartre on wheels. A story from beyond, where logic and survival have lost all meaning, sanity and madness are indistinguishable and nothing remains but gesture.

Dark mysteries; far places; and *Dog Day Afternoon* plumbs none of them. Instead, it chooses to operate on the level of a TV adventure series, something of the ilk of *Streets of San Francisco* or, more precisely, *Kojak*.

By those criteria alone, it is a resounding success. For the first hour or so, indeed, it's an uproar, as speedy and funky, not to say hilarious, as any Hollywood film could decently get. Though no one could ever accuse Lumet of profundity, he has always had a gift for vignettes, for types and lines and offhand ironies, and here he's at his sharpest. The hostages in the bank, the cops on the street, the massed voyeurs beyond the barricades. The fat, sweating detective, his shirt spilling over his pants. The girls under the gun, terrified, thrilled, with their bad skin, their furtive snickers, their gum. And the Spanish kid who delivers some takeout food, suddenly whirling toward the cameras, leaping high and screaming, his face split wide in ecstasy, like a ruptured melon: "I'm a star. I'm a fucking star." It's all terrific stuff, brilliantly observed. Funny, quirky, acute. If this were merely a caper, the tintypes alone would be more than enough.

Pacino himself is prodigious. Such range, intensity, power—no other actor of his generation can live with him, not when he really means business, and here he has moments when he cuts off your wind, makes you clench as tight as a fist. Howling on the sidewalk, shrieking defiance, in maniac-doomed exultation. Then slumped in the half-dark, awash in stale sweat, when his love deserts him and his face, quite suddenly, dies. Or in countless tiny flashes. The eyes that dart left, while the mouth twists right. That smooth child's face, the pout of an infant murderer. His arms as they flail, then buckle, like broken wings. And the last crushed hump of his shoulders. These are images that cling to you, like claws, even when the lights go up. They sting, and you walk out shivering.

Great virtuosity, no doubt of it. But virtuosity, in the end, is all that it is. When you've gone a few blocks, and the glow of presence begins to dim, you realize that you've been had. You have been watching an imitation, nothing more. A movie star, doing the number. Doing it with enormous skill, unimpeachable care. But doing it, just the same. And the original story, that strange reverberation, remains lost in shadows. For all the pyrotechnics, you still don't know how Sonny was driven, or what he truly imagined. You have his gestures, down to a T; his words, his movements, his history. But not his central mystery. What really happened here? *Dog Day* offers no illuminations. All that you get are fireworks, set off around the edges. The core is untouched.

I don't mean to be harsh. On its own terms, *Dog Day* is a pretty good film, full of energy and sass, decidedly worth seeing. It's much too long, and its tone lurches badly in the second half, as it moves from farce to melodrama. Still, on the whole, it's craftsmanlike, often better than that. Its failures in depth, in true imagination, are not so much its own, I think, as the industry's in general: the universal taint of its moment.

This is an odd time in films. In many ways, certainly in the basic level of its intelligence, Hollywood stands higher now than at any time since the Thirties. Compared to the dross of, say, 15 years ago, the upsurge in wit, invention and nerve has been enormous. Of course, just as in any other medium, the vast majority of its output remains as spastic as ever. But the exceptions are growing. For the first time in decades, there is a quorum of true directors, writers, actors who not only have a distinct vision but, what's more, the techniques to express it.

The great snag is glibness. These are slick days, and the new movies reflect them perfectly. In film after major film, from *The Godfather* to *Nashville, The Wild Bunch* to *The Day of the Locust*, there has been the same equation—a shimmering surface, with not much underneath. *Chinatown* and *Badlands* have been exceptions, yes. Yet the pattern is inescapable. Movies have never been sharper. But where is that leap, that irresistible plunge, that you get from the films of final greatness, the *Kanes* and *Stradas* and *Blue Angels*? That sudden whirlpool spin, as though you'd opened a wrong door, stepped through without looking and, the next thing you know, there's nothing beneath you, no floor, so that you tumble headlong, down into pitch blackness, and then beyond, into worlds where smarts mean nothing?

Three Days of the Condor is a formula film, pure and simple.Its only real interest lies in exactly that, as a measure of the ways in which stock Hollywood formats have been changing.

In essence, it is a spy film, aswarm with agents, double agents, triple agents, etc. Lots of guns, and gadgets. Robert Redford flashes his warts, Faye Dunaway displays her dimples. There is one deck of violence, and one of sex. Everyone chases everyone else, there are neat shots of the Manhattan skyline and the ending, if not precisely happy, makes up for it in uplift.

Just an adventure flick. One more in that most classic of movie traditions, the Fight Against Impossible Odds, where one man alone, upright, unflinching, takes on the massed forces of evil, supposedly omnipotent, and by sheer guts and persistence, plus the Lord's good blessing, triumphs.

As such, it is all most efficiently done. The story rattles along, there are plenty of twists and turns, to keep one awake, and the two principals look suitably glamorous, regardless of their perils. The love scenes make one cringe, and there is altogether an excess of sighing, simpering strings. But those are minor matters. If anyone has an afternoon to throw away, slumped in popcorn mindlessness, this is just the ticket.

One curious point, however. At any time in the last 50 years, the baddies, the aforesaid forces of evil, would automatically have been aliens, a pack of dirty foreigners. Not any more. In *Condor*, the villains are the CIA, our own supposed protectors.

That is no one-shot coincidence. Watergate has proved a crucial release, the barriers are down. Now even Hollywood, last citadel of the craven, feels safe to thumb its nose and cry sucks. From now on, the demons of Washington will be cinematic staples. Faceless Pentagones, their thumbs eternally poised above some button. Razor-cut federals, grey-suited corporates—these are our new inner demons. Move over, Jack Palance. Stroll on, Gert Frobe. The next antichrist, the Fu Manchu of the Seventies, will look like Richard Nixon.

Music

Springsteen's *Born To Run* is made to sell

By Janet Maslin

The same thing recently happened to Tawny Godin and Bruce Springsteen, but Tawny's case is the more traditional of the two and hence easier to explain. Tawny, aka Miss New York, stood 5'10½" and performed an original composition entitled "Images and Pastels" as part of the talent competition, but there was really nothing much to distinguish her from the 49 other Misses until that magical, metamorphic moment when she was crowned Miss America. As Tawny glided down the runway to Bert Parks' accompaniment, it was not so much the roses, the cape or even the tears (after all, she had been hoping for this since she was *five*) that one noticed; rather, it was the subtle but nonetheless dramatic change she had undergone in almost no time. Tawny suddenly looked the part for which she had just been chosen; out of nowhere, she had developed some sort of star quality. Although Bruce Springsteen clearly has quite the edge on Tawny, musically (don't forget "Images and Pastels") and otherwise, his recent transformation happens to parallel hers very strongly. Bruce's own image could not have changed more drastically if Bert Parks and last year's Miss America, Shirley Cothran, had *both* come along to plant that rhinestone tiara atop his immensely talented head.

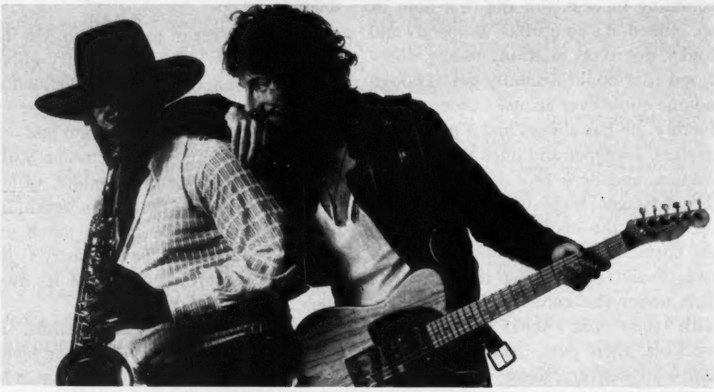
The arrival of his long-awaited third album, *Born To Run*, marks Springsteen's debut as a Big Star, and you don't have to read reams of his unanimously enthusiastic notices to understand why. All you have to do is look at the black-and-white cover photo, which has Bruce leaning affectionately on the shoulder of his saxophonist, Clarence Clemons. Bruce's shirt is frayed and stained but a snug fit; his jacket is very emphatically black leather. The guitar around his neck looks so comfortable, so essential, that it's hard to imagine him without it. And his smile is warm, impish, even a little mysterious: perfect. He couldn't look more natural, more relaxed or more inviting.

But for all its apparent effortlessness, a great deal of thought must have gone into the planning of this picture. There's all the difference in the world between it and the cover photos on his second album, *The Wild, the Innocent and the E Street Shuffle.* On the front of that album, a huge, somber close-up comes on way too strong, making the artist look almost forbidding. And on the back, as he lounges with his band in front of an anonymous urban low-rise, Springsteen is revealed to be very, very small (almost a head shorter than Clemons, who is crouching in the *Born To Run* shot) and a little disproportionate. His rumpled green undershirt is too grimy to count as chic, and the same goes for those black sneakers. Even here, without the glamor, Springsteen looks like the one-of-a-kind that he is—but you can't really tell *what* kind. Dispensing with such ambiguities, and replacing them with a heightened intensity, is what *Born To Run* is all about.

Springsteen's third album revamps his music as deliberately as it restyles his photographic image. The album has been designed to reach a mass audience—something its predecessor never could have accomplished—and the music has been honed accordingly. On both of these mesmerizing efforts, as well as on parts of *Greetings From Asbury Park, N.J.*, his first, Springsteen's seemingly boundless energy and his infectious exhilaration, even in moments of relative despair (in a line like "I wanna die with you, Wendy, on the streets tonight/In an everlasting kiss—*Huh*!", it's the *"Huh!"* that's outstanding) are what hit you first and hardest. But if *E Street Shuffle* is wildly exciting, it's also a little wild; the arrangements hinge on constant surprises, the lyrics are full of evocative but disjointed imagery, the mood is often indistinct yet always shifting. *Born To Run* seems far more distinct, and far more certain of its objectives.

First and foremost, Springsteen's persona has been crystallized here, enabling him to function as both actor and visionary. Previously (as Peter Herbst has pointed out), Springsteen sometimes seemed to be on the outside of his own songs, narrating the adventures of handsome street types like Spanish Johnny (of "Incident on 57th Street") in a voice tinged with wistfulness and awe. But *Born To Run* makes him more of a central character in his own dreams—and shows that part of Springsteen's genius is his ability to transcend his new air of success and self-possession with that same desperate have-not's longing which helped make his previous work so moving. Here he's as much the vulnerable, romantic would-be tough as ever, so much so that the city around him is perpetually ready to explode, unable to contain the enormous pressure of his aspirations. The best songs—"Thunder Road," "Jungleland," "Backstreets," the title cut—have almost a western's quality of predestined and perhaps hopeless confrontation, as the urge to break away fights it out with the fear that there's nowhere to go.

This desire for violent escape constitutes a bid for glory, one which the album's musicianship reflects as



Bruce Springsteen leans on Clarence Clemons in the cover photo from *Born To Run:* the romantic would-be tough goes after the mass audience.

strongly as its lyrics do. With Springsteen's deep, dramatic, almost Presley-esque vocals at their center, the arrangements strive for a more obvious and towering grandeur than Springsteen has achieved in the past; if he broke into exultant shouting at the end of "Rosalita," here he screams his lungs out during the finale of "Backstreets." And yet the net effect is not one of excess but rather of precision. The blatant buildups, the borrowed Fifties' riffs, the histrionic vocals and the overblown imagery fit together perfectly, and their combined impression is one of daring. *Born To Run* boldly and deliberately narrows Springsteen's scope in order to focus full attention on his ambition.

I happen to be a singularly poor judge of Springsteen's abilities for a variety of reasons, not the least of which is the fact that it took me quite a while to begin liking his second album. I knew *E Street Shuffle* was good from the first, and I certainly knew it was different. But I could neither enjoy nor understand its sprawling range and seemingly endless variety, so the whole thing just made me nervous: too many changes, no sustained melodies, no conventional structure, no explanation of why everyone's so glad that Kitty's back. ("Rosalita," with its sly humor and a horn line so torrid it could move even a mathematician to mambo, was an immediately accessible exception.)

Needless to say, I have since come to feel quite differently about *E Street Shuffle*. And there can be no doubt that, along with half of *Asbury Park*, it remains more complex, more subtle and a little richer than the current album. But it's also certain that the equally stirring *Born To Run* is more straightforward, more definite, more dramatic and better suited to the wide audience Springsteen has at long last begun to attract. Bearing in mind his present need to make himself readily understood by a larger, broader following, it's hard to imagine a more effective or fully realized effort.

****** Main Course**, *The Bee Gees* (RSO). This surprising venture into (relative) raunch marks the year's most startling about-face; if you first heard their disco hit, "Jive Talkin'," without benefit of a disc jockey, you doubtless hadn't the faintest idea any Bee Gees were involved. "Nights on Broadway" is even better, and slightly more characteristic, too.

****New Lovers and Old Friends**, *Johnny Rivers* (Epic). Rivers isn't much of an interpreter, but he sings and produces some of the liveliest cover versions to be found anywhere. Most notable here: his bouncy "Dancin' in the Moonlight," a creditable "Help Me, Rhonda," a very danceable "It's the Same Old Song" and "You Can Get It If You Really Want," a gringo's wisely understated attempt at reggae.

*****Dolly Parton's Greatest Hits** (RCA). Beneath the spangles, the eyelashes, the hairdo and bosom of Ripley's Believe-It-Or-Not proportions lurks the tender, pleading voice of a God-fearing little girl. "Jolene" is both her biggest and most poignant success.

Books

What the future held

By Geoffrey Wolff

The most fecund book publishing season is parenthesized by the Labor Day Forecast and the New Year's Round-Up. Like the movie critic's *ten best/ten worst* list, these opening throat-clearings and closing summaries have become conventions of the book reviewer's trade: in September, what to look for; in January, what it looked like. Thus do prophecy and history become institutionalized, and the present, the active tense, is set at the drab service of the future and past.

If the time is indeed out of joint, book publishers are partially at fault. Except for their accountants and stockholders—who live by the past—publishing executives pass their time almost exclusively in the future tense, praying that the manuscript *will arrive*, wondering whether the book *will sell*, gambling that the fad *will endure*, promising through ads that you *will love* it, *will not* be able to put it down. Anyone who has had a book published has felt the dissipation of excitement as publication day comes and recedes. The game is *prepublication* interest, *advance* notices, the sense that something remarkable is about to happen. It rarely does, which

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may account for the affection that publishers feel for tomorrow.

Book review editors collaborate with them, living as they do for novelty, a condition of the near-future. They labor with their lists to divine portents and to map cultural trends, to tell readers where they have been before they got there, or realized they wished to go. A paradigm of this convention is a recent issue of *Book World*, published by the *Washington Post* on August 31. Two-thirds of its front page is given to something called "Forging Into Fall," by which books of authentic interest are noted in advance, together with books by close friends of the newspaper.

Of authentic interest are Susan Brownmiller's *Against Our Will* (a history of rape), *Powers of Mind*, Adam Smith's exploration of the consciousness business, *Money: Whence It Came, Where It Went*, by John Kenneth Galbraith, and Agatha Christie's *Curtain*. Of authentic interest, by friends of the newspaper, are Ward Just's novel, *Nicholson at Large*, and Larry McMurtry's, *Terms of Endearment*. Ditto George V. Higgins' *Friends of Richard Nixon*. Books by friends of the newspaper: *To Marietta from Paris*, by Susan Mary Alsop; *Eight Is Enough*, by Tom Braden; *The Power-Lovers*, by Myra MacPherson. Page two expands the list ("Forging Further Into Fall"): Len Deighton, James Jones, C.P. Snow, MacKinlay Kantor, William Gaddis, Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre, David Niven, Larry Woiwode, many others. As such lists go, *Book World*'s is in the mid-channel of the mainstream, even to the editor's announcement that Summer Is Over (in June there will be a Summer Reading List): "So stow the beach gear, brush off the UltraSuedes, order the firewood, and remember the titles on this page. You'll be hearing more of them." (Indeed you will, since they have already been assigned for review: *watch this space*, cries the self-confirming prophet.)

Book prophecy is to be found at its most refined and remunerative level in *Publishers Weekly*'s annual "Fall Announcements" issue, a publishing event in itself, perhaps the most influential trend-maker in the business. Bookstore owners use it to decide what to order, reviewers what to review, advertisers what to advertise. This year's issue contains 214 pages of ads before the first page of text is encountered, and the text—broken into such rubrics as "Fall Announcements," "Fall Mass Paperbacks," "Fall Trade Paperbacks," "Trade News: Books for Fall," "PW Forecasts" of fiction, nonfiction, children's books and paperbacks, "Index to Advertised Books" and "Index to Advertisers"—no more than repeats the tub-thumping paid for by the publishers.

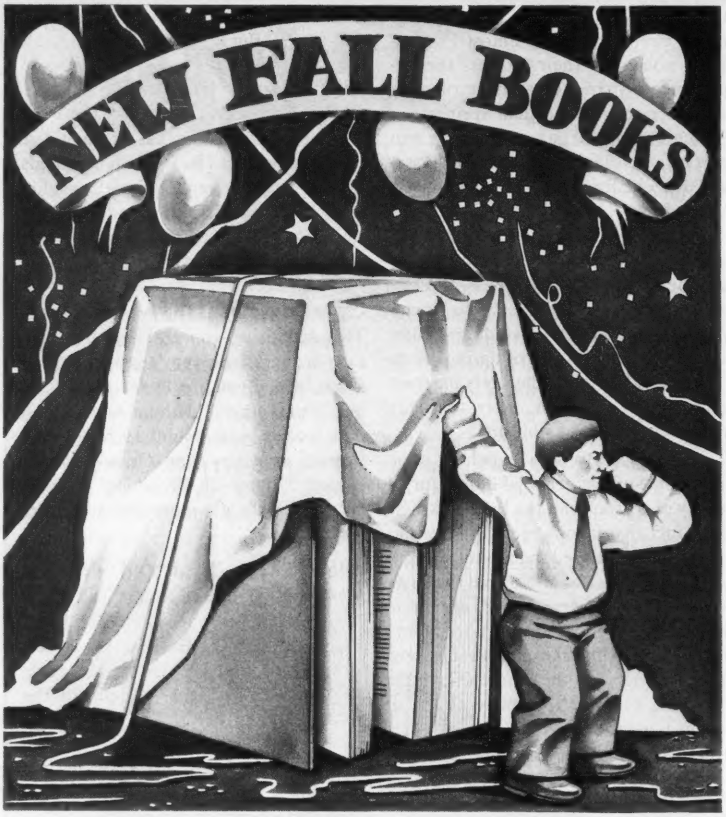


ILLUSTRATION BY ROBIN MCGRATH

If there be trends, here's the place to find them. This year, be thankful, there are few. No straining for such novelties as those of the Golden Fragrance Book Line a few years back: "What sells a book?" they asked in the 1971 Fall Announcements issue, and the answer they had developed was *the smell of it;* they boasted of having sold 360,000 of what they called "units" and we call "books" that gave off an odor. Where are they now? That year was thick with pages about the latest revolution: *The Liberated Woman's Songbook* was announced, together with such titles as *Sappho Was A Right-On Woman: A Liberated View of Lesbianism*. This year many horns have been pulled in, and the flag's red seems to have faded. Warnings and solaces are in the air. A book comes from Spectrum called *Coping: A Survival Manual for Women Alone*, and a novel, *A Week as Andrea Benstock*, which asks, "Can a liberated career woman go home [Buffalo] again?"

Hesitation and resignation, making do, the low hunker, hanging in there, hoping it will pass, hoping it will come: There's a book coming from the University of Chicago Press called *Queuing and Waiting: Studies in the Social Organization of Access and Delay* that says a great deal to our time. As a believer in the index value of the minor—not to say miniscule—in our literature, I wish to offer a sample of the kinds of off-track titles that the *Washington Post* and *New York Times* ignore. But first it will be useful to remind you of the economics of publishing. First: business is not bad, paper prices have settled down, people continue to buy books, as long as the books aren't poetry or fiction. (An exception—in publishing there are always exceptions. The very biggest sellers are always fiction books.) Second: publishing is a crap-shoot for everyone, writer and publisher and reader. If 5,000 copies of a book are printed (a minimal printing), and the book costs $7.95, and the author receives an advance against royalties of $5,000 (not much for more than a year's work), and 2,200 copies are sold (not at all un-

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBIN MCGRATH

Some Slightly Biased Reviews.

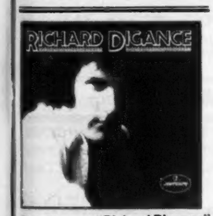
It's a bit unusual for a record company to review their own artists. But, we at Mercury think the following people deserve some special mention. So here goes.

Coke Escovedo "Coke"
Mercury SRM-1-1041
Musicassette MCR-4-1-1041
8-Track MC-8-1-1041

Coke Escovedo wanted to play professional baseball, but an ankle injury ended that dream. With the introduction of his debut, solo album, "Coke," it's immediately apparent that the baseball world's loss is the music world's gain.

Coke acquired invaluable experience as a percussionist by logging time with Cal Tjader in the sixties and Santana in the early seventies. On his new album Escovedo's earlier learning experiences jell into one superb musical experience. The sound is a tasty mixture of Latin and soul with a heavy emphasis on the latter. Coke's stylish craftsmanship is beautifully complemented by the varied vocals of Linda Tillery. She manages to supply whatever seems necessary—from throaty, vibrating wails to soft, lilting caresses.

But the real strength of "Coke" resides in the unrelenting artistry Coke himself provides—displaying an uncanny ability to blend all the elements demanded for cohesive yet diverse rhythms.



Rich Digance "Richard Digance"
Mercury SRM-1-1042
8-Track MC-8-1-1042

Don't let the fact that most people describe Richard Digance as a folk singer mislead you. It's a bit like saying Marlon Brando is an actor—it doesn't quite tell the whole story. His first American album, "Richard Digance," provides the most incisive description of this young, critically-acclaimed Englishman's multiple resources.

On it, Digance emerges not just as a folk singer, but as a balladeer, a vaudevillian—the kind of person you'd love to spend a long evening with. Well, "Richard Digance" gives anyone with a stereo that very opportunity. His music wanders from happy little cockney ditties like "Working Class Millionaire" to somber, thought-provoking laments as characterized by "How The West Was Lost."

"Richard Digance" is a joy-ladened album from beginning to end. England's "Melody Maker" magazine summed it all up by saying, "On any level this album, which marks Digance's initiation into electric sound, is outstanding. (It) is a sudden realization of all Richard's far-reaching potential." Enough said?

Michael Fennelly
"Stranger's Bed"
Mercury SRM-1-1043
Musicassette MCR-4-1-1043
8-Track MC-8-1-1043

The prelude to Michael Fennelly's first album on Mercury develops slowly but surely. It begins with Michael running off from New Jersey in his teens and finding L.A. The coffee houses were first. Michael was developing his considerable writing, singing and playing skills. Next he tied up with Millenium, a group whose recorded work gained great critical acclaim. From there it was Crabby Appleton and the charts with their 1970 single "Go Back." He was ready now for solo flight. And you can hear the culmination of the development process in "Stranger's Bed." The dazzling guitar work. The power and clarity of his words and music. The controlled instrument his voice has become.

"Stranger's Bed" is a treasure trove of striking Fennelly originals. It includes a wealth of rock n' roll cuts like "Tomorrow's Star," "Turn To Me," and "Sweet Pain" on which he projects an incredible range of vocal interpretations. His unique artistry is further demonstrated on gentle, acoustic ballads like "Sad Dreams Of Louise."

"Stranger's Bed" is an impressive solo venture.

Hammersmith
"Hammersmith"
Mercury SRM-1-1040
Musicassette MCR-4-1-1040
8-Track MC-8-1-1040

When a new group comes out with an album, you usually latch on to one or two songs that immediately become favorites. And the remaining cuts don't quite seem to measure up. Not so with Hammersmith's premiere album, "Hammersmith." This young, Canadian quintet has packed more material and talent into two sides of vinyl than most groups can muster in six.

Tracks like "Low Ridin' Ladies," "Nobody Really Knows," "Late Night Lovin' Man," and "Daybreak" (written by Rick Derringer) display a myriad of vocal and musical colors while deftly side-stepping the usual self-indulgent excesses many newcomers tend to rely upon. In a sense, Hammersmith's strengths are reinforced by their subtleties. Bone-jarring vocals are tempered through intricately woven harmonies. Surging rhythms are delicately integrated with smooth-flowing melodies. All in all, a true listener's treat showing Hammersmith as a group that will be starting trends rather than following them.

Heartsfield "Foolish Pleasures"
Mercury SRM-1-1034
Musicassette MCR-4-1-1034
8-Track MC-8-1-1034

Hot on the heels of two big albums ("Heartsfield" and "The Wonder Of It All") comes another winner from Midwest-bred Heartsfield. This latest entry is entitled "Foolish Pleasures."

Heartsfield fans have long enjoyed the electric charge derived by watching this group perform live. Well, "Foolish Pleasures" manages to capture that same excitement complete with foot-stompin' rhythms, quick-paced tempos, and Heartsfield's distinctive brand of perfectly matched vocals. The band has not forsaken their bluegrassy, folk-rock flavor but they have extended it. Songs like "Another Man" and "As I Look Into The Fire" exhibit these extensions masterfully. Throughout "Foolish Pleasures" Heartsfield generates an ambitious, uncompromising vitality. A vitality few groups achieve in concert let alone on an album.

Rush "Caress Of Steel"
Mercury SRM-1-1046
Musicassette MCR-4-1-1046
8-Track MC-8-1-1046

Heavy metal is alive, well and thriving on Rush's latest effort entitled "Caress of Steel." The group, composed of vocalist Geddy Lee, guitarist Alex Lifeson, and drummer Neil Peart, has developed into a tight-knit, well-honed threesome. The promise displayed in the band's initial release "Rush" and their second endeavor "Fly By Night" has been fully realized in this savagely harmonic third offering. Lee's rugged yet melodic vocals are the departure point for a brand of music that's both gritty and enthusiastic. Add to that some sparkling guitar handywork by Lifeson, persistently strong percussion arrangements a la Peart, and you have an album bordering on perfection.

Apart from its certain musical deftness, the album deals in themes like the nature of freedom, the abandonment of youth, the quest of dreams and other universal issues. These themes wrap themselves in imagery that steps beyond the parameters of lyric and into the pale of poetry.

Thin Lizzy "Fighting"
Vertigo VEL-2005
8-Track VC-8-2005

People in Ireland have a deep-rooted love for good, hard-rock groups. That's probably the reason Thin Lizzy was voted Ireland's Number One Band for two years running. Thin Lizzy's first Vertigo album, "Night Life," proved the honor was well earned, and their second album "Fighting" picks up right where the first left off.

On "Fighting" the group gets a chance to show just how good they really are. Hard-rock sounds abound, but don't get the idea T. L. is stuck in a single mold. One cut in particular, "Wild One," a dynamic yet plaintive ballad, proves that fact beyond any doubt. But the album's title song, "Fighting," embodies the growling chords and full-bodied vocals Thin Lizzy's Irish and American devotees consider nirvana.

It's hard to tell if the group's sophisticated musicianship or their finely crafted vocals, are the real strength of this album. Whichever it is, the other's not far behind. Thin Lizzy is a band that's both compelling and diverse.

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usual), the publisher loses more than $13,000.

Bearing this in mind, together with the axiom that publishers are conservative people (who look forward by looking back: hope is ahead, sad experience back there), consider what they have decided they can sell to you and to me. *Movie Stars in Bathtubs,* at a cost of $12.95, with a first printing of 15,000. *Fanne Foxe: The Real Story Behind the Headlines.* By A.E. Hotchner, the biographer of Hemingway, *Doris Day: Her Own Story.* A biography of Elvis Presley's manager. Another of Philip K. Wrigley ("the first biography of the man who's [sic] name is synonymous with two American institutions: chewing gum and baseball"), subtitled *A Memoir of a Modest Man.* From the same publisher, Rand McNally—which boasts of its "most distinguished fall list. Ever."—*Adventures in the Blue Beast,* "the humorous, heartwarming story of the Morris family's year-long camper trip through Europe."

Back in 1971, a thing with printed pages glued together called *Wunnerful, Wunnerful,* by Lawrence Welk, became a best seller. Now, come November, you will see the sequel: *AH-ONE, AH-TWO!: Life with My Musical Family,* described as the story of Lawrence Welk's "return to TV after ABC cancelled his show." *NAMATH: My Son Joe,* by Rose Namath Szolnoki, is described by *Publishers Weekly* as "the kind of biography only a loving mother could write." Do not misread between those lines; what they mean to say is that the book is "different" (inferentially because so few mothers are loving?) and "fun."

So, too, *The Poetry of Dogs: An Anthology.* And *The Language of the Horse.* And *Butterflies in My Stomach,* purporting to explain "how we can use insects as human food . . . detailed instructions for finding or rearing a wide variety of insects—for party snacks, for a regular diet. . . . People eat shrimp and crab—why not locust? . . . Did you know that Aristotle was a connoisseur of insect snacks?" There is a cookbook called *Vegetarian Gothic,* and another—*The Celebrity Kosher Cookbook,* with "major television promotion," that invites you to share, for $6.95, the favorite kosher recipes of Walter Matthau, Danny Kaye and James Caan. The kosher cookbook's publisher uses a third of his full page ad to show an orange wearing dark glasses talking to an orange not wearing dark glasses: "Knock, Knock./Who's there?/Orange Juice./Orange Juice who?/Orange Juice going to be happy to have these forthcoming bestsellers from J.P. Tarcher, Inc.?" One of them is called *Magic for Non-Magicians,* and another is *Jigsaw John,* about a detective, "overweight, balding, shiny-pantsed, with two gold teeth, and only one good eye." There's half their list.

Special interests are to be served: *German Half-Tracks of World War Two,* another book called *Project Cancelled: British Aircraft that Never Flew.* There is a collector's price guide to tobacco tins, *American Trucks of the Late Thirties, Wave Motion in Elastic Solids* and, quixotically, *Rails Under the Mighty Hudson:* "Millions of commuters will join railway buffs everywhere in saluting this engrossing history of the Hudson Tubes, the Pennsy Tunnels, and Manhattan Transfer." *Millions?* There's a book about *Yesterday's Bradenton* (in Florida, near Sarasota), and another titled *Street Names of Philadelphia,* with "18 pages of unusual photographs" that "show Philadelphians commemorating their leaders, Indian chiefs and tribes, important events, things that grow, precious stones, former home towns, even housepainters."

But a former carpenter and his father set the steadiest market in publishing. Back in 1971 there was *Don't Turn Me Off, Lord* by Carl F. Burke, the author of *God Is for Real, Man* and *Treat Me Cool, Lord.* This year we shall have *The God Bit* by Joey Adams, with a first printing of half a million copies and an advertising budget of $25,000. It "tells how the power of God has played a major part in the lives of celebrities." One of these celebrities, Dale Evans Rogers, whose husband owned Trigger, has composed a thing called *Let Freedom Ring!,* which discloses her optimism in the future of an America built upon spiritual principles. "An immigrant Boston housewife," Rita Warren, tells how she forced the battle to return prayer to the schools of Massachusetts: *Mom, They Won't Let Us Pray.* An alternate selection of the Literary Guild is the fruit of the prayers of children: *Mister God, This Is Anna:* "The true story of a 5-year-old's extraordinary relationship with God."

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Our glorious, wasted comrades

Final Tribute

By Mark Goodman

> *I know I am going to die, and all of my people know that they will die, but we are going to take a lot of pigs with us.*
>
> Donald DeFreeze, leader of the Symbionese Liberation Army, May 17, 1974.

Ah, the sweet, fierce lyricism of revolutionary rhetoric! The magnificent, altruistic fever of the spiritual being who is willing to rain down death—and to die oneself—for the holy cause. To the Barricades. He who is not with us is against us. If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem. Blood! Fire! Brimstone! Up against the wall.

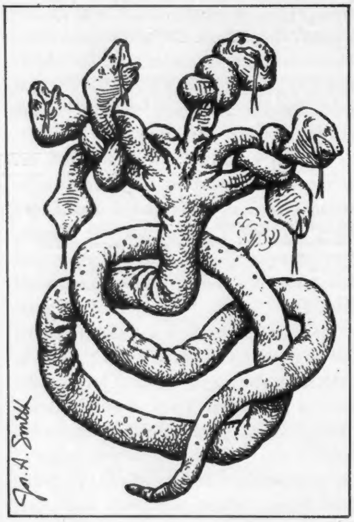
So the Symbionese Liberation Army conceived of themselves, divine warriors united by the blood of Robespierre and Garibaldi and Che Guevara that pounded in their collective veins. In reality (something the SLA left far behind) their theme was: Liberate the Oppressed! . . . So long as we can do the liberating, that's where the fun is.

And now, after 19 gaudy months, they are finished at a galactic cost to themselves, their families, their victims, the national psyche and, to be crass, the national pocketbook. The final figure will run a good $12 million—or nearly $1 million per soldier.

Because that's what the Grand Army, marching off to battle under a Hun's ensign, the seven-headed cobra, at last amounted to: eleven sad, angry, tormented, chimerical men and women and one captive-convert, firing loaded bullets and blank tautologies at a stunned populace. That's all it takes to make an army these days: a handful of society's rejects (the rejection externally or self-imposed), an arsenal of ever-so-easily procured arms, sinister code names and a no-nonsense military designation.

The very term "Symbionese Liberation Army" would inspire laughter had it not generated such wanton disruption and destruction. Has anyone ever *really* figured out just what the hell it means? It scarcely matters; the media provides the imprimatur. I could arm myself to the teeth this day, call myself Grendel, a soldier of the Gay Vegetarian Fascists for Christ, shoot up a butcher shop and my army would be the subject of flaming headlines in a matter of hours. The lower-case term "self-styled," which really says it all, would naturally be applied, but would be lost in the blare of capitals: Gay Vegetarian Fascists for Christ.

Of course, the amount of play your army sustains depends on just how far you are willing to go. The SLA, as we have seen, were prepared to go all the way. The organization traces its beginnings back to the medical facility at California's Vacaville State Prison, where in 1972 inmates were given permission to form a group they called the Black Cultural Association. The ostensible purpose was to establish communication between black prisoners and the outside world. Among the outsiders who became interested were a white, 22-year-old Berkeley student named William Wolfe (eventual code name: Cujo). He became close friends with the convict Donald DeFreeze, a committee chairman. However, when DeFreeze (Field Marshal Cinque) was transferred to the minimum security prison at Soledad, he vacated his committee chair by skipping out of the boiler room and over the barbed-wire fence.



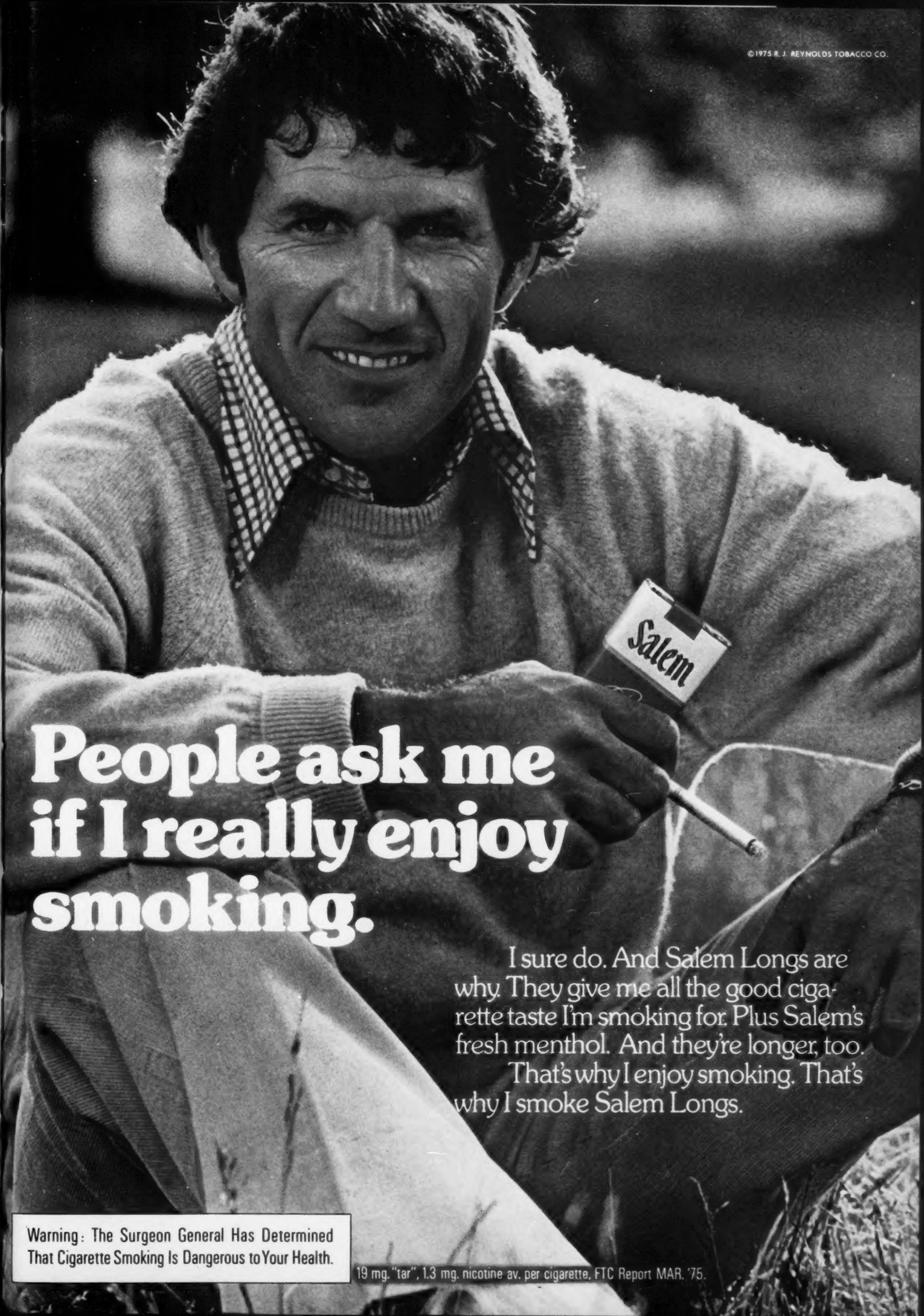
The last pot-holed roads of Sixties' radicalism led to Berkeley, and DeFreeze, shut out by the San Francisco Bay Area's black community, wound up there. He was given sanctuary by Patricia Soltysik (Mizmoon, Zoya), a bisexual pharmacist's daughter, and her lover, Camilla Hall, daughter of a Minneapolis Lutheran minister. They were joined by a tough black (Thero Wheeler), a Chicano Viet vet (Joseph Remiro), a former high school cheerleader and Goldwater supporter (Nancy Ling Perry) and several others, including (for stability) a bedrock Midwestern married couple named William and Emily Harris.

For a time they played alone and unnoticed with their deadly toys and their muddled fantasies. ("We will build and maintain our nation and the federation together by making our Brothers' and Sisters' and the Federation's problems our problems and solving them together. Death to the fascist insects who prey on the people.")

Their grimy blueprint for problem-solving is one of the most tragic and closely documented epics in contemporary American culture: the murder of Oakland school superintendent Dr. Marcus Foster, for which Remiro and Russell Little, a former philosophy major, now stand convicted (life sentences); the kidnapping and conversion of a poor, passive little rich girl; a bank robbery netting them $11,000; the needless massacre by 300 police and federal agents in Los Angeles that May day in 1974; and the robbery, boldly executed amid the rattle of a Thompson gun, of a 49-cent pair of socks.

The tragedy of the SLA lies not in the great and terrible grandeur of their dreams but in the mean, useless poverty of their actions. As an L.A. cop wonderingly put it, "Would Chairman Mao have stolen a pair of socks?"

No, he wouldn't have. But that didn't matter to these people. They were not latter-day Robespierres, or Garibaldis, or even Che Guevaras. Broken egos were their driving, binding force, blind hate their cause. From the beginning, attention was all that mattered. ●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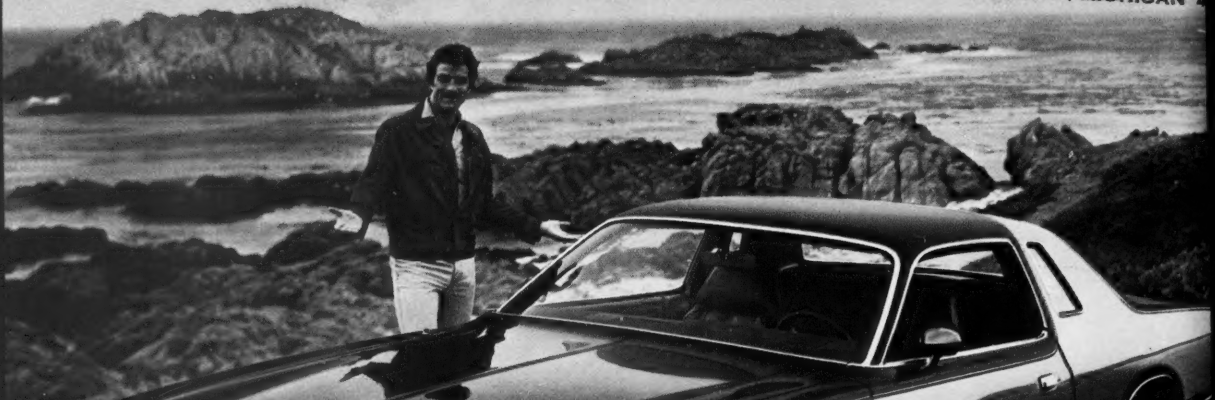

'76 Charger Daytona. Featuring two-tone paint, glove-soft bucket seats, tachometer, radial tires, automatic transmission, power steering, power front disc brakes, 318-cubic-inch V8 engine—all standard.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for a 1976 Charger (not shown), excluding state and local taxes, destination charge, and optional equipment.

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